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THE HONEY-COMB

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THE HONEY-COMB

OR

NINE-MONTHS

BY

RUTH VAN SAUN



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A FRIEND'S INTRODUCTION

"The Greatest Book Of The Century," said one eminent psychologist, teacher and author, when he read the manuscript of Ruth Van Saun's book

I don't know whether this be true or not! I have not read all the books that have appeared in the last 99 years. But I have read thousands, and I can truthfully say there are few books in literature that have met my eye that are as remarkable and wonderful as the hived-honey or soul-wisdoms of *The Honey-Comb*.

In the pages of this book,—which cover the nine months of gestation, the number 9 symbolizing the finished work or child,—a Woman of insight, of vision, of knowledge, of experience, of courage has dared to say what few men dare even think. She has explained, unfolded, expounded, the inner-mysteries of Womanhood, Manhood, Sex—Life. Here is no mincing of matters; no faintly, delicate hinting at things. A spade is plainly called a spade, and facts are recited with a straight directness that goes to the bull's-eye like a rifle-bullet fired from the gun of an expert. Yet, withal, there is a pure, true, feminine-sweetness and delicacy in all that is said. If I might adopt the words of Rev. C. C. Pierce, I could truthfully affirm as he has done in a letter to the writer:

"Into this marvelous field you have gone with the enthusiasm of the Mother, the sweetness of the Lover, the courage of the Pioneer, the earnestness of the Hero, and the charm of the Poet. I doubt if anything so great on this fascinating subject has ever before been written."

It is a book no man could have written, either in its facts and experiences, or in its phraseology and style. These are peculiarly the writer's own. She has several idiosyncracies of manner that, at first, will surprise, and perhaps astound and irritate the reader. She insists upon capitalizing some words in some places, and not in others; she insists that the word *Woman*, when standing for the

Universal Feminine, be spelled with a capital; she enjoys linking or hyphenating words that are generally written separately; she indulges, now and again, in baby talk. She follows archaic styles, and does not seem to care a rap whether she writes in any "accepted" style or not.

Another of her peculiarities is that she compels the reader to know words—unfamiliar words—not only their symbolical meaning, but their mystical sounds. She contends that the very pronunciation of certain words produces decisive and positive mental and spiritual effects, and that their full significance can be known only when one listens to their secret and inner-tones.

Yet these are but the distinguishing and peculiar features of the "words," or outward clothing, of the book. The method of thought is no less individualistic, striking and peculiar. While much of the book is plain, direct, straight-from-the-shoulder talk,—that will give every man and woman who reads it carefully a jolt, a real electric shock, a genuine awakening,—the author occasionally indulges in rhapsodizing of a very personal, intimate and rarely delicate nature. She is supposed to be an expectant mother, susceptible to all the influences, good and evil, excitable and irritating, generally noticed in a woman of this condition, and, apparently unconsciously, but with a vividity and reality that are startling in their truthfulness to life itself, she has introduced these very characteristics into her book. It splashes with April showers and sunshine, with caprice and wilfulness, with wit and humor, satire and irony, sarcasm and direct denunciation—in some cases as powerfully voiced as are the words of the old Hebrew Prophets.

Now and again she falls into rhapsodizing upon her unborn babe, her girlhood days, Christmas and Thanksgiving times, the old barn at home, the apple orchard, Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter and the like. Her poetic imagery, delicate touches of description and rare insight are equal to those of the nature poets, and of such writers as Carlyle, Thoreau, Burroughs, John Muir, and Fabre.

Again she drops into dialogue with her unborn babe—

whom she calls Diantha,—and in her baby talk, replies to the questions which clairvoyantly reach her from the growing-fruit of her own womb. Even before the child is physically conceived, the mother converses with her, and gives the reader pictures of her, for she forms her image, shapes her body, her mind, her soul, long before she finds the mate who is to be the sweet child's father. Amiel, in his most intimate moods, never plumbed the depths of his heart as this woman has plumbed all feminine and motherly hearts. She reveals the very innermost of a young girl's first imaginings of her "prince charming," and especially of the all-potent desire for motherhood present in every cell of the feminine body, even before the sex-assertive age is reached.

In the second month of her embryo child's existence she converses with her about the lover, who, after her birth and growth into full bloomed womanhood, will seek her hand in marriage. In this manner she communicates to the reader some wonderfully important truths. What author ever before attempted such things,—to teach the reader through the medium of a dialogue with her unborn babe?

But not only does she do this. With a power as astounding and startling as it is audacious and convincing she plumbs man's innerness, and shows him up for what he is,—in his selfishness, greed, cruelty, rapacity, sensuality, hatred, malice, and devilishness, as well as in his nobler, truer, God-like qualities. Never man wrote who dared speak as plainly to men as this woman has done, and the remarkable fact is, that Great Men who have read her words have agreed with her, and commended her courage and her fearlessness in truth.

Naturally such a book is not perfectly synchronized or harmonized either in color or tone. By the side of a gentle and pastoral-landscape she suddenly presents a striking and glaring panorama of the desert. It is as if while listening to a master-symphony, the composer, treating us to a tender lullaby poured forth sweetly and gently from the heart of Mother-Love, played upon violins, suddenly startled us with the blare of trumpets and trombones,

the clash of cymbals, and roar of tympani, as though to awaken us to the startling revelations of the resurrection morning.

In my long life I have been a deep student of psychology, and therefore have read all I could find of books that seemed honest attempts at revelations of the human soul. I have read all the famous "Confessions," from those of St. Augustine down. Rousseau staggered, Amiel fascinated, Thoreau charmed and instructed, Hubbard dazzled me. The hosts of others who, with what seemed greater or lesser sincerity, wrote out of the fullness of their hearts, entranced or appalled me. When I turned to the literature of women I read all the self-revelative works of the French mystics, and in due sequence, devoured Octave Feuillet's *LA CRISE*, (*The Crisis*), and all the works of European and American women writers that could be called intimate views of their innerness. George Sand, George Eliot, and a score of others were devoured with avidity, and then reread with careful study, analysis and comparison. Then came Marie Bashkertseff, with her naive, and at the same time artistically studied revelations. And I happened to be in Chicago when Mary McLane burst upon the world, with her crude, adolescent emotions, and her publisher, Herbert Stone, handed me one of the first copies of her book that came from the press. My friendship with Ellen Key has opened to me much of the feminine heart, and it also prepared me for *THE DANGEROUS AGE* of Karin Michaelis, before it was translated into English. And these are but few of the psychological works that are supposed to have laid bare for us the real heart of woman. Yet,—and I say it calmly and deliberately,—not one of these writers, male or female, has gone to the root of things as has this woman, Ruth Van Saun, in her *HONEY-COMB*.

It is as if she had stood before God, under the searchlight of His truth, and under the influence of His Quickening Spirit, seeking all the bad, good and indifferent there was within her every cell-fibre of body, soul and spirit, and pleading with her fellow-women and men for a larger, fuller, better life. At times her denunciations

of woman verge upon the awful, and seem to breathe the air of the fierce prophet Jeremiah, and one sees what One woman thinks of herself and of other women because of what she KNOWS, through deep feeling and large experience.

Then, suddenly, one is dazzled with the vision of resplendent gl^ory and beauty she holds forth of the God-like power of woman to uplift and save a race cursed by its own sensuality, sin, pride, selfishness and greed.

Here are the simplicity and naivete of a child, the unconsciousness of shame of a baby, the excoriating censures of a woman of the world, the shrinkings of a nun, the passion of a loving wife, the disgust of a disillusioned woman, the rhapsodies of a love-smitten girl, poured forth in a stream of clear, unmistakable English, and at times with the rippling vividity of a sparkling mountain brook.

What will be its effect?

It will shake men and women as no other book written from woman's soul has ever shaken them. It will be denounced as false, as infamous, as libelous upon her own sex, and a wicked slander upon humanity in general.

Yet preachers, teachers, visionaries and prophets, reformers and philanthropists—women, even more than men—will come to its pages for newer, larger, grander visions of the power and possibilities of Woman, than they had ever before dreamed of.

Ruth Van Saun will be hailed as a greater leader of her sex, and through them, of the race, than any moralist, eugenist, or suffragist of her time—or, indeed, of any time.

Extravagant praise, I admit, but true, nevertheless, and demonstrable to all who read her pages.

Oh, no, it is by no means a conventional book, an ordinary book, an every-day book! It is such a book as one reads only one of in a life-time, and twenty life-times have often passed without all the countries of the earth producing ONE Book that could rank with this.

You cannot ignore this book! You cannot pass it by! Somewhere, somehow, it will come across your mental

horizon like a blazing meteor and demand your attention. My word for it, you may be the most blase person on earth, but from the first page to the last, this book will demand your undivided attention.

Ruth Van Saun is very modest about her share in making this book. As the thoughts spontaneously bubbled up in her heart, she penned them. There has been little or no attempt at change. She wrote purely for her own satisfaction, and it was not until many friends, who were allowed to see the manuscript, urgently demanded its publication, that she consented to place it in the printer's hands.

She insists that she is not the "author" of it. She claims to be but the channel through which the Spirit has found expression for the present-day psychical, mental and spiritual needs of mankind. Hence the question of pleasing, or displeasing, her readers has never entered her mind.

I prophecy for this book a remarkable career. As I read it in manuscript I was reminded of Emerson's pregnant words: "Beware when the great God lets loose a thinker upon the world! All things are at a risk." It will be fiercely assailed, and defended with equal vehemence. It will be discussed in newspapers, magazines, pulpits, public forums, women's clubs and every kind of intellectual agencies, in public and private. Its statements will be challenged and its deductions denied, yet more will stand by them than will denounce them, and though it may cause the natural results that ensue from the cleaning out of Augean stables, the ultimate effect will be for immeasurably greater good for mankind, a purifying of Life's moral atmosphere.

Never before—as far as I know—has Woman's exalted place in God's creation so graphically and powerfully been portrayed; her potentialities for the re-generation of the race set forth. After showing the importance of woman's place in the processes of natural generation, the writer proceeds, with inexorable logic, to demonstrate that man's re-generation is in Woman's power,—that Re-generated Woman is the manifestation of the

Great-Ovum of the Virgin Mother, and that Woman holds the Spiritual-unfoldment of the race in her hands. These facts the writer has symbolized in the Egg and Serpent placed upon the title-page and cover of her book.

With confidence and assurance I see The Honey-Comb go out on its message of Good Will and Blessing to the world.

TO WOMAN

To my physical-Mother, Sarah Matilda, the manifestation of the Virgo or Celestial-Woman, whose tender patience and profound sympathy have never failed me, to her, who, at one time, for moments, did not understand her Fire-Child, Ruth, these pages are reverently dedicated.

TO WOMAN

The manifestation of the Great-Womb of the Universal or Divine-Mother, "Female-God, 'First-Born,' from whom all things proceeded, 'having come forth from Her-Self, and having given birth to God,'" to Woman, tender and true, not understanding Her-Self, yet Hallowing the world, now coming into Her Own to Redeem and Heaven The Race in her Divine-Tenderness, these pages are given.

TO WOMAN

Whose Love united to her other half—the Man of Awakened-Consciousness—is the Great-Wisdom.

As the Soul Speaketh.
As the soul of woman speaketh while
traveling with child.

To all those who have gone before,
Individually and Collectively, Seen and
Unseen,
I am deeply grateful.

The writer.

Never utter these words: "I do not know this, therefore it is false." One must study to know; know to understand; understand to judge.

Apothegm of Narada.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in your philosophy.

Hamlet.

Read not to contradict nor believe,
But to weigh and consider.

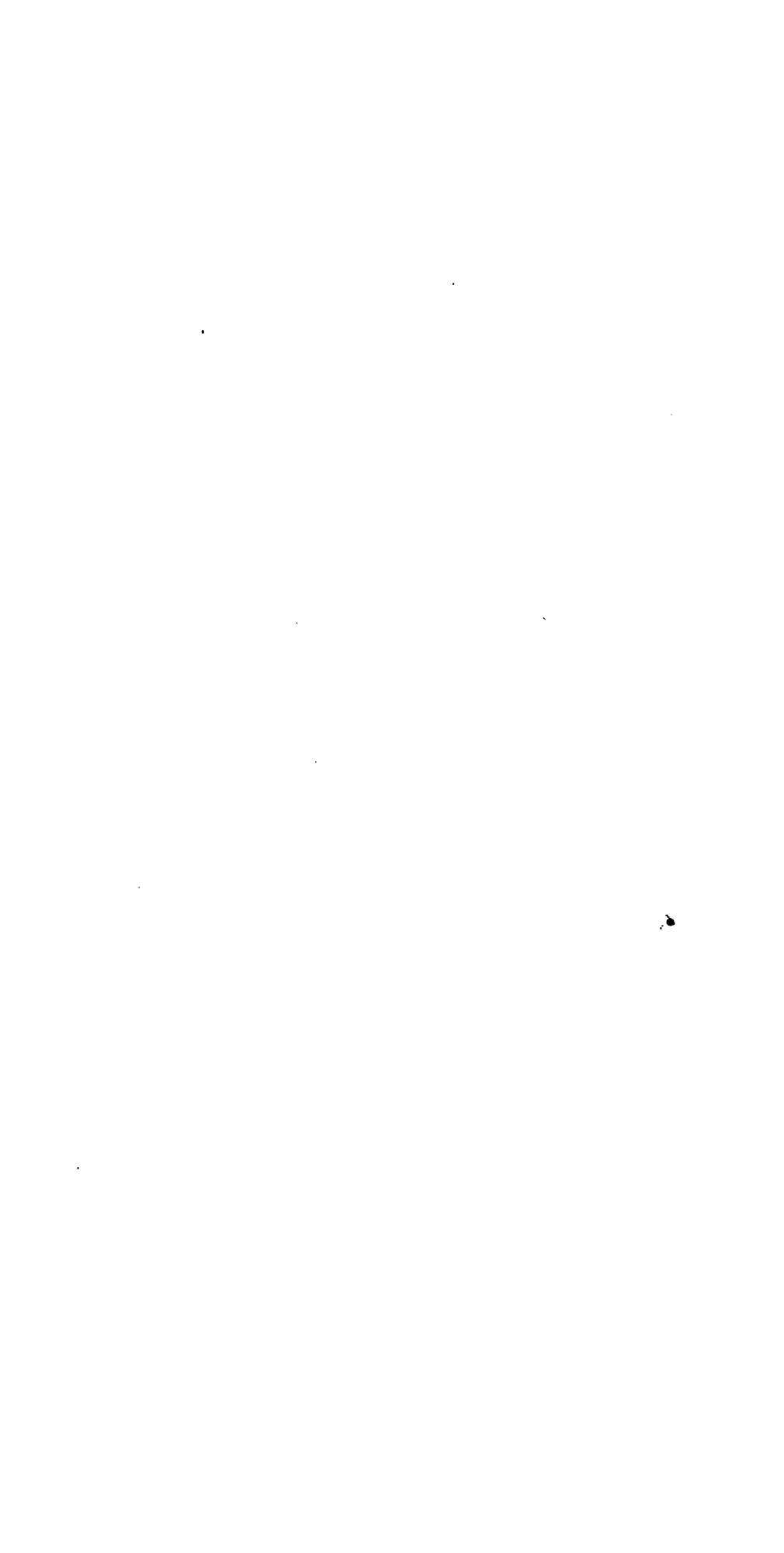
Bacon.

Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.

Paul the Apostle.

Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.

Paul the Apostle.





MOTHER—why was I born? Mother, why didn't God born me like Martha Lee—she's got curly hair and red cheeks, I ain't got any."

"Why was I born?"

Oh, why does this thrilling, human-riddle fill me with unspeakable sensations!

"Why was I born?"

Why?

Then, I, a woman, again become as a little child and ask myself—"Why was I born?" Why am I bringing you, a soul as yet unborn, into this wicked world? The eternal Mother-Voice in me seems to echo and re-echo—echo from my girlhood dreams—because I'm a woman, young, healthy, full of sexual vigor; because Woman loveth her mate and craveth a child; because it is the One impelling, involuntary, artesian force in all Nature, the center of all circumference, the Fountain-Head. It being woman's strongest impulse to reproduce even at the sacrifice of her own life, the well-sexed woman has this unconscious, instinctive desire to bring forth of her own kind, by and for The Man she adores. Her every ~~shot~~, act, movement, expression, points to child-bearing. Reproduction is the compass of her life, the dial of her day. Her natural function is to bear and train a child, be she Washerwoman or Queen. 'Tis the highest mountain-peak in the realm of woman.

As the personal-mother echoes this Big Question from the lips of the little child, again, the faintest echo comes further and deeper from within the conscious, Inner-Voice of woman's soul, from the Immortal or Divine-Self: "Mother, why was I born?" Thus woman's soul continues life's evolutionary-argument between the Personal and Divine-Self, traveling the Great Circle Of Eternity, down thru the changing cycles of Time, ever-arguing, ever-questioning—"Why was I born?"

Baby, dear, your mother-to-be was born in the Zodiacal-sign of Aries; your father-to-be was born in the sign of Leo, the Lion,—my Apollo, my Sun-God,—he being the other half of Aries, my natural counterpart, my twin soul. We have traveled down thru the ages together, side by side, since he was breathed off the heart of God. We have been attracted; have loved and lived together as carnated-mates thru many earth-lives. The blessed-law of Cause and Effect, which is the Golden Thread Running Thru all Nature, has again caused our re-birth at the same period of time; hence, we meet again in this earth-life, renew the sweet intercourse that was broken off by paying our previous debt of love and mutual service—the bringing about of you.

You, my precious babe-to-be, were spiritually prepared and conceived during the light and brightness of the Moon, during the purity of woman, in Love-June,—in the Zodiacal sign of Cancer, making you on the cusp of Pisces-Aries. Being born in the signs of Pisces-Aries, gives you the union of the feet—Understanding—and the head—Wisdom—thus representing the Serpent, the symbol of Wisdom or Eternal Life, with its tail resting in its mouth, lying in the Great Circle, like the position of a babe in its mother's womb, head and feet together, strictly in accordance with Divine Order.

The human-body is but an instrument of breath and vibration, played upon by magnetic and planetary currents or solar fluids,—active thot-waves, seen and unseen, light and sound-waves,—by all of which the human instrument, more or less, is acutely and ethereally played upon, according to the position of the Sun and Planets in the Chart of the Heavens at the moment of birth—the instant a babe draws its first breath.

Again the Silent Voice echoes from the Unseen Forces:
“Mother, I implore, beseech, entreat, beg, pray and cry out to thee, I solicit my Parentage! Art thou a man, art thou a woman who darest crave and petition an offspring? Art thou the mind-master of thy body's senses and virtues,

builder of thine own temple? Hast thou spiritual-freedom and victory to greet and build these monuments—Human Shrines of the Gods? In thy desire and craving dost thou hear only the cry of animal passion? The lust of the flesh? Self-gratification? Or, dost thou hear the call of Thy Higher-Self, respond to the cry of the unborn Child Of Love—the Immaculate-Child,—that would come forth and bless the world and thine old age in all its loneliness and discord? ”

Yes, Angel Spirit, in begetting, woman should choose and accept nothing less than her other half, her counterpart. Her Divine-Self chooses the father of her own babe;—even a tabby-cat in the back-yard has that much freedom. In all Nature, the female calls and her real-mate answers. True-mating should be woman's life-profession, in which she seeks to find her other half. The coming woman will strive to conceive within the Womb Of Time the Perfect Marriage.



UNE TIME, Sweet June Time!

There is just one June in all the year. June, the Perfect-Month, when every breeze is bird-sweet with love, and its life, at flight, at rest, sings for the very bliss of blended-being, multiplying into other wings, into other songs, into other loves, into other lives. Love's and Life's Perfect June with its profuse bloom, with its fragrant red rose, where the honey-bee loves to linger, where the lover's-eye rests in rapture reminded of one rare first-blush! Other months are never half so sweet as the June-Month, when orchards of cherry and apple are "white and rosy with their bloom filling the crystal veins of air with gentle pulses of perfume."

June, the Love-Month of the year, in which Life is in love with Love, voice calling to voice, eye tenderly glowing to eye, as heart searches for heart, and soul is finding

its own perfection in the other soul! This ecstasy of life is Golden June, the crest of life's wave lifting into Love; and yet, but faintly, the highest wave-crests tell of the ocean's deep heart; and no joy of June can out-rapture the reality of Life as it perfects itself in Love, while Love carries it forever in the beatitude of its own being.

Stop! Be still and listen! Hear from all the woods each whispering breeze of love and life, voicing a music low and sweet, as the call of some lover-bird singing out care, singing in holy-joy! June, sweet, dreamy June, when the meadows are fair, when Love breaths out from every flower, when lovers seek cosy-bowers, when everywhere mated birds are singing on the swinging-bough, seeking the leafy covers! Oh, hear and know some of the gladness of the Perfect June—Lovely, Lover June! Drowsy, dreamy, golden June!

There are many happy, excited hearts in the world at this time of twittering and fluttering, of rice-throwing, laughing and weeping. In June, golden, dreamy June, Nature is smiling; all the world is attuned, celebrating Her Marriage Vow! Wonderful is this Love-mating! Wise are its laws that make it Eternal! June time, Love time, Golden Dream time, when we dream only Love-Children! Seed-time, the golden-month of conception, when lovers forsake the open and seek the sacred union of Love!

Seed-Time?

What does this mean? Preparation for seed-time is everything. Human life should not be brought into existence by accident. Reason being the highest analytical form given Man-Woman, we should use it instead of ignoring its possibilities. Let beasts, who are given only instinct, who lack reason, be governed by blind impulse; but let man-woman use their highest reasoning powers in this, the greatest event of life. An undesired, unwelcome child must necessarily be poorly created. Does not the Farmer, the Cultivator, first think, desire and then prepare the soil for seed-planting, select the best stock for reproduction, procuring the best seed obtainable? When we plant our flower-gardens, we haunt the seed-shops to

find the best seeds. If we can't find them at home we send directly to the source to get the best. Is not the selection of seed, the preparation of the soil, as important as the sowing and reaping? Then should we not look to the future health, disposition, virtues and talents of our Unborn Babes? How we fuss and fret making preparation for our visitors of a few days or weeks! Shall the preparation for the advent of our babe, our life-visitor, be overlooked and neglected?

The Golden month of June holds Life's biggest lesson in its keeping—that of Sowing and Reaping. On the understanding of this just and eternal law depends all our joys, all our sorrows,—what we have been and what we shall be. Our Christian Initiate, St. Paul, clearly teaches: "Brethren, be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." This is a law of Nature, neither more or less. June-month is a busy time for seed-planting. Our farmer hustles around to sow his crops, that he may reap a rich harvest—the reward of his sowing. In this field he has sown oats; over there wheat; in another corn, or barley—every field bringing forth just what he sowed. If we should ask him why there happened to be corn in this particular field, or wheat in that, he would look at us and wonder if we did not need mental treatment. Why? Because he planted corn in one, wheat in the other. How inseparable are these two operations—the sowing and the reaping—one impossible without the other. The whole Universe is one manifestation of sowing and reaping—Cause and Effect—visible and invisible—all part of one thing. Lord Buddha put it in a very clear way when he said: "One can no more separate the cause from the effect than the sound of the drum from the drum." All nature expresses itself thru materialized forces of action and re-action.

This law is sometimes called Karma. It is a law of Nature, yes, it is The-Law, for it is ever-present, everywhere and always. The word Karma is derived from the Sanskrit root, Kri, to act. It simply means action. Action means the unrest, movement of the mind, Desire, Will, Thot and Activity in the operating forces of Nature.

Our beloved Emerson Englished the law of Karma under various names. He called it "the law of compensation," "the law of balance," "the law of action and re-action." In its judgment, it rights all wrongs, punishes all sins, rewards all virtues. In its action, it is unbroken. "Cause and Effect," he says, "means and ends, seed and fruit, cannot be severed; for the effect always blooms in the cause, the end pre-exists in the means, the fruit in the seed. Ever since I was a boy," declared Emerson, "I have wished to write a discourse on Compensation; for it seemed to me when very young that on this subject Life was ahead of Theology and the people knew more than the preachers taught. It appeared, moreover, that if this doctrine could be stated in terms with any resemblance to those bright instructions in which this Truth is sometimes revealed to us, it would be a star in many dark hours and crooked passages in our journeys, that would not suffer us to lose our way." So Emerson teaches that "every secret is told, every crime is punished, every virtue rewarded, every wrong redressed, in silence and certainty." "Let man learn that every thing in Nature goes by law, not by luck, that what he sows, he reaps." The effect of the law of Karma in our every day life, between man and woman, Emerson clearly reminds us, is that "human labor thru all its forms, from the sharpening of a stake to the construction of a city or an epic, is one immense illustration of the perfect Compensation of the universe. The absolute balance of Give and Take, the doctrine that everything has its price—and if that price is not paid, not that thing but something else is obtained, and that it is impossible to get anything without its price,—is not less sublime in the columns of a ledger than in the budgets of states, in the laws of light and darkness, in all the action and re-action of Nature."

All our thots, seen and Unseen, all our deeds, done in the world, in human society, is Karma. Thus we are all doing Karma all the time. We breathe; that is Karma. You talk to me; that is Karma. I listen; that is Karma. I don't listen; that is Karma. We work; that is good Karma. We idle; that is bad Karma. We gossip; that

is Black Karma. We refuse to gossip; that is White Karma. We walk; Karma. We sing; Karma. We dance; Karma. All our actions and the works around us are the results of Karma. Our builded-cities of workshops and homes, gigantic machines, far-reaching inventions, ships, men-of-war—Wars—all is human-Karma. Everything we think, do, mental or physical, is Karma. It leaves its brand upon us. The law of Karma governs us all, whether we believe in it or not. What a man sows he reaps. If we want lettuce, we must sow lettuce. Useless to sow rice and expect wheat; idle to plant onions and hope for violets. "Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?" In the mental or the moral worlds this law governs in the same way, building character. Useless to sow idleness and expect to reap wisdom; to sow selfishness and expect love; to sow fear thots and wish for courage; to sow graft and expect righteousness. Each thot and action is a link in an endless-chain of causes and effects. Karma is the all-inclusive Law of Cause and Effect—action and re-action. Karma includes all punishment, all rewards that are due us because of evil or good thots or deeds we have done, either in this life or one or many of our past lives. "Man is created by thot; that which he thinks upon in one life he becomes in another." If we meditate on courage, patience, unselfishness, cheerfulness, self-control and love, we shall work these qualities into our character. A persistent thot registered on the eternal memory builds character. We daily build character as a mason builds a brick wall. Who can say this law is not just—not mathematically exact—in its distributions of rewards and punishments. Ignorance of the great Karmic-law sends us adrift on life's dark sea without a rudder. Knowledge of this law is our only safe steering-gear. This is not a man-made law; it is the fixed law of ethical causation which operates thruout Nature, governing alike the white man, as well as his yellow, brown or black brother, in all walks of life, in all grades of consciousness. Thus, Karma is The Law, the working law of Self-Government or Compensation, the merciless, but just law which patterns and shapes our lives and des-

tinies, which fills our days with sorrow, with joy, our nights with dreams or visions.

"Give me a babe, or else I die!" cries Woman's Soul. For this child I have long prayed, prayed that the power of the Highest shall overshadow me; that the angel, Love, shall be sent with the Gift of God, granting my petition.

The Holy Fire has come unto me. In the gladness of my soul, I pray, Give me a Woman-Child, then I will lend her unto humanity all the days of her life, and shall call her by that bewitching and mystical seven-lettered name "Diantha," a name of great, mysterious and fascinating power, a name of magic virtues, symbolizing "Judgment,"—Radiant, Perfect, the Goddess of Chastity, the Divine personification of Great Productive and Spiritual-Power, of Holy upbringing, of Love and Marriage—the music of the spheres!

Aries, being the first sign in the Zodiac, is the head of the intellectual-trinity, the head of the Fiery-Triplicity. Diantha (or Dinah), is the seventh-Child of Leah. Seven is the perfect number,—thus embodying a deep metaphysical principle—an expression of the intuitive perceptions from the inner-spiritual nature, making one quick of understanding, judging not after the sight of the physical-eyes, neither reproving after the hearing of the physical-ears.

Our First-Born shall be a Daughter. The blessings are endless when the first babe is a daughter. Many prospective mothers, unfortunately, have the idea that their first-babe should be a son. Think of how many poor women inwardly fret, fearing their first-born won't be a son to flatter the vanity of self-important husbands. If we stop to think of the many reasons why our first should be a girl-babe, parents will Will that the first-babe shall be a daughter. Then when Johnny comes along, he has

the gentle guidance of an older sister. If Johnny appears first, he grows to be rough and cruel; he says to his sister Diantha, when he is seven and she is five, "Watch me pull that cat's tail;" "Watch me kick that dog;" "I'm going to shoot that bird." He slips around to the cradle, when little sister isn't looking, and begins to stick straws in his tiny baby sister's nose and eyes. When a little daughter comes first, the mother is most happy, for she gives to that daughter her own sweetness, in gentleness, kindness, unselfishness and love. Then when Johnny comes along, he has this gracious sister to tutor him right in little things: "Now, Johnny, you shouldn't pull kitty's tail; it hurts her." "Please don't kick Fido; it is wicked." "Brother, God made the little birds to sing for us, you shouldn't shoot them." "If we stick straws in little sister's nose and eyes, she will die. Granny and mother will cry."

Woman has, in her bondage, under all sorts of repressions and unfair-conditions, taught men all the gentleness and goodness that is in them. Observe how, from the worst of seed, Woman has brought forth and cradled many a noble son; from her teachings and pleadings she has gradually redeemed the race from horrible savagery, from the man-eaters to the semi-civilization of today; and she will eventually unfold the God-man out of the animalized-man. She has nourished and cultured art, music, science, religion and all that makes Life liveable. This, being the strongest chain of external-reasoning, entitles her to a chance for fair conditions,—the Rights Of Woman.

What Woman has done for man and the human race, the older sister does for her younger brother in the individual Home. A daughter makes life easier, sweeter for the inexperienced young mother. She helps to humanize her unconcerned father, makes him better, no matter how good or how bad he was when she arrived. The daughter alone inherits the qualities of the father. She transmits the greatness of the father, that he in turn has received from his mother. The mother, being unselfish and devoted, is always unconsciously eager to hand down to

future-generations something wonderful and distinct from her husband. Galton's great work on heredity proves that the genius of the man descends thru the daughter almost exclusively.

For a man to see himself reproduced in a son increases his egotistical nature, puffs him up in his self-conceit like an old bullfrog—thinking, bragging about himself. A daughter brings out the gentleness, the better part of her father. Gentleness is an irresistible charm. It magnifies in father's physical and intellectual strength. It makes him think about others. It especially makes him kind, considerate to the daughters of others—to the poor, slaving, Baby-Toilers in factories and workshops when he thinks of His Own little daughter. History teaches us the birth of girls, even under so-called Christianity, has everywhere been looked upon as an infliction; thousands have been imprisoned in Convents, there to die of despair or to linger on, unloved and unappreciated, thru the torturing years. For the sake of the human-race, pray, our first-born, be a daughter.

"First a daughter, then a son,
Then, the world is well begun."

Wonder what is the matter with my looking-glass this morning? I look so strange. How I'm changing. There seems to be a series of sad and endless changes coming. What a peculiar appearance about my eyes; my neck is swelling, my teeth ache. The old saying is: "Every babe costs its mother a tooth,"—by taking the lime from the teeth to build the skeleton of embryo-baby. I itch all over, look at the patches of bronze-skin on my pale face. Look at the lines and cracks on my face and neck, they call them—"pregnancy streaks." My general blood-stream must be depleted. And, oh, my pretty, white, round and firm bosoms are so sore and tender; an ugly black-circle all over them. I am becoming fractious and irritable. Wonder if I'm peculiarly apt to miscarry?

Mother says these are just a few of the numerous reflexes accompanying child-bearing. I hear singing in my ears—doesn't that mean disorder of the intellectual faculties? Maniacal delirium? Suppose I become temporarily insane. Perhaps mother is not telling me all that she knows!

How I do look in the mirror. Where will my beauty go? Why shouldn't pregnancy be the most physiologically healthful and beautiful state of womanhood?

Diantha, your little heart, liver and kidneys are being formed now. Your heart beats just a tiny bit. You're barely an inch long today, dear. The stretching of the womb, caused by the growing baby-seed, creates a disturbance of such a sympathetic nature that it re-acts upon all the other organs. Dear me, these sympathetic disturbances, in a highly organized woman, are over-mastering—our grandmothers called them "morning sickness." They are transforming me into that dreadfully ugly, hopeless and helpless state of pregnant woman, which has no like in the whole animal economy. I wonder if I know what I'm doing? How strange, when man-woman alone is said to be an individualized manifestation of their maker—God.

"What is 'God,' Mother?—that word?"

Child Of Love, the moment we begin to think in words, we think in contradictions. An argument begins—a war of words—which is aimless, going adrift into wordy abuse which gets us nowhere. Everything is disputable. We dope ourselves with words. We use them without realizing their meaning. Do we change the color of the violet, the strength of the onion by changing its name? Words—human-symbols—are only confusing-pictures of sounds, worth very little, unless heard by the soul. Wasn't it Horace Greeley who said: "The English language doesn't stand a ghost of a chance when it gets in my way." Dictionaries are only mile-posts to send us on our way. There is only one universal-language—the language of the soul—which is unknown to words. Words are a see-saw. How curious our reason,

in spite of all our learning. It gives us "a headache without a head" as the proverb runs.

Precious, the word "God" means Good. Many creeds have referred to the Deity as a personal-being, making the word God distasteful to many thinking minds. In time we will have outgrown the personal for the Impersonal, the finite for the Infinite.

God Is Spirit.

God is the Universal-Consciousness, the spiritual-essence and evolutionary-force which is in and thru every atom of the Universe, "whose image the universe cannot hold." The smallest particle of matter that can enter into combination embodies God. Smaller than the smallest, larger than the largest, is the Universal-Intelligence—God. A thot, a speck, a spark, a dot, a mote, a mite, a point, a jot, an atom, a molecule, an electron, a drop in the ocean, a feather in the scale, a shadow of a shade, all are but expressions of different rates of motion or vibration and each is not too infinitesimal to contain and embody God. Tom Thumb or Goliath, the mouse or the elephant, the mole-hill or the mountain, each embody The Creator. God is supremacy, unutterable. He is here, there and everywhere,—ever present, far, near, unlimited, boundless, shoreless, trackless, pathless, reached from all points of the compass, at the end of every path. Individually and collectively, visible and invisible, all put together; "Each in his own tongue" is God.

As one says: "God is Good; matter, motion, and space, consciousness, intelligence, wisdom, spirit, substance, energy, darkness and light. The worlds are His outspoken thots; but there is nothing outside of Himself, of which He might think; He being the All, including and penetrating everything. Thus everything exists with Him, who is the life and soul of all things. In Him we live, move and have our being, and without Him we are nothing."

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul."

EACH IN HIS OWN TONGUE

" A Fire-Mist and a Planet,—
 A crystal and a cell,—
 A jelly-fish and a saurian
 And caves where the cave-men dwell;
 Then a sense of law and beauty,
 And a face turned from the clod;
 Some call it Evolution,
 And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon,
 The infinite, tender sky;
 The ripe, rich tint of the corn-fields,
 And the wild geese sailing high;
 And all over upland, lowland,
 The charm of the golden-rod;—
 Some of us call it Autumn,
 And others call it God.

Like tides on a crescent sea-beach,
 When the moon is new and thin,
 Into our hearts high yearnings
 Come welling and surging in,—
 Come from the mystic ocean,
 Whose rim no foot has trod,—
 Some of us call it Longing,
 And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty,—
 A mother starved for her brood,—
 Socrates drinking the hemlock,
 And Jesus on the rood;
 And millions who humble and nameless,
 The straight, hard pathway plod,—
 Some call it Consecration,
 And others call it God."

William H. Carruth.

God was called by Plato, Good; by Schopenhauer, Will; by Kant, Thing in Itself; by Emerson, Over-Soul. "God is a sphere whose center is everywhere and whose circumference is nowhere." In the deduction of John Fiske: "God is that of which all phenomena is the manifestation."

Remember, dear, there is no speck of dust—no atom

in this whole changing universe—that may not be, at one time or another, the whole part of the most valuable or invaluable thing of which one can think. It is impossible to have an impossible thot. Every blade of grass, every dew-drop declareth the presence of God.

“ The Law that rounds the world, the same
Rounds the dew-drop's little frame.”

The highest manifestation of this evolutionary-force, on this planet, of which we know, is in the awakened consciousness of a developed human-being. God's combined-wisdom of the Universe flows thru the spirit of all things, interpenetrating all space, all earth, from the lowest plane of life, on up, to the highest evolved man-woman on earth.

Diantha, you may not like the word “ God. ” Unfortunately in this age we have to use words to make ourselves understood. “ All the petty differences between religions and religions are mere word-struggles. ” Do your own naming, whatever name pleases you best, Diantha, granting everybody the same privilege, to worship according to their own light. To name a thing oftentimes throws a seeker off the path. We won't quarrel over words. Some call God Nature, Natural-Law, Life-Principle, Great-Evolver, Sub-consciousness, Jehovah. Some call God, Allah, some Brahma, some Atma. Others call God, The Divine-Mother. Anyway, God is the ever-present, Supreme-Ruler. Words matter not. Just think of what it means.

FROM THE UNKNOWN

“ Now reader, go along with me,
Away back to eternity;
Go back beyond the days of youth
When everything that was, was Truth.

Beyond the sorrow and the tears,
Beyond the suffering and fears,
Beyond the anguish and the gloom,
Beyond the shadow of the tomb.

Beyond all troubles and all pain,
Beyond all losses and all gain,
Beyond all sobs and bitter sighs,
Beyond the limit of the skies.

Before there was a ray of light,
Before there was a day or night,
Before a prayer was ever prayed,
Before the world was ever made.

Before there was a moon, or sun,
Before old time itself begun,
Before there was a 'now' or 'then,'
Before there was a 'where' or 'when,'

Before there was a 'here' or 'there,'
Or anything or anywhere;
Go back a hundred thousand years,
And further still, tho' filled with fears.

Go back until within the past,
You fail to find the place at last
Where the beginning you can see
At one end of eternity.

Go back until there's not a trace
Of anything but God—and Space;
God all around, below, above,
Unlimited in Power and Love.

Away back there, removed from sight,
Where everything that was, was Right,
Away back here, removed from Sin
Is where my story does begin. "

TO THE KNOWN.

" Mother, Evolution is an awfully Big Word. What does it mean? It must make the elephant out of a little speck of dust. "

Child Of Love, the word Evolution is from the Latin word *evolvere*, meaning unfolding, unrolling;—to search and find out, to expound, to declare, tell or utter, to meditate, muse and think upon. Counter-marching as it were, —as soldiers do. To turn over as one turneth a book; to pursue and read over. A necessary outgrowth as if from a seed, bud, or unseen state, self-unfolding, an impulse to take on a higher form. "Evolution," says Joseph Le Conte, "is the disturbance of the equilibrium

on the lower plane in order that it may be re-established on a higher plane."

Evolution is "The actual formation of a part or of the whole of an organism which previously existed only as a germ or starting-point: ordinary natural growth, as of living creatures, from the starting-point, to the adult or perfect state, as the evolution of an animal from the egg, or of a plant from the seed; the evolution of the blossom from the bud, or of the fruit from the blossom: the evolution of the butter-fly from the caterpillar,"—the frog from the tad-pole. "The evolution of a moth from the cocoon, of an insect from the wood or mud in which it lived as a grub, of a chick from the egg-shell which contained it as an embryo. In general, the passage from unorganized simplicity to organized complexity, that is, to a nicer and more elaborate arrangement for reaching definite ends." * As my baby-seed from Father-Mother unto my precious child—Diantha, a Woman!

Our great minds have come down the ages, giving us the wondrous lesson that evolution is Life's mighty chain, the chain in which each link has its necessary place, in which no link is missing. Study the whole face of the earth, the mineral, the vegetable, the animal, the forms of living things, seeing the casual-connection, as evolving one from another; the growth of nations, linking one age with another, the roots of the part to which the present link connects. These wondrous evolutionary-lessons carry us step after step, dear, from the speck of dust to the big elephant, as Emerson teaches:

" And striving to be man, the worm
Mounts thru all the spirals of form."

Evolution traces the human-race upward from the cave-man to the thinking-man, link after link, from the lowest to the highest, each connected with the other, the whole chain of forms in successive growth from parent to offspring in one winding, ascending, spiral, until the human intellect cannot remain content in the face of these stupendous thots, but dreams the dreams of the Golden-Age that shall at last come upon the earth, when humanity shall have evolved as far above the present, as the hu-

* Century Dictionary.

manity of today is above the humanities of the cave-man.

Evolution is the ordained law of growth. It is slow, sure and sane—the only wise teacher. Evolution reveals that the best qualities of each form of life are preserved and pass to the next successor—the Immortality of the Soul. The best and strongest part of man is his thought—the Mind—his Spiritual Ego, his accumulated experiences built into character, the best of him which lives after the so-called death, as it evolves into the Higher, finer Life. This being the meaning of evolution, it proves there is an Unseen-Force compelling each form of life and understanding to evolve its best qualities. Why does the mollusk instinctively preserve those qualities which afterwards grow into fish? Why does the fish let all things else perish, except that which may become reptile? Why does the reptile nurse those rudiments which may develop into a bird? Observe the snake coiling himself around and around, forming a spiral-position like the thread of a screw. As he springs forth he again expresses the advanced spiral-movements in his own evolutionary motion thru space. Why does the bird conserve those features which are needed in the mammal? Why does the quadruped—the bear, the monkey—cultivate that which in some coming evolution will walk erect? It is because evolution is the law of all life, upward, onward, to upreach in some form toward the Higher-Life. "The worm that crawls under our feet today is a God to be."

In the Higher-life Evolution governs as we see it governs the physical here. If advantages can be gained in our future lives by following certain courses of mental, moral and spiritual preparation in this life, what more natural than that this evolutionary-power should afford us a knowledge of these laws? How can that knowledge be better communicated than thru human-instruments inspired to receive and translate it? If God whispers to the instinct of the reptile how best to pass into a bird, in some future life, why not send a wireless to man, how best to become a Christ? We have the lessons of evolution from the First-Gods to the latest Prophets. Thru endless incarnations man shall evolve to "Freedom from Misery,"

declared Buddha. Christ teaches this evolutionary lesson: "The works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do."

Evolution is the wondrous scheme of the mind—self-moving.

Evolution is the wondrous plan of the Projector for the building of his worlds.

Evolution is a means to an end.

Evolution is the unfolding of all that God enfolded.

Evolution is one gradual-initiation into the mystery, secrecy of life, man's Divine-Origin.

Evolution is Life.

Life is Evolution!

Evolution will gradually teach one first to respect her law, second, to co-operate in a particular, peculiar, self-analysis, of individual unfoldment, unwinding one's self out of earthly-trouble, and consciously ascending into the life of Purity, Serenity and Self-Perfection.

Evolution is an eternal Sunrise.

Evolution is growth—the law of God working out His Will in orderly-succession.

God speaks in evolution, whosoever ignores evolution, denies God.

"Evolution begins——? and ends——?"

EVOLUTION

"When you were a tadpole and I was a fish,
In the Paleozoic time,
And side by side on the ebbing tide
We sprawled through the ooze and slime,
Or skittered with many a caudal flip
Through the depths of the Cambrian fen,
My heart was rife with the joy of life,
For I loved you even then.

Mindless we lived and mindless we loved,
And mindless at last we died;
And deep in a rift of the Caradoc drift
We slumbered side by side.
The world turned on in the lathe of time,
The hot lands heaved amain,
Till we caught our breath from the womb of death,
And crept into light again.

We were Amphibians, scaled and tailed
And drab as a dead man's hand;
We coiled at ease 'neath the dripping trees,
Or trailed through the mud and sand,
Croaking and blind, with our three-clawed feet
Writing a language dumb,
With never a spark in the empty dark
To hint at a life to come.

Yet happy we lived, and happy we loved,
And happy we died once more;
Our forms were rolled in the clinging mold
Of a Neocomian shore.
The eons came, and the eons fled,
And the sleep that wrapped us fast
Was driven away in a newer day,
And the night of death was past.

Then light and swift through the jungle trees
We swung in our airy flights,
Or breathed in the balms of the fronded palms,
In the hush of the moonless nights,
And oh! what beautiful years were these,
When our hearts clung each to each;
When life was filled, and our senses thrilled
In the first faint dawn of speech.

Thus life by life, and love by love,
We passed through the cycles strange,
And breath by breath, and death by death,
We followed the chain of change.
Till there came a time in the law of life
When over the nursing sod
The shadows broke, and the soul awoke
In a strange, dim dream of God.

I was thewed like an Auroch bull,
And tusked like the great Cave Bear;
And you, my sweet, from head to feet,
Were gowned in your glorious hair.
Deep in the gloom of a fireless cave,
When the night fell o'er the plain,
And the moon hung red o'er the river bed,
We mumbled the bones of the slain.

I flaked a flint to a cutting edge,
And shaped it with brutish craft;
I broke a shank from the woodland dank,

THE HONEY-COMB

And fitted it, head and haft.
Then I hid me close to the reedy tarn,
Where the Mammoth came to drink;—
Through brawn and bone I drave the stone,
And slew him upon the brink.

Loud I howled through the moonlit wastes,
Loud answered our kith and kin;
From west and east to the crimson feast
The clan came trooping in.
O'er joint and gristle and padded hoof,
We fought and clawed and tore,
And cheek by jowl, with many a growl,
We talked the marvel o'er.

I carved that fight on a reindeer bone,
With rude and hairy hand,
I pictured his fall on the cavern wall
That men might understand.
For we lived by blood, and the right of might,
Ere human laws were drawn,
And the Age of Sin did not begin
Till our brutal tusks were gone.

And that was a million years ago,
In a time that no man knows;
Yet here tonight in the mellow light,
We sit at Delmonico's;
Your eyes are deep as the Devon springs,
Your hair is as dark as jet,
Your years are few, your life is new,
Your soul untried, and yet—


Our trail is on the Kimmeridge clay,
And the scarp of the Purbeck flags,
We have left our bones in the Bagshot stones,
And deep in the Coraline crags;
Our love is old, our lives are old,
And death shall come amain;
Should it come today, what man may say
We shall not live again?

God wrought our souls from the Tremadoc beds
And furnished them wings to fly;
He sowed our spawn in the world's dim dawn,
And I know that it shall not die;
Though cities have sprung above the graves
Where the crook-boned men made war,
And the ox-wain creaks o'er the buried caves
Where the mummied mammoths are.

EVOLUTION

39

Then as we linger at luncheon here,
O'er many a dainty dish,
Let us drink anew to the time when you
Were a Tadpole and I was a Fish. "
Langdon Smith.

ULY, the Full Bloom Summer-Time, the month when life swells and rises into its full glory, the month our Fore-Fathers made sacred to the Sun! Dear days, these days of Golden-Sun and purple-shadow, these full-days, when everywhere her golden-cup of Summer overflows with its plenty of fruit, flower and grain! These beneficent days of opulent July! How she lavishes her riches,—her green grass carpeting the sunny-slopes, while everywhere her sweet flowers blow music in the air! Her red-cheeked peaches blush and fall, kissing the redder lips of joyful children, and her dusky blackberries, winking coyly, glimmer thru the cool, green leaves.

Every July paints anew the vision of my Grandmother's Dutch Flower-Garden, back of the grape-arbor, south of the living-porch, walled in by rows of stately hollyhocks, in pink, red, purple and cream. Her fearless Sun-flowers flaunting their golden-bravery in the face of their high-lord, the Sun. Her marigolds and phloxes and sweet-williams in modest corners, and the red-velvet rose—queen of all the flowers—so carefully nourished by dear grandmother, the pride of her heart and the envy of all the country around. While over all hovers the fragrance of rosemary, and song-birds twitter and sing, and eat their fill in the heavily-laden cherry trees.

Across the meadow lands in blossom, I see, I smell, the waving clover fields, red and white with honey sweet. The bees are droning a dizzy lullaby. How many times I have waded knee-high amid its waves of gentle blow, and heard the hum of ten thousand honey-bees, that had gone mad! Mad with the fragrance and sweetness—with the beauty of the meadow-fields! How many times have I chased the dancing-shadows on the field, watching their changing colors—now red, now green, playing hide-and-seek with the golden-Sunbeams! How many times have

I rambled thru the dear old orchard, fragrant with the pink and white apple-blossoms—delicious with its fruits, climbing the trees and swinging on their boughs. How often have I strolled on into the heart of the woods, the primitive-paradise of the forest-dryads!

Trees.

Trees! among Nature's richest treasures, their melodious voices are all music to the ear. Every tree sings its own sweet song. Listen to them;—the oak, the palm, the willow, the poplar, the pepper, the fir, all have their own perfect song—each, part of the forest's heavenly-orchestra.

As one says: "It is difficult to estimate how great a part of all that is cheerful and delightful in the recollections of our child-life is associated with out-door-Nature, especially trees. Trees are among the most poetic objects of creation. Every wood teems with legends of mythology and romance, every tree is vocal with music, and their flowers and fruits do not afford more luxuries to the senses than delight to the mind. Trees have their roots in the ground; but they send up their branches toward the skies, and are so many supplicants to Heaven for blessings in the earth."

Today is a glorious midsummer-day. Everything is busy and radiant with active life, humming and bubbling with joyous thots. The song of the birds, the fragrance of the flowers, the wafting breeze from the apple and peach-orchard fill one with life complete. I hear the laughing cackle from the dear old hen in the barn-yard over her newly-laid egg, satisfied she has done her day's duty. Hark! how clear and bold, the barn-yard cock—the chanter of the walk, is calling to us, in his lively crowing, as tho to brag that he himself laid the egg; as tho the Sun comes up because he crowed!

Everywhere is Love and Life today. Oh, I'm so happy, happy! I love everything, I love everybody! All is the poetry of living Nature.

This morning I was awakened at the break of day by the joyous meadow-lark and the happy mocking-bird near

my window perched on the sweet-smelling honey-suckle vines, singing their morning message. They really seemed to sing, "This is a day to be happy." "This is a day that loves you, get up and get busy." "Don't be lazy, learn to enjoy Nature." "Sing, work, and be happy." The wonderful message of the speckle-coated meadow-lark is heard from coast to coast. Where did he learn his song? Listen to what he sings! How many of us really know what the sweet-voice gives out? Listen! while one of Nature's best teachers sings—"Laziness'll kill you!" "Idleness'll kill you!" Hark! how plain it seems, this clear message. Does it not teach we should be happy and joyous as the meadow-lark, busy as the bee?

Work, work, work!

Love and work—the secret of life—no other law.

Work, the greatest curative-agent known to man!

The wise in all ages have taught the virtue of work. Action is the essence of Life. To idle is to rust and decay. The virtue that lies in the gospel of work, no doubt, exists only when one is naturally adapted to—is in love with—that which he has to do—developing what is in the individual. No one adaptably and usefully employed was ever miserable. Work is a virtue. Slavery to work a crime. This—joy in work—is the secret that has been behind all work that has moved the world along, whether in art, industry, literature or religion. One of the curses of our day is that man and woman are not able to choose their individual-work according to their inherited gifts. He gives best service to self and humanity who finds his natural niche in life. All misdirected force and talent are crimes. All work is honorable and worthy of its full value; from our street-cleaner up to the President of the United States. "The Great and the Little have need of each other." Each, in his own necessary evolution, is suited to his own particular stage of growth. As the great oak was once the little acorn, so all mankind are by nature equal. In degree of evolution alone are we different. We should have just as much respect for one as the other.

The day of the parasite is fast passing. We are taught that Christ, in the carpenter-shop, dignified and consecrated labor. It is gospel, sound to the core, if its conditions be met; and in the training of youth for manhood and womanhood, it should be more the business of parents and society to see that the conditions are met.

Shakespeare teaches: "The labor we delight in physics pain." The chief danger that may come to us is to cease to strive to do things. We are only great in our failures. To be constant in active-good is the secret of progress. Listen to the mountain-stream, unchanging, ceaseless, determined, Constant! on, on! until it becomes one with the deep sea. A frog pond smells; but a plow that worketh shines.

The human is the only being who is inconstant. Look around and see the walking-dead, the unemployed and idle. The 'dead' are not all in the graveyards. We call them 'dead'—but little we understand of their present evolution. For all we know, they may now be more alive than we are. The real dead-ones are walking all around us. We meet them everywhere,—in the home, in social gatherings, in the business-world. Our streets and highways are full of them. They seem to talk and laugh, and eat and drink, but it is all an illusion; they are 'dead-ones.' The body soon goes to decay,—dies,—without self-consciousness. Death is a relative-term, applied to the condition where Nature, in a degree, has ceased to function. We see a man who is dead to Love. His soul has never awakened to the finer-forces. He is only a grinning-walking corpse. Another is consumed by the fire of lust and carnal desire. He is only a human-animal, the Soul-Man in him is dormant. Another is dead to the beauties of Nature. The Sunshine sings to him in vain. The exquisite charms of light and shade, of form and color, that play around us all, constantly, like a full orchestra, do not exist for him. These wonder-beauties to him are darkened cells. Many of us are dead to humanity. The appeal of things human does not interest us. We are too immersed in the worship of the idle gods of worldly-things. If by chance we get a glimpse

of the under crust, we see not. We are alive in proportion to our awakened consciences to meet the world of humanity as it comes to us, to make it part and parcel of our being, to give and gather strength and joy from others, in order that we can again give it out to our brother-sister. "Go to the Ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise."

We are not here to skylark, drift, dream and shun our burdens and crosses, but to work!—work out our own Karma and Glory. The material-world is a world of sin and sorrow, three tears to every joy. The only way out of this life of trouble is thru work—Work! We are healthier, happier, and holier when we love our work. Work is the vehicle which carries us to our chosen goal. The leisure class—the parasites,—are the unhappy—the unvirtuous. It is only when we labor and love that we really live, not to pile up great worldly-wealth, but to serve mankind in humanity and justice. The highest possible form of work is the impersonal and unattached-service for the emancipation of humanity from slavery of all kinds—physical, mental and spiritual.

Thomas Carlyle teaches: "Work is the noblest thing discovered under God's sky. Work is a blessing, because it opens the mind and you dig out the silver, gold, and other precious things with which the world of work is filled. Labor, wide as the earth, has its summit in Heaven, for in all True Work, there is something of Divineness. Blessed is he who has found his work." Longfellow says: "Work is my recreation, the play of faculty; a delight like that which a bird feels in flying, or a fish in darting thru the water." Robert Louis Stevenson once wrote to a friend: "I know what pleasure is, for I have done good work today."

I Wish.

I Wish, I Wish!

The Secret-Dream of every heart is to learn how to make Wishes Come True Thru Work. Few are so dead in spirit as not to hope that there is somewhere a Golden-

Key to the Knowledge Of Mental-Powers, and if we could only find it and learn how to use it, we could get many of the good things we desire. The mystery of this hidden-secret is that even now it is more wonderful to us than we can dream—for it is that very desire which fires us on, in the delightful work and makes us ever eager to know more of the secret meanings of Life.

Many of us respect The Law of Compensation—Karma—seeing its workings in our daily lives. The more we know of this eternal and fixed law, the more we want to know, for we feel that if we could consciously know just what The Law requires, we would joyfully obey its teachings. Our greatest wish is to understand this law—to learn how to make our wishes come true—the good we inwardly desire and give out, the good we desire to express.

“ We must live in our work, to do it well;
 We must dwell in its spirit and bow to its spell;
 We must love it and know it to make it count,
 We must feel it and trust it before we mount;
 We must get from it comfort and pleasure and rest,
 We must live in our work if we'd do it the best. ”

Until we find real joy in doing good work, rest assured we have not found ourselves—the hidden-secret of Life—that which will carry us safely to the goal. When we are each in our right niche in life, we will work “ like a house a-fire. ”

Worship Work!

“ Work+Enthusiasm=Happiness. ”

There is no good unless the Sun shines, no heat unless the fire burns. There is no real work unless the worker is on fire with enthusiasm and hope—a mad-mind!
 “ Work, as Nature works in Fire! ”

As I look out of my window, I see passing by with faltering steps, an old woman, wasted and worn—some one's dear old mother. Time has laid upon her its heavy hand. Her little old body is shrunken and bent, her skin is brown-spotted, yellow and deeply wrinkled, she is tooth-

less and almost blind. The fall of the curtain is near. Look at her and try to picture her as she once was—a little mite of sweet, pure humanity, clothed with beauty and love—just like my baby, My Diantha, will be. One involuntarily thinks of her as a sweet girl, erect, slender and graceful, straight and willowly as a young palmetto in the whispering moonlight. Her face, now so withered, was once round and full as the Moon; colored with the blushes of maidenhood; her ears now deaf, once full of love's whisperings. All her beauties are gone to decay beneath December's blasts!

Why are we afraid of age?

Age should have all the reward and glory of youth-days well spent, should be the golden-time of a race well run, the crown of laurel in the three-score and ten.

"No, not afraid of Age, but afraid of Youth." How many do we see of these sad pictures of old age with its mental enfeeblement, with its hopeless and physical decay. Should not these pictures teach youth a great lesson?—that youth is the vigorous and active season of life, the seed-time of untold possibilities!

Again, one turns his gaze across the street. In a cozy, happy home, lovingly cuddled in a young mother's arms, being loved into life, into Spring-time, by a thousand tender glances from her watchful eyes, is a laughing babe. Watch it! the active chubby-hands; the cooing and cooing! Wonder what it is thinking,—the innocent babe on its mother's bosom. Does it not seem the only being on earth that knows perfect peace? When a mother bends over her sleeping infant and watches its playing smiles, she feels that she is gazing on a supernatural being, something so unfathomly sweet, something so akin to, she knows not what—so pure and angelic, as if not of this world, but of another. So runs the world, and we go on our way—perhaps forgetting these pictures, perhaps learning from them lessons that lead to Wisdom's ways.

Amelia E. Barr helpfully teaches: "Be Serious In Childhood, that Ye May Be Joyful In Old Age."

Education in Self-Government is the one essential thing in the early training of childhood. It is a far-reaching thing of some one that "Education is an ornament in prosperity and a refuge in adversity." And as Mark Twain says: "Training is everything. The peach was once a bitter almond; cauliflower is nothing but cabbage with a college education," as pretzels are only doughnuts that never had a chance.

The first thing to teach a child is the Karmic-law or Self-Government. Seed-time, Harvest-time, from plant-life up to child-bearing. Teach it this law, then allow it to do its own thinking and choosing, developing its own natural gifts. Every child should be taught the Karmic-law as it is taught the Nursery-Rhymes, the Santa Claus Story and the Home Songs. Knowledge gives depth to life and, like a beautiful painting, it must have foreground, middle distance and perspective, if it is to be called successful. Wasn't it our beautiful Sembrich, the prima donna, while yet a child of four years, whose dolls were taken away from her, she being put to piano-study, under scientific training? In after years she grew to master four of the great arts—voice, piano, violin and the singing languages.

I sometimes wonder if children should be allowed the foolish toys, mimicking many of the useless teachings of our fore-fathers, especially girl-toys, keeping Woman down as a "female" and not allowing her to think as a human being. Everything that a child plays with molds its future. In the use of sex-toys may be found one of the strongest reasons why Woman has not been allowed to think for herself. To a mentally-undeveloped girl or woman, physical-sex is all she knows—it is her whole life. Let us pray that woman may outgrow 'female-ism' (which means faithlessness), and develop Womanhood,—that which is faithful to all the Highest aspirations of the race.

Physical-motherhood is not everything in life—it is only evolutionary—but to the average woman it is the only reason for being on earth. More important than

physical-motherhood is the spiritual and pre-natal training. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." How important it is that those who have the unfoldment of youth, should fully realize the importance of these inspired words. Childhood is soul-stuff, soil-stuff, seed-time, growing-time, working-time. Youth must be taught, or it will painfully learn later, that the law of life is—Work while you are young, or repent when you are old. Work now, when working ought to be a pleasure; play later, when age will make leisure agreeable and necessary. Pity the sorrows of an old man, an old woman, in poverty. "If you had to be an old horse, worn out, unfit for work, or an old man, worn out, which would you choose? One of two things happens to a horse that is useless. A kind owner turns him out in a good pasture where there is water and shelter. There the horse looks at the younger horses, eats what he wants, rests, breathes the fresh air and thanks Heaven that his working days are over. If that does not happen to him, a bullet in his brain ends his misery. His hide makes shoes, his fat makes soap, his feet make glue. His sufferings are over, and what remains is useful.

"But it is not so with the old man whose useful days are past. He must live and plod along, hoping that somebody will put him at some kind of work—even tho he be too feeble to do it well. They won't kill him and they won't let him kill himself. Yet, they won't give him a pasture or a place to work and so he limps along—his gray hairs a warning that he is not worth hiring, and his precious immortal soul making it illegal to knock him on the head and turn him into soap-fat."

"Time at length makes things even." He who idles when he's young, struggles when he's old. Youth that 'drives dull care away,' taking all night to do the driving, is itself driven by care when age comes on. It is a sad picture, in the twilight of old age, to sit shivering around dead ashes and memories with no more wood for the fire, all life's happiness burned out. Some one has said: "He has spent all his life in letting down empty

buckets into empty wells, and he is frittering away his age in trying to draw them up again."

High speed is thrilling; spending money, burning time and health makes life exciting; but age will come, do what you will. There is just so much fire-wood. Burn it up now, Precious Youth—and you will sit around cold-ashes in December-life, and be a hewer of wood and drawer of water, unto the end of your days. Huxley says: "Amusement is the happiness of those who cannot think."

"Be serious in childhood, that ye may be joyful in old age."

Wonderful is this teaching, full of endless meaning! Feeding our children on the bread of luxury and idleness, we send them on the road to self-destruction; yet parents often expect them—after being thus spoiled—to be serious and happy in pinafores and bare feet! As the harlot answered: "Woe is me, woe is me! I was once the daughter of a house beautiful as this is, and I was led into ruin when the rich man, my father, who had brought me up in luxury and idleness, became a bankrupt and died. I knew not how to work, and was ashamed to beg."

How to train children aright is the problem of the moment in this rapid, nerve-wrecking age. It's regrettable; yes, deplorable, but it is unfortunately an existing fact, that the air in America is pregnant with the craze of the merest children for cheap shows,—filling their precious minds with vulgar trivialities, lowering their ideals, perverting their taste. Our little 'fuzzy-wuzzy,' scatter-brained, sex-dressed daughters, with their minds full of boys, looking-glasses, "shimmie" dances, with their "thumpity-thumpity, bangity-bangity" jazz-mad music, which jars the nerve-centers and racks the brain-cells, is making nervous wrecks out of our youth. These are the growing modern conditions of our present day youth-culture,—a peril to the growth and life of coming Parenthood. "Laws-a-massy," says the colored woman, "youse people dunno what youse all talkin' 'bout. Don't blame dem precious unfortunate gals fer de way dey acts

and dresses. Lor'ter goodness, look at der senseless mudders and fadders befo' dem! De Lo'd pity dem for havin' sich parents! "

Thru the parents' ignorance the average youth has no aim, no plans in life. No wonder parents push their girls off to college to get rid of them, or into the shop-world until they can marry, sending them away that they themselves might have peace and quiet at 'home.'

The understanding of the Karmic-Law or self-government, which grows appreciation and responsibility, is the Key-Note Of Child-Culture. There is no good growth without appreciation and responsibility. This key-note is the secret of youth in early learning to solve life's problems. Most mothers serve as smooth path-makers for their future mineralogists, removing all stones from their path, lest their tender feet be bruised, contrary to the law that every bloody or stone-pierced toe is a step in life's biological-path. I wonder if this is where the old saying: "A mother can take care of seven sons, but seven sons cannot take care of one mother" originated?

For untold ages parents have thot and provided for their sons' future, tried to educate and teach them a trade and profession for self-dependence. The daughter's future has been left unprovided for, never given a second-thot beyond the cheerful speculation that "some day she'll get married and be gone," and in marriage she'll find both a home and a profession. In the past this plan of one-sided education has proved a make-shift for thousands of helpless women, forcing them unwillingly and unlovingly into the marriage-contract, making miserable the lives of two otherwise good people, because no other course was open to them except matrimony.

The present-day problem is a serious one. What is the future of our daughters? What shall our daughter make of her life with her health, energy, faculties and talents? The plain facts are, that under the present-day industrial, economic, social system, men find it impossible to marry, and many thinking women are not attracted to marriage. What moral right has the average young man of today, under the present industrial economic system,—

on a starvation wage—to go with a girl, pay court to her, fall in love with her, marry her, try to buy a Home and live decently, or dare to bring a child into the world? The average wage-earner has only two or three weeks between himself and starvation or beggary. The time is here when we have to face the real problems of our daughters' future welfare. Parents must realize that there are more chances that their daughters won't marry than that they will marry, and they should, therefore, educate them and give them every opportunity to be self-supporting.

Reflect on the splendid Creed of Work by Laura Drake Gill, former Dean of Barnard College:

"I believe that every woman needs a skilled occupation developed to the degree of possible self-support.

She needs it commercially, for an insurance against reverses.

She needs it socially, for a comprehending sympathy with the world's workers.

She needs it intellectually, for a constructive habit of mind, which makes knowledge usable.

She needs it ethically, for a courageous willingness to do her share of the world's work.

She needs it aesthetically, for an understanding of harmonious relationships as determining factors in conduct and work."

The wide-awake bachelor-girl has discovered these conditions, and is making good. Bachelor-women have untold interest and charms; to know one of them is a continual inspiration. Surpassing has been the ministry of bachelor-women to the family and home, to the intellectual, social and spiritual needs of mankind. Heaven-sent are our Florence Nightengales, Frances Willards, Anna Shaws, Clara Bartons, Ellen Keys, Jane Addamses, Ida Tarbells, Mary Foys, and many others. Let us ever keep fresh in our minds that it was a fearless bachelor-maid,—Susan B. Anthony,—a brave, unselfish, devoted woman—who did a manly task in a womanly way, who stood by her firm conviction thru a whole generation of ridicule and abuse for Woman's Rights. Yet, chronic bachelor maidenhood is not to be encouraged en masse, as few

women attain their best save thru the greatest of all evolutionary lessons—the maternal state of woman's glorious nature.

Unquestionably the unfoldment of the modern woman is one of the most interesting features of our day. The time has passed when wise parents neglect to give daughters a profession. The secret of life is to find one's self and get busy.

Some day all children will have equal opportunities for an education, as the wards of the nation, trained and cultured at government expense until maturity. In the coming day our educational system shall be upon this plan—built upon the principle of unfolding what is in the individual child. What a joy to dream of, and a greater joy to be privileged to live in the coming Woman-Rule Age.

The Wise Ones teach:

We are now outgrowing the fifth-root race or the Patriarchate-Age, which unmasked means the Man-Rule Age or "The Iron-age,"—the age of the so-called Hierarchy, the Savants, the Lords and Rulers who have oppressed the mass-people and kept them in ignorance; the age that has established a false standard of the inferiority of Woman, which has robbed woman of her God-given Rights. We are now evolving into the sixth-root race or the Matriarchate-Age, which unmasked means the Woman-Rule Age or "The Golden-Age," astrologically called the Aquarius-Age, or the Air-Age. The Wise Ones teach the golden or woman-rule age will reign for over 2000 years, until the year 4041; that the soul remains out of incarnation "16 breaths," while others claim 30 times as long as it dwells in the flesh-body. Don't worry, Diantha, dear, we'll come back again on earth in this glorious woman's day, because we've got so much to unlearn, after being kept in ignorance all these years. We'll have to come back to help our daughters and grandchildren with their lessons. Who knows? We may come back as their children. "And a little child shall lead them."

"My mind to me a kingdom is,—such perfect joy

therein I find." As our charming versatile actress, Elsie DeWolf, says: "Women are now sitting on the hub of the wheel, and they'll never, never consent to a change of places. The whole universe is opening like an oyster-shell for them to find the pearls. And I think there are a lot to be found."

Daughter, Diantha, master a profession, qualify for independence. If you don't you are at the mercy of undeveloped man, driven to marry one you don't love, living with him in misery and accepting his abuses under the marriage-contract. Listen to your superiors, those who have been over the road. If you don't listen and "be serious in childhood," you'll have the same round of drudgery and hopeless efforts, the same sad experience that thousands are having, and be disappointed at the end of life. You will only be one of the cogs in every day, hum-drum humanity's wheel. Choose your summit of ambition! Excel! Let to excel be your objective-point in all things. Live in the upper air, on the peaks, where the air is pure. Don't fritter your golden-hours away. Life is full of undiscovered possibilities.

" There's the marble,
Here's the chisel,
Take it, shape it as you will,
Thou alone must carve thy future,
Heaven give thee strength and skill. "

On the subject of some young ladies (!) who had been suddenly bereft of fortune, a terse commentary on modern education has been given: "They do everything that is fashionable imperfectly these days; their singing and drawing and dancing and languages amount to nothing. They were educated to marry; and, had there been time, they might have gone off with, and hereafter from, husbands. They cannot earn their own salt; they do not even know how to dress themselves. I desire to give every girl, no matter her rank, a trade—a profession, if the word pleases you better; cultivate all things in moderation, but one thing to perfection, no matter what it is, for which she has a talent. Give her a staff to lay hold of; let her feel, 'This will carry me thru life without dependence.'"

Woman in 'specializing on one thing to perfection,' is true to her better self, pre-natally producing a better quality in child. Woman as women, need the broadest education their understanding will take. Woman, being the half of creation—yes, the cause of the whole of creation—transmits and sends forth her all in her child. Let a girl's childhood be serious, that her December-hood may be joyous. Sixty years should find a woman at her brightest and best. Devote the days of our youth to getting wisdom that fadeth not—that our December-days be joyous.

Don't go Husband-Hunting, Diantha! Real-Mates are not found by hunting; they are discovered and come thru natural attraction. The moment a woman goes husband-hunting she kills her soul and makes merchandise of herself. Have an aim in life and aim high; master an art; forget marriage. When fate decrees, The Real Lion will appear in the middle of your path and win you. The psychological moment on the dial of your destiny will produce the man. Yes, 'tis true. Every girl dreams that some day she will have a sweetheart-husband, this is as natural, sweet and pretty as her wishing for a dolly when she was a little girl. If you will wear your pretty clothes and frills, parading your heart up and down the highways of life, with one thot uppermost in your mind, of husband-hunting, you will neglect and lose the things worth while, in search for what you'll never find. All things in life are planned and work in harmony with The Law. We must not try to force conditions, but learn to work and wait, in sweet subjection to the Higher-law.

A young woman should be under strict culture up to the age of 21 to 25. Then if she so desires, she may consider marriage. The woman of the new-evolution need not marry unless she desires the marriage initiation. Marriage, to be a success, to the present as well as the future race, should only take place when both parties to the contract are physically mature, their reproductive powers fully developed, bones dense, joints hardened, muscles full-sized and taut, mental faculties fully established.

Our biologists, physicians, sociologists and many deep thinkers, who are devoted to solving social-problems, all agree that the organs of generation are the last to reach full development, and if one desires to be sound in mind and body, he must keep the precious material—the oil of the generative organs—in the body up to full physical maturity. Science teaches that extreme youth in the father has sometimes caused the death of the child before birth. The oil of the generative organs, or seed, is marrow to the bones and food for the growing-brain. The resisting powers, the cells which protect the body from disease germs, do not attain their full fighting strength until 25 years in woman, 28 years in man. A young woman in early marriage—before 25—never attains to full bloomed womanhood and beauty—the freshness and fullness of Summer that nature intended—but, instead, premature old age comes upon her, consequently she is unable to give to her babes the full mental and physical strength Nature ordained. If a man is a father before he is 29 years of age, his child cannot have the physical or mental endurance of the child conceived when the father is in possession of his Full Manhood. Even a fully developed woman, if she carry an immature male-seed, has to furnish more than her part of nourishment to the growing embryo-baby. Her body soon suffers because of her inability to feed the growing-babe, giving up more of her bone-material to the embryo-baby, losing her teeth, her body going to decay.

The best offspring is reproduced from mature-stock. The older the child-bearing woman is, within reason, the better, generally, is the quality of the child.

Certainly, it is wrong for elderly parents to bring forth—transmitting their acquired distempers to their offsprings, yet many old bachelors insist on seeing themselves reproduced. "Late children, early orphans." It is like planting corn in August.

The mother is responsible first for the health of her child, therefore, she should never give children to the world before her full physical maturity, and only when her health and strength are at the best. Criminal is the

madness and folly of early marriage permitted by unwise parents who think—"Let our sons and daughters marry before they get too wise," knowing they will be 'morally' safer by early marriage:—Babies begetting babies! Furthermore, marriage is not a purely personal matter; if it were, youth might make whatever foolish unions it liked. There are the possible children that may result from such marriages, and who are pretty certain to come into the world handicapped by feeble bodies or brains if their fathers or mothers are immature. A man and woman may have the right to any sort of husband or wife they desire, but they have not a right to inflict sickly and neurotic parents on the poor children to which they give birth. "Yes, but what are we going to do with the sex passion of our young people if they have to wait until full maturity?" This excess of passionate desire is mostly the result of the sin of the parents who bred them, and is visited upon the children unto self-destruction. "The fathers have eaten a sour grape, and the children's teeth are set on edge." Youth should be taught what sex is, what it was intended for, how to control and use it. No person is fit for marriage until he understands the Higher use and power of sex.

The highly educated woman is protected from the silly sentimental marriage that entraps many of our uneducated girls. "Women who marry under 25," says our distinguished authority on medical topic, Dr. Sarah McNutt, "are usually animated purely by sentiment, emotionalism, the advice of managing mammas. About the whole subject of motherhood for her there is a beautiful fog. If she considers it at all, she only thinks of the pathology of the case, and not of the great and lasting good of her child."

The evils of early marriages are endless. The young mother of three, four, or five children, has practically ended her career as a mother, just at the age Nature intended Woman to be at her best for perfect motherhood. She is worn out. And what of her children? Can they be the strong offspring, physically and mentally, that they might have been had they inherited from their parents

the qualities of a complete and fully developed parenthood, the kind of stuff the next generation needs for the future working of the world?

Our hospitals and asylums are over-flowing with half-made people, made by immature fathers and born of equally immature, young, ignorant mothers, who have not the physical, mental and spiritual power to bring forth perfect offspring. The child can inherit only what the parents possess. If the parents are not at the age when all their powers are at their best, the child is robbed of just that amount of growth and force. No amount of training and education can supply this loss. If all who had wed too young were to write their stories it would make the most pitiful record ever written.

Quality, not Quantity, is what is most needed in offspring. Judge the social-scale of a nation by its marriage-customs. The lower the grade of civilization, the earlier marriages take place, and many of our accursed weaklings are brought forth during the forming, Sacred and Forbidden Days. "Neither do the wise pluck the forming fruit from the tender vines in Springtime, knowing full well that the blood of the grape is still sour and will set the teeth on edge."

We have drifted somewhat from our subject, dear, of sweetheart-husband, but these inter-come-betweens, which often seem a break in thot-vibration, are very vital, and generally give an additional thot-seed where it will grow abundantly in the most interesting and cherished of girlhood ideals.

Yes, Diantha, thru auto- or self-suggestion, hold your highest ideals of a sweetheart, hold his image uppermost in your mind, but keep this ideal secret for your own contemplation alone, thereby shutting out external inflows, remembering that One with The Law or God is a Majority. Be always gentle, kind and sweet in thot and manner to all with whom you come in contact, but, put it beyond any on-looker to discover your silent preference. Be

slow with your passionate devotion. Man's nature at times requires a powerful tonic. "Man's love needs to be trampled on boldly indeed, ere it gives forth the fragrance woman wishes to extract."

Concentrate your mind on what you desire, Diantha, draw from the Infinite-Storehouse, registered in the great unseen. Thots never die; sent into unseen-space, they live a universal life, vibrating thruout the ages. Unseen-Space is the world's biggest daily newspaper—the greatest advertising medium on earth. We all, unconsciously or consciously, are advertising, psychically, spiritually, our hourly desires—"our wants"—in its columns—Unseen-Space.

When we become One with the psychological law of Thot-force, working unselfishly and in harmony with The Law, we will then be big enough to stay-at-Home with our inner-Self, and attract to us the things desired, and instead of nervously running here and there husband-hunting and world-getting, we will serenely go about our daily duties continually holding our positive thots. These positive thots will vibrate thruout all space, becoming a powerful magnet, attracting to us the Good Things of Life, increasing our usefulness to self and humanity. The hidden-wonder is that when we go to sleep, with strong desires and definite plans in our mortal-mind, the self-suggestion of these desires, of mortal-mind, is given to the immortal-mind. Mortal-mind sleeps, while immortal-mind never sleeps, but continually works out the desires and plans given it by auto-suggestion by the mortal-mind. Someone has helpfully taught: "The night-time of the body is the day-time of the soul." When we learn to think only constructive-thot, live in active-good, every Wisdom-Angel in the universe hovers to guide us. We draw to us the protection of the Masters. In other words, when we learn how to send our unselfish-prayers to immortal-mind, before going to sleep, the immortal-mind will work and answer all our prayers. We will need no alarm-clock to inform us when this occurs.

Immortal-mind never sleeps, it is the loom of Life.

"We mortally sleep, but the loom of life never stops.

The pattern which was weaving when the Sun went down is weaving when the Sun comes up tomorrow." A persistent thot-image,—a pure, unselfish prayer registered on immortal-mind sent forth into space with full faith, believing, will come to pass in due time. Prayers are not always answered today, tomorrow or in the same incarnation, but every soul may rest assured that "my own shall come to me," in the time that Infinite Wisdom decrees.

Loves which are of the soul eternize themselves thru thousands of incarnations. Immortal-mind never sleeps, but journeys on without haste or rest. The things that really are intended for us will gravitate to us, for the desire-thots that are really in you, Diantha, for thy image-Lover, are in him also, and will eventually bring you together. Every thot, every sound which is sent out into space over this round world, which is intended for us to hear, will in due time vibrate in our ears.

WAITING

" Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for winds, nor tide, nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For, lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it hath sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own and draw
The brook that springs in yonder heights;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delights.

The floweret nodding in the wind,
Is really plighted to the bee;
And, Maiden, why that look unkind?
For lo, thy Lover seeketh thee.

The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me. "

John Burroughs.

Every friend, love, book, song—everything that belongs to us,—shall by the law of natural attraction come to us, thru seen or unseen forces.

Prayer is the highest psychological and spiritual law. All things are possible to him who knows how to pray. Thot-prayer was the first scientific wireless discovered and used by man, as from the lily's breath comes the wireless message of love, as from the heart of Love comes Life Eternal.

My dear little embryo-baby! This is your forming time now, dear,—thot-forming, feature molding-time, forming your own independent circulatory system. You weigh about sixty-two grains today, dear. You're just about $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches long, all perfectly and exquisitely formed in my own image, a love-image I've secretly carried all these years, of my own baby-girl! Babies are perfectly formed at the end of two months, dear. Your eyes, ears and nose, your sweet rose-bud mouth, your chubby hands, your tiny fingers, your 'cute' little feet with their little pink-toes are all outlined, unalterably formed and stamped. To me, you are very distinct and visible, I have thot-formed you all myself; know just how you are going to look when you grow up to full-bloomed womanhood. Impossible, now, dear, for anything to happen to change you or mark you, as you are fully formed. Few women are conscious of being with child before the second month. Wise Providence has protected the prospec-

tive mother in this ignorant age that she be not conscious during the first two months, especially the first two weeks, the forming, marking time, until she learns to control her Thot-force.

“What is the strongest force in the world, Mother?”

Thot is the strongest, the All-Creative force in the world, dear.

Thot is the most vital, subtle, and irresistible force known to mankind, the cause of the universe. Everything man has ever done was first a thot.

What is quicker than thot? Nothing, not even lightning. Thot knows no distance, it goes from place to place in the twinkling of an eye, traveling trillions of miles in a second, no one knows how fast. Thot pierces and passes thru all substance into the minds and hearts of men, commanding instant obedience. One Master Mind possesses the power of influencing thousands. Who does not observe the similitude between the flash of an idea, and a current of electricity? The atmosphere is generally charged with it.

Thot-force controls nerve-force; nerve-force controls the circulation of the blood; circulation holds the raw materials out of which My Baby's body is building. Perfect circulation is the secret of longevity, causing the blood to become a Divine-Fire,—the flame of life,—assimilating the Universal Fires of being.

The thinkers of this age are rapidly awakening to the realization of the open-secret—that Thot Is The Power Behind The Throne, bringing all things into expression, and that without thot nothing can come into manifestation. Professor Huxley teaches that the only world that we know or can possibly know is a thot-world. This re-discovered law is worthy of the deepest thot and study. In and all around us, under analysis, this is self-evident,—that without thot nothing can come into existence.

Everything is thot-force.

We live in a thot-world, thot-formed. The very air we

breathe is charged with thot-waves. Thot is a magnet which draws and attracts its like. Observe, all the created objects which are necessary to our present-day-evolution, such as cities, railways, steamships, houses, furniture, books, clothing, and automobiles—everything in the material world about us—exists because they had their origin first in thot, were thots forced into manifestation. Let all the world bow down and worship the cult of Thot-Force, —the all-powerful, endless and far-reaching wireless of positive, Constructive Thot-Force.

We are what we think, not what we hear, read or say.

As we think, so we act, and so shall we reap.

Think of this, Baby dear. You began life and growth from the tiniest single nucleated cell. In this baby-cell are the endless characteristics of both parents. As the days go by this tiny cell multiplies. The embryo-baby constantly changes in form, shaping out the wonderful parts and organs, formed according to our past and present thots. Try to think of this wonderful thot-force, dear!

Every thot of the mother, every thot and act of the father impressed on the mother, so influences the embryo-baby as to impart tendencies which will follow baby thru life. Just try to think of this law, dear. Uncontrollable ignorant thot is the only thing we have to fear in life. Isn't it a blessed thing to know that we have nothing in the world to fear, but our own ignorant or misdirected thots? No possible harm can come to us save thru our own evil-Karma created by ignorant-thot.

We are the mother of our own thots. Thots are living things, and we are held responsible for them. Our thots are shaping our lives in the Now and the future, in this world and the next. We are, today, sowing for tomorrow, or our next life's reaping. The sowing is our thinking. Let us guard our thots, our acts will take care of themselves. A thot does not have to be put into words to do its work, either for good or bad. Every secret-thot thrown into space alters the thot-current of the world. To dwell on a thot for two or three seconds, creates a thot-current that has no end, just as the smallest pebble thrown

into a great lake will disturb and displace every atom of water in the entire lake. We must grow clean thots to have Pure Power. We are all operators, sending out telepathic messages for good or bad, construction or destruction. We are all absent healers or dis-easers. Science claims children inherit criminal tendencies; that the criminal commits his crime many times, in thot, to once in deed. When Woman learns the vital power of thot-force, the auto-suggestion of mortal-mind, she will retire to her Inner-Self and choose only the sweet suggestions of life, while she is with young. What an expectant mother thinks and does not think are reproduced in her coming babe.

To the ordinary mind the law of suggestion has a narrow and limited force; to the student of psychology it means accumulated and established knowledge, systemized and reduced to an orderly and logical arrangement. It means the great force of mind—the only real force in the universe—playing the recorded parts in Life. Wherever we go, whatever we see or do, we cannot escape the influence of the law of suggestion. We are constantly impregnated with suggestions, our lives being moulded by this great operative influence.

No one knows what moment will bring to him a suggestion that may change his entire life. How important that the training of the child should be of the Mind; the constructive thot-force of auto-suggestion, that all is Law, all is Cause and Effect—Karma. As we think, so shall we also reap, not only in this incarnation, but in all lives. All other training is good for next to nothing. How we are trained to think, reaps us the greatest good or harm. Many of us there be, who believe if we only keep our thots secret, not letting them pass into actions, there can come no harm to self or others. Little we know the external power of inward-thot. With every thot, we mould and shape our form and features. "Every thot has a form. Every form is a thot expressed. Every thot has two modes, action and re-action,—action upon others; re-

action upon ourselves." Our thots mold and make our character, and make in-roads upon our external features. The character of the mind imprints itself upon every feature of the face, especially the mouth. One cannot have a face of joy and love with hate and envy thots. We are our own face sculptors. Love Divine is the most accomplished and powerful sculptor of the beautiful in Life, while hate and selfishness dig deep furrows in the face, and model a repulsive, hideous countenance. Is this not what Ruskin had in mind when he expressed: "Make yourself nests of pleasant thots. None of us as yet know, for none of us have been taught in early youth, what fairy palaces we may build of beautiful thots,—proof against all adversity." The law of Karma gives no discounts, we must pay "the uttermost farthing." "The measure ye mete shall be measured to you again."

The Mouth reveals the past and present conditions of the mind. As the thot sows today, the mouth looks tomorrow. The mouth of all features, is the most direct and unconscious index of one's character, being the least under the control of the will. From no one feature of the face can the disposition be more accurately read than from the lips. Our thots shape our mouths, and the adept has no trouble in reading this most important feature which has been forcibly styled "the law giver of the countenance, and the real ruler of the face."

The curve of a woman's lips expresses much! Everything!

The set taken by the mouth is symptomatic. Observe, the proud mouth, the loving mouth, the cynical mouth, the trusting mouth, the sensual mouth, the cruel mouth, the mouth of the gossip, the mouth of the jealous woman. They all have bitter lines. The muscles are drawn and hard. In violent anger the lips swell and tremble. Lips that tremble can tell more of a grief than the spoken story. The smile which plays upon the lips illuminates a whole household. This charming mark of beauty can be greatly enhanced. It needs no beauty-doctor's art to

cultivate it into pretty lines. Love-thots will teach the lips to smile. Love-thots, smile-thots, will keep the mouth from bagging at the knees. Smile! Smile! Curl up your mouth corners, dear, and keep them curled. Every woman secretly craves for the well curved, cupid's-bow mouth, with its gentle, smiling lines, lips strong in love, with rosy texture and firm appearance.

Good Teeth are the greatest charm of a pretty, smiling mouth. Good, clean, wholesome teeth enter into every smile and are a part of every social and business appeal. They are the first point noted when you face a stranger and see his smile. If we neglect them we only cheat ourselves. They are the most beautiful and precious pearls a woman ever possessed. "A pearl in the mouth is worth two on the neck." A woman of many charms will often fail of impression if her teeth are not immaculately clean and whole.

The Mouth is the gate-way to the inner, physical system, and is laden with germs, bacteria, when it is not kept clean. The mouth is the most revealing feature of the face, even tho the lips be silent. Let us go back to our dear, Southern grandmother's days when we were taught as children to say "Prunes," "Prisms" as part of our child mouth-culture. The idea is to pose the mouth sweetly. The utterance of the word "prunes" produces a slight and pretty projection of the lips, "prisms" leaves behind it a coming smile.

Our Southern grandmother would come into our boudoir when we were making 'pretty' for company, the drawing-room or the ball. She would sweetly slip in, full of smiles and pretty thots, and softly whisper in our ear: "Daughter, don't forget your 'prunes' and 'prisms' before the looking-glass." She insisted on this daily practice, that we might look sweet and 'fetching' upon entering the parlor where there was company. Would that we could remember these many pretty oral-teachings of our grandmothers, that we might teach them to our daughters. Smile, dear, and don't forget your Prunes and Prisms.

Our lives are controlled by the law of suggestion, the power of originating or recalling ideas or relations, by a putting of something before the mind for consideration, an indirect or guarded mode of presenting an idea. A suggestion is not necessarily verbal, but is often caused by something we see, touch, hear, taste or smell. Anything which injects an idea into the mind is a suggestion. Auto-suggestion given in full faith is the strongest suggestion in the world.

Faith is positive auto-suggestion in action, the only life-producer; doubt and fear the slayer—the strangler. It was Christ's individual faith that enabled Him to perform His so-called miracles. He said that He and the Father were One, and without the Father He could do nothing. So it was not His faith in Himself, but it was His individual faith in the Father, that made Him the source of all Faith, Love and Life.

To one person Jesus said: "Go thy way and as thy faith is, so be it unto you." To another He said: "Thy faith hath made thee whole." To Peter, Jesus said: "Have faith in God, and whatsoever things ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them."

Paul defined faith as "the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen." To express it in another way, Faith is knowing that what you pray for is already created and in existence in Divine Mind, and only needs recognition by yourself to become a reality.

Science flounders around, fooling with existing facts and laws, trying to tunnel thru mountains, while faith removes them, causing them to yield their buried treasures. "If ye have faith like a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say to the mountains, be ye moved and cast into the sea, and it shall be done."

As the old colored mammy says: "Why, chile, Ef it wan't for the faith the good Lor' give us, der would be no livin' in this heah world. We couldn't even eat bodin' house hash with enny safety, ef it wan't for faith."


Jesus of Nazareth—the living Truth—was and is One

with the Father in teaching this necessary lesson. "His whole career," said the late Dr. Hudson, "was demonstrative of the truth of His declaration. All the experimental researches of nineteen supervenient centuries have served to confirm and illustrate its truth. In that declaration He summed up the whole law of Mental-Healing in that one word, Faith. That was the one mental-condition on the part of the patient which He constantly insisted upon as essential to the exercise of the power. That it was essential was clearly proven by the fact that He could not succeed in healing the sick in His native city, 'because of their unbelief.' Observe the faith of the woman who pressed thru the throng and but touched the hem of His garment and was instantly healed after having suffered many things of many physicians for twelve years, and had spent all she had, and was nothing better, but rather grew worse." The power of suggestion is very clear in every instance of Christ's healing. It is certain that He was in harmony with and worked thru Divine Law or applied psychology. Religion is an exact science under the law of suggestion. All Christ ever taught was Faith thru suggestion.

Right thinking is absolutely necessary to the mother who is going to bring forth a Love-Child. The mother's mind can absolutely convey her thots to the embryo-baby. Thots, sights, impressions and acute unknown diseases of prospective-mothers, all affect the coming babe, before and after birth. Is not the body of the mother a conductor and transmitter of all? All babes are thot-formed. The power to shape the creation of a baby lies entirely within the control of thot, the thot of the parents, principally the mother, self-willed into expression and life. A mother can give no more to her Unborn-Babe than her vision sees and her Faith sustains. Every thot and suggestion thru the five senses of seeing, hearing, smelling, tasting and feeling are inwoven and engraved in the very fibre and soul of the embryo-baby, and has a greater power in forming the character and acts of the child when born than all the training and culture ordinarily given during childhood and youth.

Pre-natal Culture—embryo-forming—is the most important of all child-culture, and of all education. Heretofore, it has been least and last in the education of mankind. The time is near when the last shall be first, and the first last, when a universal-culture will be demanded. The nation that devotes its attention to the study of pre-natal culture, will lead the world in spiritual-power. There should be a secretary of pre-natal culture of the human-race in every governmental capitol. A life-time before birth is none too long a culture in which to prepare for so grand an undertaking as the re-production of one's self. Youth is never too young to be instructed in these sacred matters, in the importance of preparing for those who may come after them.

The structural basis of the human-embryo, which is probably given by the father, is yet thot-formed and grown in all its parts and minutest details, by and thru the action of vital, mental and spiritual thot-forces of the mother, and also of the father telepathically-transmitted to the mind of the mother during gestation. The law uses woman's body as an instrument to project the child. The embryo may unconsciously grow to full babyhood, without the mother voluntarily taking part in or directing the process, in which case she never knows what she is going to bring forth. Her only thot is: "Oh, dear, I guess I'm going to have a baby." Yet, by becoming the Conscious Creator, Woman can deliberately bring forth, usher into the world, just the kind of offspring she desires. It is within the power of Woman, voluntarily and intelligently to direct her own forces in orderly and harmonious methods, to thot-form and create the spiritual and physical-pattern of beauty, and shape the mental, moral, and spiritual-features of her own babes. There is no limit that can be placed upon the unfolding and culturing of our babes, before physical conception, and while yet in the womb.

 Thots produce our emotions and affect every cell in the body. Thots go to the utmost molecule, impregnating

with hate or love. Babes nurse their mother's thots thru her milk, and become what she is. The perfect health of our body-machinery depends upon the kind of thots that re-act and work, in every cell of the body, flowing in and out incessantly.

We are physically, mentally and morally what our thots make us.

Thots are conceived, gestated and born.

Every Child Is A Thot.

A thinker is a creator.

Every thot sent out comes back to us as our child and lives with us as a dove, raven or imp, foolish or wise, full or empty. Whatever we send out in thot we make for ourselves. Thot-forms, either of hate or love, are a perfect likeness of the one from whom they come; they echo every thot-form, word and sound that was ever conceived and uttered from the body from which they are projected. They also self-photograph every motive and every act of that body, and exist for an unknown time, and at length scatter into space, molding our lives for either evil-power or spiritual-beauty. Marcus Aurelius, long departed of body, but impressively alive in thot, said: "The happiness of your life depends upon the quality of your thots; therefore guard them accordingly."

All the imps of our immortal-mind must be cremated before we can create Love-Children. If we throw out a hate-thot, it is like throwing a rubber ball against a stone wall. It comes back and hits us in our Solar Plexus. "Nature's only weapon of offense is a boomerang." Everything travels in cycles. Each soul is a circle and moves in a circle. Every thot sent out will complete the circle and return to its starting place.

SECRET THOUGHTS

"I hold it true that thoughts are things
Endowed with bodies, breath and wings,
And that we send them forth to fill
The world with good results—or ill.

That which we call our secret thought
Speeds to the earth's remotest spot,
And leaves its blessings or its woes
Like tracks behind it as it goes.

It is God's law. Remember it
In your still chamber as you sit
With thoughts you would not dare have known,
And yet make comrades when alone.

These thoughts have life; and they will fly
And leave their impress by-and-by,
Like some marsh breeze, whose poisoned breath
Breathes into homes its fevered breath.

And after you have quite forgot
Or all outgrown some vanished thought,
Back to your mind to make its home
A dove or raven, it will come.

Then let your secret thoughts be fair;
They have a vital part and share
In shaping worlds and molding fate—
God's system is so intricate."

Ella Wheeler Willcox.

By becoming Conscious-Creators, holding a positive and cherished-image, inbreathed in earnest prayer, that our babe shall be what we desire, Woman can Create any Desire-Child she Wills. Woman then becomes conscious law, and is herself Law, therefore, not subject to law. She can choose any spirit-child she desires from the pregnant-ether—any Ego she wishes.

Hold your beautiful Child-Image in Positive thot. Go within the Within, with a worshipful-spirit, to the very Throne-Room Of God—the cast, the form, the matrix, the womb—the Holy Of Holies. There in silence listen—listen to the "inner voice" or Higher-Self in the silence of our God. There commune and meditate with the unseen angel within. Soul of my soul, flesh of my flesh, to feel and draw you near me! Take you to my heart, inbreathe into you the very powers that nourish an unborn-babe into great Love. If you want a musician, think and breathe into life a musician; if you want an in-

ventor, earnestly Will and deeply breathe into life an inventor; a thinker, an artist, a philosopher, or any type of man or woman you desire. To be well-born all these powers must be Divinely Natural thru birth, and not painfully acquired. Is not this something worth struggling for—a Glorious Reality? For what is a thot-seed but a cylinder on which is registered in photographic script the auto-biography of its evolution."

It is said that the mother of the first Napoleon, during the months preceding his birth, in company with her husband upon a military campaign, became deeply interested in the arts of war; thus she pre-natally marked her child a genius for human-destruction, from which all Europe suffered for many years. Germany is the most wonderful demonstration of pre-natal thot-force psychologically exercised. For half a century she has taught many of her mothers to breed their children in the spirit of domination, in a warfare that "might makes right," and has birth-marked her sons with the trade-mark—"made in Germany"—with the belief in their superiority and fitness to rule the world.

Thots are living things.

Back of war lie the living thot-principles in man, that have come down thru the ages of corrupt thinking, creating a race spirit that inter-permeates their cosmic conscience. How much nobler—more blessed—when conscious-awakened woman learns to use the same law, to bring forth geniuses, only, for human-construction—the best and grandest souls that ever lived and moved in human clay, hearts that have been attuned to Universal Love!

The ancient Greeks and Romans believed so strongly in the power of pre-natal culture that they sacredly guarded the expectant-mother with the tenderest care, surrounding her with exquisite works of art and music, amid the beauties and wonders of Nature, that her imagination might be quickened unto beautiful thot-forms. No one was allowed, under penalty of punishment, to vex or disturb her mind. To strike her was death. If a condemned criminal on his way to execution met an expectant-mother,

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her words sufficed for his pardon. How strange! Yet, now, in our 'Christian' countries, most of our expectant-mothers are subjected to all kinds of pre-natal torture and vexation.

Maternity is the Mystical-Gateway thru which all that lives enter upon their earthly-journey. As the earth is the common-mother of all the wonderfully beautiful and endless thot-forms, of all life within and upon her, so every blade of grass, vegetable, flower, insect, worm, animal and human being has each its own peculiar mother. Think of the untold millions of these material, al-chemical blendings of these Mother-Principles there be upon the earth.

Observe and study the Wonder-Mother of the inviting fruit-tree, with its seed-bearing and luscious fruit, which brings forth its kind, the pulp or meat portion being to the seed, what mother's milk is to her babe. Thus, all the wonder thot-forms—seeds, nuts, berries, potatoes, carrots, onions, the tomato—the love-apple,—the red-hearted watermelon, the grass-cereals—the goddess of corn and tillage, the clinging rose, the jimson weed,—each has its peculiar mother-soul, and in turn, becomes a mother. This maternal-law is likewise expressed in every individual of the animal-kingdom, from the lowest up to the human-mother,—all owe their existence to the Maternal Medium—The Transmitter.

It is impossible for the human mind to conceive the magnitude and grandeur of Mother-Power. All Mother-Nature is forever Sacred. Of all wombs, whatever thot-forms are born of them, the greatest and most marvelous is the Womb-Of-Man,—Woman—earth's Holiest-Shrine. Woman gives the richest fruits of her soul with her every breath and thot; her blood, her flesh and bone to build the child she projects. She eternally directs and forms. Her loving influence so moulds and impresses her child that seldom, in after years, he becomes so depraved or so hopeless, but that the thot or mention of Mother will instantly quicken him to an uplift, and send him on his way to better deeds. There is the deepest and most interesting

psychological fact in this truism. The devoted care and love a mother gives to her unborn and born offspring, while it is utterly helpless, are ineffaceably-registered on his immortal-mind,—the eternal register,—and become part of his character, creating a telepathic communication with his Mother-Love.

Thru Mother-Nature all things evolve and come to life, therefore, Woman is Mother—Life, the highest perception of Spiritual-Wisdom.

Eve means Primordial woman, Evvah, living; alive; Life. "The Mother Of All Living,"—the Universal Mother of ideas thru conception, the voice of God,—of intuition in woman's soul speaking Truth.

Life and Love are Woman—Mother. MOTHER! The sweetest word-sound of the spheres, the music of our Creator, the dominant note in the chord—the melody of the Universe. Oh, Holy Vibration, music Divine, sweet, profound! No language can word-paint, how patient, how tender, how Divine are these heaven-born relations of Mother and Child. Think of the million things she gives her child. All we are, we owe to Her giving. Let us learn to cherish and worship at Her Shrine, administer to her every comfort. Those who neglect Mother are worse than heathen. Only when we can count the nightly stars,—count all the drops of the oceans,—can we fully be conscious of Mother Divine. The wonder is, Mother is not literally idolized, petted and loved to death, by all those she has borne. "God could not be everywhere, therefore, He made Mothers."

"Dearer far than the melody
Of water-fall or sea,
Is the music of that gentle voice,
I loved in infancy.

Even if angels tune their songs
In heaven's own minstrelsy,
Thy voice, my own sweet Mother's—
Is dearest unto me."

"Yes, like mother, like child." Woman's temporary thot-states during expectancy are written into the original traits, mental and physical, of her babe. Every thot of the mind, and every feeling, while carrying her child, will distinctly and accurately be photographed in fixed-images in all their shades and phases, upon the embryo-baby, remaining there forever, growing clearer and deeper as life unfolds,—traits one never dreamed of coming out in children when parents least expect. Some medical men deny these facts. How can we deny what we see? Because we do not know the Causes, results are nevertheless real.

In all history, profane and sacred, in all ages, birth-marks and deformities explain and prove this law. Every Bible-student is familiar with the successful and psychological-law used by Jacob, by which he greatly multiplied the increase of cattle of a particular kind—"ring-straked, spotted and speckled"—in the herd of his father-in-law. Also the Biblical reader remembers the sex-pre-determination of the "Daughters of Lot," of Sarah's tragic rage and hatred toward Hagar, pre-natally affecting her offspring, which was predicated to be a "Wild Man," proving the fact that the ancients were past masters in the Art Of Pre-Natal Influence and Divination on the mental and physical condition of a child. "Ye Gods!" an Immortal-Wisdom handed down to mortal-man, a huge record of one-time-super-human man, and, yet the so-called wisest men of today remain in unconscious ignorance of the law.

Blind and dumb, we refuse to see and hear, even yet, if we fail to realize the germs of Truth pointed out to us by Nature, and in the unquestioned records of Genesis. Let us tear the bandages from our eyes and see for ourselves. "Search out the Truth, hold fast that which is good." In our ignorance it can be said of us: "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting." Christ met with the same difficulty in His day: "And because I tell ye the Truth, ye believe me not."

Evolution will unfold to us that we have been deaf, dumb and blind, in that we have refused to see and accept

the law laid down for the noble purpose of bringing forth thot-forms of physical beauty—of glorious human offspring.

Many a drunkard's wife declares she can trace in detail, minutely, the different dispositions and characters shown in her several children to the thot-forms of her mind while she was carrying them. For instance: She was happy and hopeful with her first, and it is peculiarly beautiful and bright—a Love-Child. With her second, her husband became a habitual drinker, poverty and want followed, calling out the dark thot-forms, which pre-natally marked her babe. To this day he reflects his father's unfortunate condition.

Mary E. Teats declares: "Professors can practice on guinea-pigs and rats until the crack of doom, but they can never convince an intelligent mother that there is nothing in pre-natal influence." Quite true, "The mother knows best whether the child be like the father."

The mental conditions—the thot-forms of parents at conception—enter into and mold the nature of the child, who becomes an embodiment of the parents' thot-forms, at and just previous to the sexual-embrace and conception. The magnetic-force or fluid which is generated in the bodies of the parents, if there are discord, anger, clashing or hatred existing between them when they come together in the sexual-embrace, creates poisonous thot-forms which will be transmitted to their offspring, producing endless forms of disease. As the generative life-forces control the work of building up or tearing down the body, abnormal re-actions, must result from all inharmonious conditions of the life-forces coming into contact. Where there is anger or hatred existing at the time of the sexual-embrace, demoniacal conditions are bred in the children, often resulting in different forms of insanity, or what in Biblical times was called demoniacal possession. In the words of Jesus they are "possessed of devils." Many there are, who are ill-bred, ill-born, offshoots of defective and fallen parents. "He that begetteth a fool doeth it

to his sorrow." Woman prays all the time to God to send her an angel, when the Fates—her and husband's own evil-Karma—send her a little demon. Many an embryo-baby has been impressed with hatred and dread towards its father, because of his selfish and unkind-treatment of the mother during her expectant period. This, seldom, is fully overcome in after years. How many a mother can tell that she never, for one moment, had the sympathy of her husband—the child's father—during her expectancy, but only his anger and disgust at her condition. The child of such a father is to be pitied. It is robbed of its birthright, its parental affection, and seldom has the proper respect for its Mother, as well as its father. The father wonders why his child feels so, little knowing that he robbed himself of the bliss of his child's love and confidence. Such a man produces for himself a terrible Karma, as well as the evil one he inflicts upon his offspring.

Mary, the mother of Christ, whom all generations in one voice have called "blessed," either understood this psychological law of auto-suggestion, Divining the law of God, and thus spiritually prepared her body and mind for the Christ-nativity, or, she unconsciously applied this law to her condition. For it is a well-known principle in mental-philosophy, that whether one consciously understands and applies a law of Nature, or unconsciously happens upon the application of the law, the results are identically the same.

Mary was "in the hill country," in-breathing thru her spiritual, as well as her physical lungs the breezes of Judea's balmy clime. Her time was spent in thought-forming, and telling how happy her visions made her. She was full of heavenly joy and songs of thanksgiving.

"My soul doth magnify the Lord,

And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Savior"

was her rapturous exclamation.

Mary, from childhood, meditated and pondered on the

great mystery of Love, earnestly praying for a fuller knowledge of its powers. From early age she was under Spiritual-Culture, unfolding for her the High-Trust for which she was born—a Conscious-Creator. While Mary enjoyed, in the High and Holy-state to which she had been brought, with her spiritual-counterpart, the Holy-Embrace to bring forth the Man-Child Jesus, it is made clear in the records, that she first conceived of the Holy Spirit—The Christ Of Divine Love, Wisdom and Understanding—which brought forth the virgin-born Man-Child Jesus.

Mary was an incarnation of The Divine-Mother. Mary divined Christ thru the psychological law. She first spiritually conceived, thot-formed and prepared, then physically conceived and pre-natally nourished and in-breathed into life the Man-Child Jesus, that which He so fully expressed in His life-work.

When Mary was found with child of the Holy-Fire, Joseph, being a godly man, felt the sacredness of Mary's conception; he became much disturbed and wanted to protect her from the vulgar multitude, lest she be criticised. As in all re-discovered laws—miracles, as the multitude calls them,—men refuse to investigate and want to put the discoverer in the madhouse. Until woman first is impregnated with the spiritual-conception—Organic, Creative Consciousness;—until woman's soul finds its counterpart—Soul Reciprocity, Conscious Oneness of the male and female, spiritual, physical and psychical gestation;—we shall still remain in the wilderness crying for the Christ-Child.

Jesus, the Son, radiates His mother's Love-Nature. He was the Divine-incarnation—the pre-natal conception of the Divine-Babe. The mother of every child, thru her child, lives unseen thruout the countless ages.

“Ignorance of spiritual laws, rather than the laws of spirit, permit some to suffer from obsession; and many a soul is born into the world with a deformed body by reason of ignorance on the part of parents regarding the law of spirit.

“Ignorance of the power of our own will has made

poverty, sin, sickness and disease constant companions.

"Ignorance of the power of our own breath, our own mind, our own thot upon our bodies in times of sickness and pain, has robbed Life of much pleasure and stunted the growth of the soul."

Ignorance is the only crime.

"What is ignorance?"

Want of knowledge concerning misery, want of knowledge concerning the origin of misery, want of knowledge concerning the cessation of misery, want of knowledge concerning the path leading to the cessation of misery."

"My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge."

Ignorance is Death.

Wisdom is Life Eternal.

Suppose my babe, Diantha, should come into this world an imbecile, an idiot, an object of repulsion similar to so many children and grown-ups we see every day on our highways—objects of pity, making impressions on prospective-mothers, a pain to wholesome eyes—giving us the shudders as we walk out for a breath of God's pure air?

Few women know the many diseases of the baby-seed during gestation. The causes of the monstrosities that are born into the world! A careful study of our County Hospitals, our Insane Asylums, our Side-Shows, the numerous defectives who make their living on our public highways, (of which many are a pre-natal plague to pregnant-woman), as well as of manology in general, should quicken us to help express a more perfect humanity. Many are they who come into this world deformed, blind in one eye, with a twisted shoulder, a crooked spine, club feet, only one ear, enlarged heads which tell us their brains cannot be right. One is afraid to look at a child of this type. How dreadful the thot that My Child may be born with no abdominal wall, the intestines being closed up, incurable by a physician! It is true, dear, that mother would lovingly care for you during her life-time, screen

you from the vulgar-gaze of the curious world, but after I am gone who would care for you? Few married brothers and sisters want such a burden. Brothers and sisters are but human, oftentimes not wanting charges of this nature laid at their door. Think of it, my Child Of Love! You growing up without the interest of childish prattle, having no playmates, no birthday parties, knowing only other children as hateful, far-away creatures, who sneer and crook their fingers, making you the target for coarse jokes! My babe, virtually an orphan—an outcast! Think of My Baby, growing into years, not a child, not a grown-up, just a moon-calf, dead in every sense except that you breathe! Then my babe might become a public-charge, an inmate of some private-asylum, county or state institution, which herds the defectives and insane like driven cattle,—in itself a hideous crime. Such thot-forms as these are a crime upon motherhood. Stranger still, it is well known that all kinds of vice appeal to such children; that feeble-minded offspring show a deplorable and persistent determination to re-produce their kind, which are always mentally or physically deformed, hopeless objects of pity. Science claims the feeble-minded are four times more productive than the normal. Think of this, Diantha, my Precious Monad. In this age human-life is not like arithmetic. It is not sure; there are no rules, no measures or yard-sticks to go by. What will I do if I be the mother of such a pitiful babe? I shall have conceived a life-long heartache—a human horror, bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh!

Not until now have my senses awakened, awakened to the struggle, between the lower, personal mother-love, and the Higher, Impersonal Mother-Love. It is the warfare between the former or the animalized instinct of the female to preserve, fight like a tigress for the life she has given, be it an idiot or saint, and the latter which is the Universal-Love of the one who can see beyond her immediate self,—the broader, all-reaching, impersonal determination to deny life when it can bring only sorrow to loved ones and society. If my child is to be this visualized horror, I pray Thee, Nature, be merciful. Let her

cease to be. If she come to birth may the physician suffer her breath to expire naturally.

Let us ask ourselves, what right have we to transmit to our unborn babes the ills, vices and meannesses which mar and deform our own lives? And then usher them into life to be the walking manifestations of these evils? Shall we, just for the lust-desire, for the momentary self-gratification that impels us, give life to a defective, regardless of its future interests. Disobeying natural laws thru ignorance, thousands of parents are borning undesirable children. Such children are "Two-fold more the children of hell," or to use another forcible scriptural phrase, "They are bastards, not sons of God!"

"Mother, dear! please stop these kind of thot-vibrations while I am forming. You know, Mother, you might wrinkle the soul of your embryo-baby." Yes, Child Of Love, Mother understands some of the workings of thot-vibrations, but the dual-nature of the human mind is constantly warring between the personal and Divine-Self.

There are two essential human-factors in the creation of a perfect child. While man is the least important, he must be spiritually-conditioned and magnetically co-ordinated in matchood. Woman, to be an Ideal Mother, must be in psychological condition. She must be a woman of wholesome body, intelligent, highly sensitive, and loving the beautiful in nature. She must be a Woman who Divines. She must be a woman who possesses the mystical-consciousness, one who is a conscious-creator, one who knows what she wants in preparing her soul-soil. In her day-dreams she must build ideal thot-forms which register on her immortal-mind, while her midnight visions hermetically seal these ideal forms to the one intoxication and creation of her Ideal Babe. She must be a woman whose soul is on fire, on fire with her thot-forms and visions up to "quickenings"—when she feels the wonder new-life stirring within her, when, with her mate, the Nine-Months are one perfect honey-moon. Out of such a union Woman can bring forth but Love-Children, so

geniused that Divine-Wisdom can have full way in which to run and be glorified.

The world is just beginning to re-learn the marvels of thot-force,—the one neglected power. Those who have not made a special study of thot-force do not understand what a tremendous power there is in it. Water-power, steam-power, electric-power, they acknowledge, because they see them at work, but thot-power is doubtful to them. The law of thot-force is as exact as is the law of mathematics, or the law of gravitation, or chemistry.

We must think before we can do anything else. When we think, we create a thot-form, and that is man's only motive-power, just as the water is the motive power of the mill. We have reached the day and age when our supposed hidden and in-most thots are visible to many persons. By and by the whole law of Thot-Force will be understood—sensed in the air. Then we shall be more careful of what we think. The very currents of air are peopled with thot-forms and shapes created by our thots, as dim, and yet as real as those about us in the world of sense. In this thot-current, which is in perpetual motion, there are forces of both good and evil which we attract to ourselves according to our inborn tendencies and present quality of thot-force. Thot is a magnet which draws and attracts its like. Thots are things just as much as houses, chairs, tables, automobiles, cafeterias, fly-ships or any other material objects. There is much debris—evil thot-force, appearing as anger, hate, jealousy,—which re-acts on those who send it out. As we think of a person in love or in hate, we create the same kind of thot-form. Thot-force working in and thru the unfelt ether, just as electricity does, molds it into various forms. These thot-forms act upon others, drawing strength from similar thots of others, re-acting upon the mind which produced them.

We Get Back From The Thot-World What We Send Out.

Every Karmic thot-debt must be paid in full. If we can not love our enemy, our neighbor, it is to our best interest, to try at least, to stop hating him. If we do not

make such an endeavor the evil thots re-act on us as a boomerang; for every moment of our lives we are forming our future, molding our character. We are tomorrow what our thots of today have made us.

Man is created by thot.

There are many good thots, love thots, taking beautiful and divine-forms and colorings of crystal, of star-forms, of the rarest plant and flower shades, wonderful shapes of the Human Form Divine, which have mentally been created by swift passages thru minds impregnated with the Higher thot-forces of Spiritual Power. The gift to thot-form and shape is ours. The air is full of force and matter, awaiting our action, either for beautiful or ugly thot-forms. The air is full of imps that ride on the winds of hate; yet, we can live on the heights, where the air is pure, filled with divine-forms of radiant beauty and high nobility for self-inspiration and the help of others. Thots become Facts and Forms. Love messages sent out in any direction come back to us in sweet echoes. We all know that we are affected by the mental atmosphere around us. We know that some people radiate brightness and love. Their very presence fills us with new hope, new energy, while others depress us at their approach. There must be a reason for this,—a Cause, back of the Effect. Thot is either a real force, or it is nothing. Therefore, being a force, it reveals all forms and shapes, invisible and visible, and is felt as reality both by the mortal and immortal-mind. "Give me a Great Thot that I may Quicken Myself with it." "Great thots are quickeners! No man ever liveth by earthly bread alone."

Some day the noble office of maternity shall come to be regarded as the most sacred function in all life, in which the whole human family has a direct interest. Those who are physically, morally and spiritually-fitted for its worthy-function, and are eager, intelligently and lovingly to undertake its office, will be entitled to and receive the most profound respect, held sacred and given the helpful co-operation of all humanity.

The germ of Divine-Wisdom lies buried in all of us. It only needs to be quickened unto conscious-creativeness. When this thot-quickenning takes place, under impregnative spiritual-influences, we experience a second-birth, a new thot-form is born within us. We manifest a regard and care for all humanity—a Universal Love—spiritual Self-hood—which beautifies and uplifts all creation. This is the evolutionary law, the upward-looking-reaching powers of our spirit—the “heavenward-window” of the soul. Above all else there can be no question, other than a firm Self-Faith in the thot-form desired or “assurance, of the thing hoped for,” that all is Within The Vision Of Self.

Whatever comes to us in life is already within us to attract its like; there is where it was thot-projected. The thing we long for and work for comes to us in due time, because our thot has formed, created and attracted it to us. Our own is always seeking us. The world belongs to him who understands The Law and uses it.

The psychological influence which an expectant-mother holds over her embryo-babe in exalted mental and Spiritual thots is a powerful law for good. True expectancy, in the mother pre-natally prepared, means Full Faith that it Shall Come To Pass. There need be no mystery about this law. Thot-formed,—that is all a Baby is! Thots, thot-formed! Crystallized thots! Thots will come into existence as surely as the growing of the plant follows the planting of the seed. According to the ancient promise, “He shall give His angels charge over thee.” What more sacred mission can these guardian-angels be given, than that of hovering a spiritually conscientious expectant-mother, in her most sacred work of Thot-Forming an immortal embryo-baby, for a life to bless humanity? When woman becomes a conscious creator she shall know that the four-guardian wisdom-angels, in the unseen, are ever hovering near to usher her unborn-babe into a Universal-Love, as in the marvelous conception and birth of the Buddha according to his pre-natal biography as taught in the wonderful Buddhist legends.

We are told:

Buddha, being a perfected soul, had the Divine-Wisdom to select his own physical-mother—the channel-womb by which he was incarnated for the last time; that the mother of Buddha was One who had evolved unto the Karmic-perfections thru thousands of births. She, being a conscious creator—the Holy-Mother,—could discern within her womb the Future Buddha, like unto a thread of silver seen thru a transparent-gem.

“The instant the Future Buddha was conceived in the womb of his mother, all the ten thousand worlds suddenly quaked, quivered, and shook. And the Thirty-two Prognostics appeared, as follows: An immeasurable light spread thru ten thousand worlds; the blind recovered their sight, as if from desire to see this His glory; the deaf received their hearing; the dumb talked; the hunch-backed became straight of body; the lame recovered the power to walk; all those in bonds were freed from their bonds and chains; the fires went out in all the hells; the hunger and thirst of the Manes was stilled; wild animals lost their timidity; diseases ceased among men; all mortals became mild-spoken; horses neighed and elephants trumpeted in a manner sweet to the ear; all musical instruments gave forth their notes without being played upon; bracelets and other ornaments jingled; in all quarters of the heavens the weather became fair; a mild, cool breeze began to blow, very refreshing to man; rain fell out of season; water burst forth from earth and flowed in streams; the birds ceased flying thru the air; the rivers checked their flowing; in the mighty ocean the water became sweet; the ground became everywhere covered with lotuses of the five different colors; all flowers bloomed, both those on land and those that grow in the water; trunk-lotuses bloomed on the trunks of trees, branch-lotuses on the branches, and vine-lotuses on the vines; on the ground, stalk-lotuses, as they are called, burst thru the overlying rocks and came up by sevens; in the sky were produced others, called hanging lotuses; a shower of flowers fell all about; celestial music was heard to play in the sky; and the whole ten thousand worlds became one mass of garlands of the utmost possible magnificence, with waving chowries, and saturated with the incense-like fragrance of

flowers, and resembled a bouquet of flowers sent whirling thru the air, or a closely woven wreath, or a superbly decorated altar of flowers.

From the time the Future Buddha was thus conceived, four angels with swords in their hands kept guard, to ward off all harm from both the Future Buddha and the future Buddha's mother," until birth, when, "at the very moment, came four pure-minded Maha-Brahma angels bearing a golden net, and, receiving the Future Buddha on this golden net, they placed him before his mother and said,—' Rejoice, O Queen! A mighty son has been born to you! '

Now other mortals on issuing from the maternal womb are smeared with disagreeable, impure matter; but, not so the Future Buddha. He issued from his mother's womb like a preacher descending from his preaching-seat, uttering words immediately on issuing from his mother's womb, or a man coming down a stair, stretching out both hands and feet, unsmeared by any impurity from his mother's womb, and flashing pure and spotless, like a jewel thrown upon a vesture of Benares cloth." *

Is not this a most wonderful Thot-Form or conception of Woman-Divine,—a Blessed Birth—to project and bestow upon humanity?

The Buddha, historical lore also teaches—owing to His pre-natal history,—was one of the true and undeniable Saviors of the world. From his birth, to the end, his walk, in life, was Holy and Divine. He was one of the most perfect of mortal-men that the world has ever seen,—One of the greatest Man-Reformers ever known,—a perfect example of a Divine and Godly Man. The teachings he left have produced, for over two thousand years, generations of good and unselfish men.

As Buddha was One "Who turns the wheels of the law," his body, at its cremation, could not be consumed by common fire. What happened? Suddenly a jet of flame burst out of the "Heart's Seal" on Buddha's breast and reduced his body to the whitest, most velvety ashes. "Great is the mystery of Godliness"—yet to be manifested in the flesh.

* Warren's Buddhism in Translations.

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The great Masonic philosopher, Albert Pike, who thru his book "Morals and Dogma" prepared mankind for a better civilization, thru the teachings of Scottish Rite Masonry said: "Men as yet know little of the forces of Nature. Surrounded, controlled and governed by them; while he vainly thinks himself independent, not only of his race, but of universal nature and her infinite manifold forces, he is the slave to these forces, unless he becomes their master. He can neither ignore their existence nor be simply their neighbor.

"There is in nature One most Potent Force, by means whereof a single man, who could possess himself of it, and should know how to direct it, could revolutionize and change the face of the world." To the Ancients and Alchemists this Thot-Force was familiar.

There are no mysteries in the universe except the mystery of Our Own Ignorance.

"There is no sin but Ignorance," said Buddha.

There is only Infinite Wisdom, natural law and common sense. The supernatural is the Divine-Law, not yet understood. Life is Conscious-Creativeness,—whosoever has understanding enters the kingdom of mind, to do the wondrous will of Love,—projecting Thot-Forms as in the Immaculate Conception.

Yes, My Divine Babe, you're all perfectly and exquisitely Thot-Formed, coming to me in a beautiful vision, the spiritual-pattern of which I have secretly carried and cherished in my heart all these years. I know just how you are going to look, Precious, when you grow up to radiant womanhood.

Vision is the direct channel by which we receive our purest messages. In many cases vision sets aside all the other senses. Its circuit is practically unlimited and boundless, in time or space. It brings before our mind many creations of far-away worlds, many near-visions of things soon to be, enabling us to make ready in faith for things hoped for and things yet Unseen.

Give me a Woman-Child, and I will lend her unto humanity all the days of her life and shall call her Diantha, Nature crowning her the Goddess Of Love.

In stature my child, grown to Woman Beautiful, is tall, slender and erect; tall as a silent, yet whispering, palm-tree in the balmy moon-light of an oasis in the Sahara. As supple and elegant as the twig of an Oriental-willow, possessing the charm and serpentine grace of atmosphere which can only be bestowed by an assemblage of characteristics, gathered in many incarnations, which are irresistibly charming and individually faultless. Tall as the Divine Height of four cubits, or six feet and over; Tall in spiritual height and depth; Tall as a Daughter of the Gods; Tall, strangely tall enough to delight one of the divinely natural and fascinating Greek-Gods, whose inner-vision is fully opened to see more thru his ensouled mind's eye than thru the physical. Thy figure, Diantha, rounded unto full and gracefulness of outline, is a perfect pattern of Woman Divine.

The surface of thy body, Diantha, is fresh, delicate, soft and inborn with the perfume of honey; soft, yet as firm as a piece of buckskin; smooth as a velvety petaled rose-leaf, without the unevenness of projecting bones and taut sinews.

In color, thy skin a healthy, clear, pearly and delicate olive-hue, is full of a tempered rosiness, declaring the richness and purity of thy blood, with veins of color blue, visibly running thruout the flesh. Thy coloration, one of thy most important elements of beauty-embodiment. So magical, the effect of thy brilliant coloring that its personal-power attracts and holds—can never be forgotten—binding man to cherish and love thee forever. Thy dark, Oriental-features, thy Face Beautiful, be shadowed by the thots of thy soul, shedding an indescribable radiance—always welcome as the full, soft moon.

Thine eyes, those great, soulful orbs, beautiful, luminous; eyes of spiritual-fire, wonderful! surpassing in sparkling glory the orbs of the fawn; like twin-stars,—well chiseled, well spaced, with reddish corners! Those liquid eyes with the depths of the unknown, the mirrors of the soul! Eyes that flash consuming fire at all wrong and suffering, yet,

when in repose, tranquil pools. Eyes of the color of the tobacco-leaf, that soft, velvety, tobacco-brown; those bewitching, love-intoxicating eyes with large black, pearly pupils—pupils that quickly spread and swell with a thot or word, or flash of feeling. Eyes that laugh, that sigh, that have in them sunshine—shadow! Those black pupils with the stygian darkness of mid-night, surrounded by that soft, velvety brown, set in clear white, each color more intensified by contrast: Eyes, with that come-hither look; eyes that draw things to them; eyes that bespeak all the passions of mysterious-womanhood: Eyes with the power to kiss; eyes with the power to smite; eyes that are softened unto shadows by long, silken fringes of the lids, that fall down on thy cheek, veiling or revealing at will, thy lovely soul!

Thine Eye-brows, dark, thin and arched, seem traced with a brush, as twin-rainbows.

Thy Nose, distinguished in its proportional parts, descends perpendicularly from between the eye-brows.

Thy Nostrils, as opening buds, one of woman's honey-cells, are embalmed with the fascinating and mysterious odor of the Far East—the heavenly sandal-wood—breathing out like the fleeting breeze of pine-woods. The little valley separating thy nose from the upper arched lip is divinely formed.

Thy Cupid-bowed Mouth is inclined to be rather small, with the sensitive red of an ocean-shell.

Thy Lips, where smiles seem always to play, breathe perfume like rose-petals blown apart, inviting the delights of the lover's kiss.

Thy Saliva is more desirable than the flow of wild honey; the al-chemic fragrance of thy Breath—the night jasmine.

Harder than flints are thy beautiful Teeth, which look like pearls artistically set in red gums.

Thy Cheeks are as a bed of rose-buds in springtime, which has not yet opened to full.

Thy Chin, with a splendid high poise, rounded and lovable, is divided by a passionate dimple.

Thine Ears, small and beautiful, in proportion with thy mouth, are transparent and pink-like.

How beautiful thy Neck with its dark mole, marking its most lovable spot! A neck like a slender-tower of ivory, supple, full-

throated, gradually rising like a flower-stem, fitly separating thy oval head from thy stately shoulders! Every wave of thy personal-charm and magnetism from head to foot, passes and re-passes thru thy freely movable and graceful neck. The artistic use of thy neck and shoulders as a pedestal to thy head makes charming thy stature.

Thou art adorned with Black Hair, Diantha, the color that speaks strength and resolution; the singularly beautiful and animated brunette-type, with its rich colorings, dignified, calm and full of magnetic force: the brunette-type, of the true and deeper-nature, with a fire-packed soul; one who loves with the passionate warmth of Divine-Fire, one who smiles at thee, to her, ridiculous conceit of parting with her honey-dew,—unless she chooses to do so, of her own free will. The brunette-type, a delight to the eyes and a fertilizer to man's soul, a woman that can over-throw kingdoms and bring man back from war. Blue-black hair, the round cord hair, abundant and wavy, shimmering with a sheen of luminous-rays, rippling hair, not straight, not tight. The Parting, white and finely traced, separates thy glorious tresses, hanging in informal double plaits, braided in natural looseness—tresses bedecked with fresh violets, reaching to the calf of thy leg.

Thy hair, eye-brows and lashes, black, blue-black, with the soft sheen of a dove, with the fragrance of the hyacinth. The Persian poet says of his sweetheart: "Her raven hair scents sweeter than the musk-hyacinth."

Thy winding, charming Arms as they advance toward one, seem to invite caresses.

What shall I say of thy soft, plump Hands, cream-oily as lilies, the exact length of thy face, with long, tapering index fingers, the palm like soft-pinks. Thy full and rounded Fingers are long and delicate, ending in rosy nails attached to the flesh by a clear, single line, with full distinct half-moons,—signs of good circulation. Thy hand is a mixed-hand, of the psychic and philosophic-type, sometimes called the "Iron hand in the velvet glove."

Thy Bosom. Thy Breasts, Diantha—Blessed be thy Creator! How wonderful is their deep, heaving, swelling breath—a living-witchery,—the

love-lyrics of the ages, wherein is enthroned the sweet-mystery of motherhood. Thy well raised and firm breasts, in form as high-pointed as twin pyramids, pointed with nipples of a rich-red, delicious strawberry. Thy beautiful ivory-mounts, as knolls of sweet herbs, that may be caressed and held within the five fingers of one hand.

This essential pleasure of earthly association—of wonder-beauty—was finely set forth in the long-ago, by our English poet and physiologist—Erasmus Darwin: "When the babe, soon after it is born into this cold world, is applied to its mother's bosom, its sense of perceiving warmth is first agreeably affected; next its sense of smell is delighted with the odor of her milk; then its taste is gratified by the flavor of it; afterwards the appetite of hunger and of thirst are afforded pleasure by the possession of their object, and by the subsequent digestion of the aliment; and, last, the sense of touch is delighted by the softness and smoothness of the milky fountain, the source of such variety of happiness. All these various kinds of pleasure at length become associated with the form of the mother's breast, which the infant embraces with its lips, and watches with its eyes; and thus acquires more accurate ideas of the form of its mother's bosom than of the odor, flavor and warmth, which it perceives by its other senses. And hence at our maturer years, when any object of vision is presented to us, which by its wavy or spiral lines bears any similitude to the form of the female bosom, whether it be found in a landscape with soft gradations of raising and descending surface, or in the forms of some antique vases, or in other works of the pencil or the chisel, we feel a general glow of delight which seems to influence all our senses; and if the object be not too large we experience an attraction to embrace it with our lips as we did in our early infancy, the bosom of our mother."

Thy milky-founts, Diantha, an endless variety of delights, between them revealing the valley of secret-love, leading to thy rounded, womanly Belly, its flanks and sacred-parts. The rounded, graceful folds across thy umbilical region, as sung by the poets, full of dimples, where

the shadows love to dwell. Its central charm, thy Navel, dimpled in the middle as a flower or fruit, as a rounded goblet, filled with the echoes of pale tea-roses. Thy Mons Veneris, the profuse pubic arch delicately downed as a mullen-leaf.

How mysteriously wonderful thy Yoni,—likened unto the Lotus-bud, of which to inhale the perfume is fabled—makes man forget to return to his native clime,—the symbol of which all Nature from time Immemorial Worships.

A particularly fine outline have thy Hips, encasing thy large, broad Pelvis, giving the maternal-charm, the All-of-Woman. Such are thy secret-wonders, Diantha, and from them descend, like white rounded pillars of marble, thy glorious Thighs, beautiful to behold, solid and straight, following the soft, rounded outlines to thy Knees.

Blue-veined is the alabaster of thy legs, neatly rolled unto full calves, mounted on daintily turned ankles.

Beautiful! Diantha, are thy sandaled-Feet—pedestals for thy wonder-body, with trim and slender outlines, the high-arched instep terminating in pearly pink Toes: Nature's perfect pink and bright-nailed toes, baby-toes, as if strangers to the confining, abusive man-made shoes. All Aries maids have long second toes, a symbol that they lead, explore. Few signs have a deeper insight into the re-search of the inner-relation of life, indicating a good walker moving with the gentleness of a lithe-panther.

I cannot describe the sweetness of thy Voice, Diantha, softer than the gentlest tones of harp-strings, penetrating and soulful as the notes of the Indian cuckoo-bird. I cannot describe its color, Diantha, it is that which pleased God to be.

Thou art sweet, in Love-Divine, Diantha, yea, thou art altogether lovely in thy flesh-beauty—yet, delighting in thy soft, white and clinging robes, in thy fine jewels of pearl, crystal and emerald.

Diantha, I feel thee. I hear and see thee. I dream of thee as the child—the spirit—of some long, long ago—aeons and aeons of ages, an ancestress, one, who it may have been, was a grand soul Goddess. A child of the branch of humanity evolved to the perfect human-plane, coming into this short earth-life upon the threshold of Spiritual-Womanhood, to

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bless mankind, evolved unto the Golden-Age by long suffering and untold previous earth-lives. One who lived the free and open-air life, who sat entranced in the perfume of Indian palm-groves, who worshipped the orb of day, the glory of the tropical moon-light, one, who was ever anxious to listen to the golden-songs of the classical Sanskrit-Truths, to worship the Gods, to enjoy the conversation from the souls of the grandest of World-Teachers.

Diantha!

Woman!

Beautiful Woman, the strange and Divine Gift of the Gods! The moving, Living Word!

" The quiet August noon has come;
A slumbrous silence fills the sky;
The fields are still, the woods are dumb;
In glassy sleep the waters lie.

Away! I will not be to-day
The only slave of toil and care.
Away from desk and dust! Away!
I'll be as idle as the air."



UGUST, the Month Of Harvest-Moons, the Goddess Of Corn, when we can roam the hills and lie on Mother Earth's bosom in the cool and fragrant grass, lie in friendship with the sky and moon. I lay me down, with Earth and Sun, stretch out full length in the high and waving grass, dream of Life and Love, and listen to the murmurs of the winds thru the fields of golden-grain.

Summer is here, the good old summer-time. Vacation days have come, bringing with them thots of blue skies, camping, seashore and sunshine. The salt of the sea, bathing, open-air, the Sun-kissed energizing life, yearningly steal into the texture of the human heart. It is a universal contagion. Where will we spend our vacation—at the shore or mountains—at home, on the roof, or in the garden? It is time we were knowing. The sea calls and the restful mountains beckon. The children are impatient and eager to be off. The song that is now in many a heart is—to go or not to go? One by one our friends are slipping out of town. Business girls are packing-up for their long-anticipated two weeks of rest, and 'stay-at-homers' are leaving town for as long as they may.

Vacation's endless accessories are all pouring in. Delivery-wagons, messengers and transfers are madly rushing to and fro from one end of the country to the other. There are bushels and crops and tons—tons of suit-cases,

hammocks, kodaks, automobiles, fishing-hooks, engagement rings, green veils, green socks, peachy and rosy-brides, checked caps, sport stripes, noisy suits, peek-a-boos and charmeuse clings, red cherries and pink-hearted water-melons, with pink cheeks and frocks to match; new potatoes with sweet corn on the 'log,' and tons of last year's straw hats. Every shop-keeper in town is chanting the song of something new, something for the sport and summer vacationist—something for the "Silly Season." Wherever we look we find "Summer Travel Guides," and heaps of vacation supplies.

Hurry! Vacation time is here. The things I must do! Will I ever get off? Must go to the dentist, and see my dressmaker once more. Stop the ice, paper and milk. Have my mail forwarded; get a shipping-basket for Fido; put the silver and furs in storage; disconnect the phone; read the gas and electric-meters; phone Mrs. Jones; order rubber heels on shoes; clean pink-satin slippers; darn Jack's socks; send suit to the cleaners. Wonder if Aunt Polly will keep the canary? Oh, a key for my trunk. Wonder where the strap is? O my, O me! How wonderful, Diantha, to think I am taking you to the seashore and nobody knows it!

A man with his tooth-brush and a clean collar can go to the seashore and have more pleasure than a woman with seven trunks. For eleven months in the year we plan and look forward to our summer vacation with fond anticipation, and after it's all over we wonder who invented such a thing as this annual pilgrimage of torments: we return with sunburn in spots; blisters on the nose and blisters on the toes. We have enjoyed Jersey mosquitoes, "up-State" boarding houses with dried fruit, canned vegetables and canned cow; beds so stuffed with knots that we tossed and rolled and dreamed of home—sweet Home. We returned 'busted,' baked and peeled, spending the rest of the year telling our friends what a lovely vacation we had.

Then again: This is the Open-Season for fried chicken in shoe-boxes, potato salad sandwiched with a few ants, the always-on-hand cold ham with sweet pickles and

olives in a butter-boat; deviled eggs pinned together with toothpicks, and other things for the picnic luncheon. It is also the open-season for the Summer-Widower, who would like to send 'wifey' away to the Thousand-Islands, hoping she might visit each one a whole year. It is a symptom of the vacation fever that husband and 'wife' never by any accident, desire the same vacation. The club man says to his chum, "John, are you going away on a vacation, or are you going to take your wife with you?" Strange creation of affairs, isn't it? The average recipe is to send 'wifey' away, get her off, keep her away until you want her back. Why? What is the reason? Do tell! Is it strange there should be summer roof-gardens in the open-season, boating-clubs, and joy-ride resorts and Coney Islands and Venice-of-Americas, and hundreds of other haunts for masculine diversion while 'wifey' is in Europe or safely marooned in the country? Be careful, sister, whose husband you're seen with after the first of July.

VACATION RUMINATIONS

"To go or not to go? That is the question
That drives men's minds into distraction;
Whether to abide at home now that school days are over,
Or turn Mother and Susy out into clover
Upon some shady mountainside,
Or beside the ocean tide?

To be or not to be—for two months, alone.
To do my own cooking, to gnaw my own bone,
While Mother and Susy are recklessly spending
All that I earn and the loaner is lending,
In some high-priced hostelry
Down by the soothing sea?

To have or not to have—a summer vacation
Should be controlled by the law of the nation?
Is home for the family a good place in summer?
Or must Mother chit-chat with a dude or a 'drummer,'
While Susy spoons down by the sea?
Yes, Home is the place for me!"

W. Layton Stanton.

The first-thot of the American-parent in planning the summer vacation is to select some place the children pre-

fer, particularly the daughter. This is but natural and in keeping with the habit of the indulgent-parent of the present-day. But to be able to select a place which will be beneficial as well as amusing to our promising young American daughters; a place that appeals to the finer senses thru the text-book of Nature—the beauties of lake, mountain, forest and stream, as well as thru the nerve-racking frivolities of the present hour, is the problem. Most parents prefer some quiet spot, some old deserted farm, where it would be possible to live the old-time simple-life; to keep still and cool; to seek rest, fresh air and our book-friends, a hammock swung between two apple trees, a garden, hoe and rake, the opportunity to enjoy Nature, the trees, the flowers, the brooks, the birds and blue sky with its nightly star-gemmed heavens; to be comfortable and lazy during these dog-days. No words can better express a love for Nature than Byron's when he sang:

“ There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar,
I love not man the less, but nature more. ”

Our city homes are built so we live 20 years fewer than we were intended to live. Our architects and contractors guarantee all this.

Solitude—Divine solitude—away from the wicked city—the workshops of the poor—away from the dead, stone-covered and unmagnetic streets that sap the very life out of us and give us nothing in return! Oh, for the Temples of Nature, there to commune with her soft perfumes and Divine plans. How few people enjoy this blessing! We are so exiled from Mother-Nature that we are dead to her melodious sounds, her colors, her raptures. We are afraid of the sacred-harmony of her solitude. Go to the sea not to be seen? O, what a horrible sight are the insane-people we see at the seashores! Let us go to a place where we can lay aside all the formalities, conventionalities; a secluded spot where we can strip off the shams and deceptions of the out-side world. A place where we can give our mind, lungs, body and soul full

play, tread the earth bare-footed, that we come in close touch with Mother-Nature and receive the healing magnetism for which our bodies are starved.

What we need is a vacation in overalls, away from high-speed and diseased nerves, enabling us to roam and commune with Mother-earth; to bask in the sunshine, to take a daily Sun-bath in the nude; to have the energizing Sun wake us up, electrify our spine and draw some of the bad out of us; making us alive and warm all over, pulsating with health and life in every nerve from head to foot, every cell of our body working and thinking. In this age man thinks only in his brain, all else is dead. The intellectual-powers have receded to the last active organ, the brain.

THE CRY OF THE DREAMER

" I am tired of planning and tolling
In the crowded hive of men;
Heart weary of building and spolling,
And spolling and building again.
And I long for the dear old river
Where I dreamed my youth away—
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

I am sick of the showy meaning
Of a life that is half a lie,
Of the faces lined with scheming
In a throng that hurries by,
From the sleepless thought's endeavor
I would go where the children play—
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

I feel no pride but pity
For the burdens the rich endure.
There is nothing sweet in the city
But the patient lives of the poor.
Oh, the little hands too skillful,
And the child-mind choked with weeds,
The daughter's heart grown willful,
And the father's heart that bleeds.

No, no; from the street's rude bustle,
From trophies of mart and stage,
I would fly to the wood's low rustle
And the meadow's kindly page.
Let me dream as of yore by the river
And be loved for the dreams away—
For the dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day. "

John Boyle O'Reilly.

The Man-Rule Age has enforced woman to enslave her body with all kinds of senseless clothes and foolish sex-fashions, microbe-collectors and tomfoolery. Man invented all of this foolishness, the silly, unhealthy and extravagant frocks and body-luggage, to show off his wealth and self-importance, bestowing upon his 'woman folks' these superfluous adornments that his self-glory might be reflected in his possessions, his female-dependents.

Every cell of the body should breathe, opening and closing like the mouth of the fish. Our toes, as our nose, should continually inhale, exhale. The whole body needs light, fresh air and sunshine as much as do the grass, plants and flowers. How could you, could I, walk and lie on the grass and commune with Mother-Nature with all of this tomfoolery on? Said charming Mrs. Fairbanks, wife of our vice-president: "Clothes are a nuisance. It is clothes that drive me into the wilderness away from my friends."

We have so long covered our bodies with heavy clothes, because of Adam's sin, that the skin has become tender and diseased. In summer we cover it to keep the healing Sun from blistering the skin cells. In winter, to keep warm, we pile on stacks of wool, hair and skin of other animals we have killed, because man is the Boss-Beast.

These coverings keep out the air and sun, causing the poor poisoned-cells to die. In the past Golden-Age men and women needed no clothes to cover their bare bodies, the purity of their souls made it impossible for any evil or lustful thots to enter their minds. Man-Woman were

in perfect harmony with Nature's forces. Beast and man, birds and trees, earth and weather, all were one sweet song—one sweet Springtime, one Symphony.

For two reasons only do we clothe our bodies. First, clothes are only a symbol of our shame, lust and ignorance devised to cover the effects of "the Fall," because of our evil thots born of unnatural and sinful actions. Second, we need clothes to protect our bodies from climatic-changes. The pure law of Nature—the perfect spiritual health—withdrew from our bodies because of "the Fall," but evolution will again lead us into the Golden-Age, revealing all hidden shame and secret sin, laying aside the fig-leaf and making bare the covered sex-cause, the fountain-head of evil.

Certainly! Most people need clothes and fine feathers—need them to get themselves thru life—while their minds and souls slumber, stagnate and go to decay. Society demands clean linen—that we be clean on the outside, little regarding the soul of inside-man. It makes no difference how soiled and corrupt we are inside—how black our soul, how covered with scabs, sores, and boils, if the clean glove covers the dirty hand. The story goes of a naked Indian in the Black Hills. "Chief," said the white man, "Why don't you put some clothes on?" The Indian answered, "Why don't you put some clothes on your face?" White man said, "We're used to that." Chief replied, "Injun face all over."

Civilized man shows only his face. Woman thinks mostly of her face. If we can make our faces look pretty and youthful, we are quite satisfied because this is about all of our body that is exposed. It matters not how deformed a body, how crooked the once-pretty pink-baby-toes; we can cover these deformities with pink peek-a-boo 'socks' and fashionable clothes. How many fashionable women in a thousand can offer their bodies as acceptable models to an artist? Their abused and pre-natally malformed structures would excite the disgust and ridicule not only of connoisseurs but ordinary spectators in any art gallery.

Woman is a false, dehumanized, economic-product of

the man-rule age. Woman with her dazzling frills and bows, kinky-curly 'man-catchers,' one hundred and one pins and hooks and all kinds of sex-decoys, bedecks herself with a junk-shop of superfluous ornaments, diseasing her brain by piling unsanitary hair-rats, switches and wigs on her head; decorating herself with big hats covered with murdered birds, or their wings and feathers, the heads and tails of minks and other skins of helpless animals; doing one 'continuous vaudeville' in order eternally to sex-please uncertain man, all of which is a blasphemy against God's most perfect and beautiful creation—Woman! How weak, how gullible most women seem! Woman is obsessed by the Prince of Darkness. Man has made Woman all she is Not—a boiled down concentrated essence of a crystallized-lie.

Woman—God-given, a Divine Creature, and yet the slave of fashion. Fashion, made by the selfish manufacturer and ever changeable for commercial purposes only! Each year some new fashion comes to remind us that woman is still man's puppet,—his toy-slave. Nothing seems to be fashionable unless it deforms.

Fashions are made by men who make fortunes out of played-upon women, that they may live and travel in Europe, while we stay-at-home, live on round steaks and spend our last dollar in trying to ape some woman wealthier than ourselves. If the fashions were more beautiful each season, there would be some sense to them, but they are not. Certainly, dress has a powerful influence over man. If 'husband' likes pretty clothes, study your "understudy;" out-class her both in clothes and mind! A woman in the home cannot look too sweet and fetching in her bedroom ballet, her chic pink-bows and peek-a-boos, and all kinds of keep-him-at-home tonics; those silly, little underthings, those little pink bows they love to play with so well, seem so essential to the adornment of their home-toys these days. But to entice senseless woman into wasting her money, dressing herself up like a comic-valentine on the public-promenades, is a "bunco-game" of the commercial-manufacturer. Fashion is pure com-

mercialism. Style is individuality, without style woman is a joke.

All this extravagance means an unnecessary struggle for man, often driving him to ruin. Our daily newspapers register, beneath big-headlines, the downfall of many a man led into temptation by his desire to furnish some woman with pretty clothes—insane extravagance—because she thinks she cannot live without them. Many men are yearly led from the path of honesty by the extravagance of their ignorant wives,—many to prison, many to early graves. Frank S. Forbes, a Los Angeles Judge, says: "I sometimes wonder which is the worst—our Fashion-windows, or the Saloons."

Mother-Nature knows a heap more than we do. She tells us to bathe in the Sun and go naked, but man is so sunken in sensuality that he is ashamed of his birthday-clothes.

Man thinks that he is not only afraid to do so, but that he is the mightiest undivided whole in the universe, absolute Monarch on the physical-plane, trying to control nature with all kinds of crazy-illusions.

"Man is the only one that knows nothing, that can learn nothing without being taught. He can neither speak, nor walk, nor eat, and in short, he can do nothing at the prompting of Nature, only, but weep." The moment man outgrows the savage state and becomes a little humanized, he ceases to be teachable, and in proportion ceases to be rutable.

Man delights himself in thinking that he is a power on the physical plane. He builds great sky scrapers in the city's-center. He plans, and upon the mountain side, with infinite pains, he builds homes, plants gardens, orchards, and vineyards, until the whole lava-covered surface is velvet-green and blossoms as the rose. In a moment when he expects not, Mother-earth gives forth a rumbling and shaking and hurls forth mighty currents of liquid-fire and all his dreams and efforts are swallowed up.

Man assembles mighty armies and periodically drenches the earth with the blood of his brothers, gratifying for

a moment without restraint, his selfishness; deluding himself that he is the mightiest unit in existence.

Man builds for himself Titanic Ships out of physical material, to float and carry him and his upon the waters of the great deep. Smiling within himself, he says: "I am master of the shining sea." The winds rise, the icebergs are unmoored, the winds turn in and out, twist, coil and roar, the waves moan and sob and roll resistlessly, man and his puny ship go to the bottom of the merciless sea.

In man's unrest, he wanders out on the great plains in search of new fields to conquer. Finding momentary rest, and in his peaceful sleep he is awakened by the sandstorms which bury him, or by the cyclones which sweep away his worldly possessions, leaving him a helpless derelict.

As to subduing the earth, the weeds flourish with the other forces. Man cannot even put together the few atoms of albumen and starch, the chemicals needed to produce the simplest plant that grows in the woods. He does not know the poisonous weed from the good. He picks and eats a small berry or leaf, pleasing to the sight, fragrant to the smell and enjoyable to the taste. In an hour he is 'dead,' and his swollen body is unrecognizable by his dearest friends. Whereas, if he were a master of the physical-plane, he would know,—as the chipmunk, the rabbit, the dog knows,—that nearby this poisonous berry wise-Providence grows a remedy for the evil. Proud monarch for a short stay, but at the last, man's bones are sure to whiten the plains and fertilize the four corners of the earth.

Yes, evolution will lead us humans to roam the earth unclothed and clean-minded, like a nursery of nude babes—one human rose-garden—no more conscious of our bodies than is a child. "He who cannot view without a blush of shame, the human-form when a perfect Temple Of Divinity, stands self-confessed; his mind is poisoned with impure-thots; his imagination corrupted by the taint of lust." Until woman grows to appreciate beauty in

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the nude, she has little power pre-natally to endow her Unborn-Babe with a lovely-body. Mrs. W. C. Tyler of Los Angeles, one of our splendid civic-workers, says: "The sooner we get over the idea that the perfect and healthy human-body is an indecent thing when unclothed, the sooner the world will grow better."

Clothes are the most immoral-thing we have to contend with, exciting the imagination unto lust. "Never until nudity is as much the symbol of modesty as is clothing, can we hope for the full development of the soul."

Speed the day when awakened woman will shake off the hand-cuffs of fashion man has forged on her, and demand comfort and freedom; cremate the silly and unhealthy sex-harnesses, and wear the flowing-clings fashioned after the healthful and beautiful Venus Genetrix, dressing for ease and beauty. Evolution will gradually force woman to respect Nature's law.

But what are we to do these vacation-days with our modern daughters, our aimless sons, leading their parents by the nose from place to place, to the exhaustion of the parental-purse? True, the summer-girl, yes, the winter-girl, too, is eager to go where it is gay. She craves to be eternally and actively amused, rapturously-excited thru the restless, fleeting summer, parading the "Board Walk" in a dizzy round of nervous-amusements, when the vital nerve-force should be conserved for the purposes of growth. It is not strange, but right, that the tastes and longings of youth should be different from those of the parents, and it is well that parents should listen to and consider the desires of youth, providing for them opportunities to enjoy themselves, that they may see and learn;—but are we not over-indulgent to the sacrifice of our every comfort, in order to let our daughters and sons have their heads and lead lives of gadding and aimless flirtation?

The delightful fellow-shiping between young men and young women is to be encouraged, provided wise parents give companionship, teach and point out the dangers

of ignorance, thus protecting the forming-mind, soul and character of our youth. Our daughters being allowed to wander promiscuously, unprotected and ignorant of the traps that are laid for the unguarded, are often lured away; often lost in wickedness—intentionally stranded on vice-islands, by and with young cubs of 'men,'—sons reared in ignorance, having been neglected by their parents or guardians in early-youth, having never been taught the Sacredness Of Womanhood.

Observe the growing tendency of our increasing-swarms of young men and women who regard their parents and superiors as fossils, unenlightened 'back-numbers,' hindrances for whom, in a social-sense, the crematory is waiting. These summer-youths are generally those who are nervous wrecks from the winter-months of dancing, gadding, speeding, drinking, cigarette-smoking, and idle frivolity. Of the maidens, many are over-worked shop-girls who measure-off ribbon all day, or office-girls who beat the typewriter from morn till night to make 'both ends meet.' These are our summer-youths and maidens who have abused their vital-powers during nine to eleven months of the year and need quiet and rest as much as do their parents.

To be separated for weeks and months from one's family—the loved ones—is not an ideal domestic arrangement. The average husband and father is ever ready to suffer in silence and solitude for the comfort of his family and the interest of his business, toiling away in the hot congested cities like a work horse in a tread-mill. This sad state of affairs is largely to be ascribed to the popular custom of going away from home for the summer-months, which has greatly grown by enforced-imitation.

The idle frivolity and sensual-luxury of the fashionable water-resorts, all have a tendency to separate husband and wife; to make them less thotful of one another; to make them more unmindful of their sacred duties, to weaken their mutual obligations, which time should bind closer and closer. No, all the erring sisters, all the so-called lost-women, are not inmates of houses of shame; are not all known to the world as courtesans.

At these much-advertised resorts, both summer and winter, the old men sit in twos and threes, smoke cigars, talk about business and stocks. The middle-aged men smoke, talk business, stocks and gossip of women. The young men smoke cigarettes, talk, dance, tennis, motor, go to the "movies," play baseball and flirt with the girls. As for the women, the old ones eat, sleep and snore more or less gently. The middle-aged ones, who have little interest in the betterment of society or the world, eat, dress, sleep and dream the days away; play bridge, dance and live a stagnant hotel-corridor and piazza-life; agitate little scandals; crochet gossip and slumber-robos. Their real occupation is a 'matrimonial-bargain-counter-hunt' in the fond hope that they may find a husband for their daughter plus so many dollars more or less. The young ones dance, motor, "movie," and flirt the days away, young in the life, as life is young in them. People are queer. The average human-being is a bore. These dawdling-places are a collection of bores.

PEOPLE ARE QUEER

"Call a girl a chick and she smiles, call her a hen and she howls. Call a young woman a witch and she is pleased; call an old-woman a witch and she is indignant. Call a girl a kitten and she rather likes it; call a woman a cat and she hates you. Women are queer.

If you call a man a gay dog, it will flatter him; call him a pup, a hound, or a cur, and he will try to alter the map of your face. He doesn't mind being called a bull or a bear, yet he will object to being mentioned as a calf or a cub. Men are queer, too."

Think, too, of the much unadvertised-resorts of "organized industry"—like canning factories "up the states," packed with thousands of our Baby-Toilers these warm vacation days; little children slaving in mid-summer during long, hard hours, the season for children's play-time and sleep-time. Every one of these children is

puny, sick, tired and under-nourished. Exhaustion has sapped the energy needed for youth, for education, for life. The real conditions of child-labor will never be published; the sickening sweat-shops, the crowded brutalizing-tenements, the dark-hovels in the slums of our large cities, filled with Baby-Toilers slaving away on artificial flowers, curling feathers and rolling cigarettes. The fire-escape is the only place in hot weather for poor children to sleep, provided the tenement enjoys the rare-luxury of one. Go into the tenement sections of New York and any other large city 'for a little vacation' and study the miserable conditions of these poor little children; children who have never seen grass grow; children who have never heard a bird sing in the tree-tops, never seen a flower, a bossy or fowl, a Sun-rise, a Sun-set.

Women are fast awakening, but there are great numbers of them yet to be aroused from their seemingly harmless, but never-the-less deadly Adam-dream. We talk of waste, wanton waste, of the country's resources, and urge measures to protect, to conserve the national-treasures of field and forest, mine and stream. We hear much talk of the "conservation of human life," but who has ever heard of a movement to conserve and direct into proper channels, wasted resources and efforts of "the Woman Mentally Asleep,"—who wantonly wastes the God-bestowed power, talent, time, strength, energy, faithfulness, perseverance, patience, ingenuity and resourcefulness so richly hers! Do we not each know dozens of bright, so-called active women, who spend hours, days, weeks, months, aye, years;—the best part of their forming life, on card parties, frivolous society doings, fancy-crochet and non-essential needle-work, and the like? And these dozens are multiplied by tens of thousands thruout the land. No, indeed, no normal person condemns a little relaxation along these pleasant lines; but, be honest, at least do a little real thinking. Isn't it just to raise the question of "Waste, wanton-waste," in this direction?

Our good health, faculties and talents are only loaned to us. They are holy and direct-gifts from the Supreme.

Possession involves the duty of guarding and consecrating these spiritual world-powers. It is a sin against our Creator and self to have these powers lying idle within us, not being used for the uplift of self and the human-race. All our sleeping women need is an awakening from their senseless slumber. Woman! Awakened Woman, our Most Precious World Resource!

While sojourning at Atlantic City looking around at this popular and delightful seaside-resort, one sees a brilliant scene, a bevy of lovely women, smartly-gowned, rosy and gay. Observe the different picture-studies. One notices now and then a beautiful, charming woman, gorgeously-gowned, at her side a good-looking man, smartly tailored, all smiles and devotion to his lovely wife. Then on the other hand one is sensitive to the wretchedness and misery of those wrongly yoked. It is very plain that the general cause of the latter is money without love, prostituting sacred-relations for banknotes.

Money!

Money yokes men and women together who never should be yoked. It keeps man and woman together who should be publicly separated. It keeps man and woman apart who should be publicly together. Man does not control his money. Man is controlled by his money.

Money!

Marriage, and Gossip!

Money and marriage are inseparable these days—one cannot think of one without the other. We think and speak in terms of dollars.

Money! Money! Money-greed creeps into our hearts and homes, and we quickly learn to put a money-value on everybody and everything. This is America's measure of people and things; the medium of self-expression, expressing the quality of man's consciousness.

The great sin of the age is the unrestrained growth of the power of big-money. It is the quart cup, the yardstick of everything. It is a sickening sight to see millions

of human beings struggling, trampling upon each other, sacrificing everything that is noble and pure in the mad-fight for the dollar.

Money is a curse to many that have it and a curse to all who lack it; a provider for everything but Peace; a passport to everything except Heaven.

Money is the one thing that Makes Crooked Things Look Straight and Straight Things Look Crooked.

Money is the center of man's gravity, the cause of the degenerate-man. Money drives man, who worships it, at Satan's-pace, and causes him to throw on the high-gear in his factories, sweat-shops and offices; to enslave poor little children, drudging-mothers and fathers, crippling the human-race in the mad-chase for unfair worldly gain. How many men say: "I'll make a million, then stop." They get the million, but lose all else, early dying of heart-disease, cirrhosis of the liver, or bright's disease, when they should be at their best, both mentally and physically.

Money is the most vulgar thing we have to contend with, filthy-lucre, at best a senseless thing. Sex would purify itself if money were eliminated. Its exploitation is a wantonly vulgar project. Its intemperance conserves nothing, except the unrefined and lustful-whims of an over-rich money-lord.

"America is in danger of getting too much prosperity," says John D. Hibben, President of Princeton University, "of developing a gross materialism; and of losing in spirituality. There are higher-things in life than the worship of dollars and the luxuries that money can buy." As a nation we are drunken of pleasure—"drunk with money-power"—devoured by luxury, rotten of ease, joined to idols as were the people of Ancient Rome. The new and over-rich have exhausted all their pleasures; they, who formerly spent their days at work, cannot find new-pleasures fast enough to squander their wealth upon. The necessity to work is now removed and they are disinclined to further arouse themselves. They pass their days in idleness, growing into self-indulgence, slowly passing into the first-stages of luxury, next into

license and finally ending in vice and self-destruction. The body goes to decay and the mind weakens into a moral and spiritual-paralysis, often softening of the brain or locomotor ataxia occurs. Father first suffers,—next the children and then the grandchildren. Perhaps it is all for the best that many of them do not bring children into the world to inherit evil tendencies and continue the curse. Two thousand years ago the ideal of the Greeks was "A sound mind in a sound body." Today the ideal of most men is a sound bank account. Yet, we boast proudly of the "march of civilization." We are marching—like a crab—backward.

We need no more Money-Kings—they have served their purpose. They were once necessary in time and space as a step in universal evolution. These ignorant, selfish men,—in the blistering attacks of Theodore Roosevelt, these "malefactors of great wealth"—who are born in this age, who, Sacred-Authority teaches, prepared themselves in past-lives for this Black-Karmic Age, have ignored the White-Karmic laws, and by their resistance to the good law of evolution brought on these world-troubles, to teach humanity it was going wrong. We, the masses, are getting our eyes opened—we are fast learning our lessons. These day-light criminals, these "stomach robbers," these ungodly men—the worst criminals of the "iron-age"—run at large, plundering the helpless masses, gouging the poor and the orphan out of compound interest; "who devour widows' houses and for a pretence make long prayers,"—would steal the very pennies from the eyes of a corpse. Yea, many of these men, in their hypocrisy, their conceit, lust and self-esteem, desiring to appear well, and make an outward show before the world in their Prince Alberts and silk hats, do really try to ape true-religion and godliness, performing the churchly-ceremonies, an ostentatious alms-giving—desecrating the Holy-places with their thievish presence and poisonous vibrations. "The prayers of a man whose life is one long, brutal lie are, in the ears of the gods, the foulest blasphemy a soul can utter."

We are not only sick of the corrupt system, but ready

for a change. We are sickened unto despair with all of this "Capitalistic Camouflage," with the 'newly coined' "Profiteering," with the crime of speculating in the necessities of life. It is claimed the war made 2,100 millionaires speculating and gambling in the necessities of life. We should call it by its right name—Thievery.

The world is mis-tagged. Let us re-tag things and call them by their right names—use Pure English. Take the mask off of Truth and give it a Sun-bath for once. Riddles are going out of date. "Perfumed Rhetoric" is very delightful growing along life's path, but this is no age to mince matters and juggle with words when facts are so plain. Dare to tell the truth while life and death are quivering on opposite sides of the balance. "Call a spade a spade, not an 'agricultural implement.' "

Our youth is taught to respect, with something akin to sympathy, a clever scoundrel who steals millions, while our poor brother who steals a loaf of bread to feed his starving family is an object of contempt and reproach. "A thief passes for a gentleman when stealing has made him rich." Is it just to call a man who steals a few thousand dollars a crook, and honor the one who engineers the stealing of a half or million dollars as a financier? We should teach the rising generation the fact that the present-economic system is an immoral, unjust system, and is contrary to the Kingdom of God here on the earth. These wickedly accumulated, powerful and gigantic fortunes in the controlling hands of a few of our political money-kings, the few big corporations, the interlocking bank, trust, and graft directors, who control Congress, who bribe senators with valuable gifts in order to secure favored legislation in their selfish interest,—have become a system by which the poor are made poorer, and the rich richer.

The brotherhood of mankind is capitalized and sold. We are a commercialized people. The population of the United States is 100,000,000. Income tax-payers out of this population number about 357,515. The wealth of

our country is concentrated in the hands of 357,515 people out of 100,000,000.

In the analysis of Leslie H. Lawton of Nebraska:

"The war against autocracy has been won. The German Kaiser has been dethroned. However, the problem which confronts our leaders at this time, is still a vast and great one. The thousands of lives sacrificed, the billions of dollars spent, will have been in vain if all autocracy is not eliminated and democracy established. Would it not be wise for Congress to look into and consider the great problem of making democracy safe at home, and see that our Money-Kaisers and their allies do not further enslave the American people? The power of the money-changer must be curtailed if democracy is to succeed and our country endure. Good government demands a repeal of the national bank act, thereby recovering for the government the power to coin money and regulate its value. The money changers should be allowed, of course, a reasonable period of time (five or ten years) in which to collect their loans.

Banks are nothing more or less than United States mints. They have coined, created, issued and put into circulation over \$20,000,000,000 in currency. They do it thru the bank machinery by transforming their loans into credit (called deposit currency), and the people issue orders called checks against the deposit currency, which transfers it from one person to another on the bank books.

It has the same effect on commerce as legal money, and does nine-tenths of the business. It is the circulating medium of exchange of this government. This power to coin money is the governmental power that Congress has donated to the banks. It has enthroned them as despots at the expense of the people. The banks draw interest on it, say who can have it, and who cannot have it. The bankers are the money trust. They are the masters and the people are their servants.

Congress created legal money that does one-tenth of the business of the country. They then turned the constitutional power of the United States government to coin money and regulate the value thereof over to the banks. They regulate the value by contracting or expanding bank loans, which are then transformed into deposit currency or money. They can make a 50-cent dollar on a 100-cent

plate by expanding their loans. They can make a 200-cent dollar on a 100-cent plate by contracting their loans. The debt-paying power of a dollar is always 100 cents and the purchasing power or value of the dollar changes according to the number of dollars in circulation, and the banks are exercising that power and the function of government because Congress turned it over to them. So the purchasing power and value of the dollar is fixed by the banks and not by the government, as the constitution provides.

We are having high cost of living because the banks have expanded their loans to carry on the European war. This has inflated our currency until we have a cheap dollar thus greatly increasing the price of all war commodities and giving us a large war debt, in the form of bond issues. The war is over and when inflation ceases, the burden of the people to pay will increase daily as the value of the dollar returns to normal. All this we have done in the name of Humanity and in order to establish Democracy in the German Empire, but we are making billionaires and despots of the bankers.

The banks, by exercising the power and functions of government, by coining and manipulating the dollar, have been able to absorb the surplus wealth of this country; and the large banks of New York City and Boston, by controlling bank reserves, own or control the money, oil, coal, iron, copper, packing houses, railroads, telegraph and telephone lines, and the great industries of this country. They do not know their wealth, but they realize that they are autocrats and largely control our government. Our banking and currency system is the most vicious, autocratic system that the brains of man have been able to invent for the purpose of deceiving and robbing the people of their rights, power, profit, liberty and democracy, and the result of this vicious, autocratic system, according to the Walch report, is that 2 per cent of the people own 60 per cent of the wealth, 33 per cent own 35 per cent, and 65 per cent own only 5 per cent of the wealth of this country.

I hope the people will demand that the President and Congress dethrone the money kaisers by repealing the national bank act, by taking over the railroads, telegraph and telephone lines and giving the present owners credit

for the same, then conscript the wealth of all persons over \$1,000,000 to pay the expense of this war. Congress has the same power to conscript property that it has to conscript the lives and liberty of the people.

Then we will uphold our integrity, honor, and the flag that stands for Truth, liberty, independence and the constitution of the United States. Congress has the right and the power to take property by taxation to provide for the common defense and general welfare of the United States. The money autocrats of this country are more dangerous to Democracy than any king or kaiser on earth."

When we make money our God, we are drifting back to pagan days. These big money powers have kept the world in ignorance and bondage. Whenever bloody wars happen they come thru the worship of money-idols.

We know the Constitution of America was founded on "EQUAL RIGHTS TO ALL, Special Privileges to None." Equal opportunity to all, the ideal Democracy—a brotherhood uniting all peoples. Our mad-maniacs after gold, the would-be philanthropists who have robbed the people and are trying to square themselves with God by giving back some of their stealing, having abused The Law and made such Black-Karmic conditions, shall perish, reaping a terrible harvest of the lies they have sown. We can neither buy a ticket into heaven, nor evade hell thru money. Money cannot buy Peace of mind or salvation, only thru the unselfish and consecrated desire for Truth, and by giving universal service to All-Life can we find Inward-Peace. Money is a mighty power for good or evil. Gold is the symbol of Spiritual-Power, the polar opposite of God. Money is the life-blood of the country and the motive-power of government. Whoever controls same controls the life and liberty of the people. Big money is a dangerous thing to possess. Money is only loaned to us in trust for the use of soul-culture, or the Divine-Self—Universal-Good. The Divine-Self should never be neglected or lost sight of. It is the consciousness of the Supreme—the One thing of 'self-importance'—the greatest self-achievement in the life of the

greatest service. If we have made money and have used it to enlarge the higher faculties of the soul—helping our brother to help himself, making the world better—it is then a blessing to be rich, spiritualizing the material, making it a universal service, instead of a curse. But to squander money for lower-self, for selfish-show, self-glory, is to contract a black-Karma which we shall have to pay off some day somewhere, with compound interest. Wealth should be revered as a mother giving suck to her child, not treated as a prostitute with whom to wanton and sin.

The ideal of power and justice is to give one's self to humanity, not to treat it as our oyster. True, every work is mixed with evil and good. There can be no good work that has not a touch of evil in it; but, the dual-law is such that it brings "The greatest possible good to the greatest possible number." Every human problem of any importance involves the law in a greater or lesser degree.

Our most profound political philosopher, Thomas Jefferson, the Great Constructive Statesman, founded his entire system of philosophy upon the proposition that "all men are created equal; they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; and that human rights are superior to property rights." He did not urge that we ignore property rights, but that they should never be placed above the inalienable rights of man. These noble inspirations, these sacred teachings which he distinctly enumerated are three in number—the right to live, the right to liberty and the right to the pursuit of happiness; as are given us in the Declaration of Independence. President Wilson hopes and declares in his policies—"that the individualistic democracy of Thomas Jefferson may not be destroyed."

Christ unquestionably condemned the system of private property; the law of the unjust, unearned, suicidal riches; the one-rich man making poor the many, the criminal and ruinous seizure by the non-earner of the un-earned increased production of labor. The present-age organized industry generates hell in the spirit and breathing-life of the few,—the controlling class of rich men, who would

sell the very eye-brows from the faces of the poor, who would even sell our unborn-babes! There isn't a minute in the twenty-four hours that a brother is not 'figuring' another brother out of everything he's got. Where does our brotherly-Love come in?

The Face is the Reflection of the Soul, but it is masked with the dollar. Study the face of a child before it knows the value of a dollar. Compare it with the face of the money-mad man, the painful-face of the society-woman who is striving to reach the top-round of the social-ladder. "How quickly Nature falls to revolt, when gold becomes her object."

To particularize further, observe the clerks; the factory, sweat-shop, child-labor faces, faces with fine lines, with pain-shadows written all over them; the enslaved tension of the facial-skin. The general appearance is over-work and lowered vitality, nervous worry, fear of losing their positions. All are haunted with the fear-thots of the middle-man standing over them every minute as their slave-drivers; above him the bigger fellow; above him the "USURER," who has a fixed lock upon his lips, and has made of his face a mask. The very sight is sickening to the class-conscious. Watch these throbbing souls beneath their mighty burden. Watch them noon, night or morning, streaming in a mad rush; from our colossal sky-scrapers, from our sweat-shops and factories like dumb driven cattle in the commercial slaughter-house. Their faces seamed with agony, bearing the marks of enslaved existence; nothing to live for; nothing to hope for; their aspirations dead; nothing to quicken their ambitions, to give facial joy or intelligence; only enslaved human machinery in the great artificial-structure which upholds the cursed industrial-world. They appear as in a state of trance in which their souls seem to have passed out of the body, into the "Labor Trance" as Jack London named it. They never had a chance, never expect a chance, only this,—to be relieved from slavery when death shall lay them beneath the earth, enshrouded

with dead hopes. In the words of a Slave-Mother: "The grave-yard always stands the friend of the poor." These are the poisonous-vibrations in which the sin-sick multitude breathe, exist and die.

Vibration is the eternal and infinite activity, motion and expression of seen and unseen-forces filling the boundless spaces with gases, fluids, solids and ether of thot, action and re-action. These struggling vibrations pass thru us in all directions, tho most of us are unconscious of them, but nevertheless are affected by their action.

The face registers the thots and emotions of the mind and bears the shocks of scenes, climate and atmosphere. Hear the cries, the piteous wails of the innocent and suffering; the petitions of the enslaved and starving; the shrieks of demons in human bodies. Observe the rich man gloating over his power to grind the dollars out of the slaving poor; the poor despising him for his greediness; the sensuous living for the flesh; the suffering and honest souls trying to hold their places and not be forced into these whirl-pools. These are the conditions which live and vibrate in these lower-currents—what we see, hear and feel as we walk thru these slave-shops. "The rich devour the poor, the devil devours the rich, and so both are devoured."

Our vibrations stamp everything we do, everything we make. Each one of us has his rates of vibration. Those who live most, love most, are those who create a high, pure vibration. Every pure desire raises a high vibration. The most difficult thing for people to understand in this complex-age is the universal thot-current of enslaved vibrations, in which we breathe, move and have our being. Every mouthful of food we eat, every garment we touch and wear from our underwear up to our top garments,—our gloves, buttons, pins, tooth brushes, ribbons, doll's clothes, neckties, furs, orange blossoms, and laces, both hand and machine-made, the one hundred and one things in our daily requirements, and Diantha's baby-clothes, too, —all are enveloped in the poisonous vibrations of their enslaved producers.

The soul-vibrations of the farmer, the tiller, the miller, the baker, the manufacturer are affected by the economic system. The cotton, meat and all products we get, eat and wear; the steel and stone from which our sky-scrapers, railroads and bridges are builded; the zinc, tin, silver, copper and gold from which even our teeth are filled, which must be produced, mined or quarried by our laboring men before they can be converted into use;—all these are affected and carry the enslaved-vibrations—the vibrations of the consciousness put into them.

All of us have a personal aura around us; the quality of our aura is colored by the quality of our thots. If we have enslaved thots, whatever we touch or come near is affected by our aura—its influence is left on it. Until we go deeper into the laws of Nature—the unseen-forces, can we hope to find peace? Soul-culture eventually produces pure aura and inspiration.

Tallyrand says: "Words are given us to conceal our thots." Yes, our words may speak lies, our ink and paper may record lies, we may be a living lie before the world, but the soul of man speaks the Truth. Whatever we produce while under the unjust social-system, that product will bear its enslaved vibrations, for it bears the sign, seal and stamp of the oppressed; the struggle of the producer who was and is robbed of his birthright while in enslavement; for whatever is in our mind and body stamps its influence upon whatever kind of work we are doing.

Look at the poor in our ill-ventilated and fever-producing factories, toiling away on garments that are to be worn alike by the masses, the working-class and the non-producers—the Idle Rich. When Will Women Learn that such garments, all these products, are steeped and impregnated with the sick-thots and diseased-vibrations of the unfortunate but deserving toilers, who slave away their lives while producing them. Many of our Garment-Makers, of all grades of clothing, are slowly dying of tuberculosis. It is recorded that three out of five of these slaves who make our clothes are hastened into death

by the White Plague. These garments transmit their diseased vibrations, carrying infection from the epidemics that lie hidden in these Conscienceless, Profiteering, Human Hell-Holes.

Our food, our clothes, our All, should be prepared in Love, by Love, for all these things take on the thot-vibrations of those who prepare them. Every bit of food we take is blessed or cursed according to the thot-vibrations of the ones who prepared it, from the farmer, who grew the wheat, up to the miller, to the baker, and the maid who places it on the table.

In the congested quarters of our cities, we sometimes see a baker that is stricken with pulmonary consumption, toiling away in a dark, poorly ventilated, hot basement, kneading the dough. It matters not if the sweat of his face gets mixed in the dough; for aught the public knows, he may knead it with his feet, thus getting a bigger and quicker pressure. We know that many evil conditions exist among the workers in our bake-shops, and our bread is made under these terrible vibrations. After all this sacrilege of the "Bread of Life," when the bread is baked it is served to the public by a helper dressed in white. No matter what his sick thots are, just so his cap and coat are snow-white; nor if he never took an outside bath,—an inside bath. It is put on a white tray, covered with a pure white linen cloth and sold as Home-Made Bread. Again in Prune-Packing, many of the prune-packers spit tobacco-juice on the prunes. These disgusting habits are a result of the enslaved thots, caused by the unjust economic system. How many of our chefs bathe every day and regularly change their clothes, either in our homes, restaurants or cafes? Few of them ever think of washing their hands before they begin the handling or preparing of food. Learn some of the things our chefs do in our big hotels to the food they prepare for our rich-folk. Why? So we should learn to know by whom and in what spirit our food is prepared. For as are the thot-vibrations of our cooks so are the effects produced on us by their prepared food. Until women, as Home-keepers, as wives, mothers, and daughters, grow unto Universal

Love—the impersonal-love for ALL-Life;—until women hold these love-vibrations and give them out in our Homes to our co-workers, co-helpers,—mis-called “servants,”—we can never escape the poisonous vibrations we get in our food-stuffs prepared by them, and consumed by our loved-ones. To dine as their guests with people whom we know to be selfish and worldly, is dangerous. “Pheasants are fools if they invite the hawk to dine.” If we seek to keep our thots pure, holding these love-vibrations over All-Life, we will, in time, become Pure in Heart. There should be no such thing as a “servant.” Servant? The word is injurious, continually vibrating poison. There is only One Servant and that is the Servant of the Universal or Supreme Ruler—thru self to the human race. Rightly understood, the highest privilege of life is service. Christ called Himself the servant of humanity.

“Like Mother Used To Make.”

Why?

Because, it was prepared in and flavored with Mother-Love, filled with love-vibrations from mother’s dear hands, she holding the mental-image of each child and member of the family in loving-thot before and during the preparing of the meal. Can we expect a healthy, good, pure and happy people when they eat the poisonous vibrations in bread and butter, eggs, cheese, meat and all food-stuff; when they wear clothes prepared by those who feel they are enslaved? Our Homes, our furniture, our draperies, carpets, our automobiles—everything is sensitized, charged with the vibrations of the diseased thots and mental conditions of the slaves who made them, and the thot-vibrations of health and disease, love and hate of the Home-Dwellers. So fully is this law understood by the Oriental that he leaves his shoes outside of the house and washes his feet before he enters.

Every time a Woman Refuses to invest in, wear or use Child-Labor or Sweat-Shop Products, she is setting free some slave. The more slaves we free, the more Liberty

we have. Most of the useless luxury of life is desired and kept up by woman. "Count up all the factories. An immense part of them produce useless ornaments, vehicles, furniture and trifles, for woman. Millions of people, generations of toilers perish, working like galley-slaves in the factories only to satisfy woman's caprice. Women, like queens, hold nine-tenths of the human race in slavery and hard-labor. All because women have been degraded and deprived of their equal right," said Tolstoy.

Observe the long, steady, downward and extravagant course which has weakened the self-respect, fearless sincerity and sturdy manhood and womanhood of our one-time plain people of America. Some have said that this decline has climaxed in a political and religious-depravity that has shaken the spiritual-foundations of all former and older nations. Whenever a nation ceases to teach Social Justice—the Universal-Brotherhood of mankind—holding the masses in bondage, decay begins for that people.

This unjust, unneighborly age! This cold, scientific age, so bigoted, so 'clever!' We refuse to learn The Law of Self-Government. Oh, that we could but grow Industrial-Justice, Economic-Justice—in the Material Things by which We Get Our Bread and Butter, just an equal opportunity, not social equality, or inequality. No "dividing up" or giving away! The fellow who coined the "dividing up" phrase, was possibly trying to hypnotise the unthinking class, for an invisible purpose. Words are dual instruments, often used to side-track the unthinking.

Not so-called Charity, but Justice, is the world's need: Social Economic Justice in bread-getting; Justice in land-using; Social-Justice in the every-day struggle to live; Justice to each other, that every human-being may have the same rights, the rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. The profits of the earth belong to the universal whole. "I believe this government cannot endure permanently half-slave, half-free," said Lincoln.

Industrial justice will unfold Real Charity, which eso-

terically means Divine-Love, that "universal charity among all of our species, without distinction." Opportunity and money are not a free-drinking-fountain where one can go and quench his thirst, but like any other harvest, are the results of labor and seeds sown. "Wealth is the product of society, and must be devoted to the interests of the social whole."

What the unjust organized system gives the working-man in starvation wage,—for such men as are fortunate enough to have jobs, are under-paid,—the system schemes to get back again in a hundred misleading ways, but all with one aim, to keep the living wage down. As one has long ago said: The more the working class produce, the poorer they get. The men who produce too many shoes, must go barefooted. The men who produce too much food, go hungry. Our country raises too much wheat, our children go hungry. Land, natural resources and machinery are owned by the few.

"The greatest problem," says Roger Payne, the Hobo philosopher, "which awaits solution today is, Why do the majority of mankind have to spend all their time in the struggle for food, clothing and shelter? Thus living in a hopeless grinding slavery to the mere cost of existence. In modern times the introduction of machinery has tremendously increased the productivity of human labor—conservatively estimated as tenfold. Logically this increased power of production ought to have materially shortened the hours of human labor. A study of economics shows that as long as the land, mines, mills and factories, to which all must have access in order to produce the necessities of life, are allowed to be the subject of private ownership, the benefits of increased productivity must in the main go to the owners, whilst the workers will receive as wages only enough to enable them to live and reproduce their kind—the Iron Law of Wages."

Henry George expresses the ideal as:

"A Republic of Manhood: Not a republic of Landlords and Peasants, nor of millionaires and tramps; not a republic in which some are masters and some serve. But a republic of equal citizens, where competition becomes

co-operation, and the inter-dependence of all gives true independence to each; where moral progress goes hand in hand with intellectual progress and material progress elevates and enfranchises even the poorest and weakest and lowest."

"Idle Land and Idle Men: Paupers and Billionaires."
Somewhere—there is something wrong.

Helping one to help himself, giving him a chance to work, to be allowed to develop the best in himself, to become self-reliant, is the brotherly act. In the words of Henry Ford: "The very best Charity we know anything about is to help a man to the place where he will never need Charity." In the words of Swedenborg: "The church would be One if all had Charity." Self-reliance and self-respect are essential to co-operation and they are never to be attained without work.

It is a crime to have more than we can use, when men, women and children are suffering, in need and in Ignorance. The once-respected, feared, and loved-rich-man, has come and gone. He is now 'hated' and rejected by his fellow-man. He is the only monopolistic-extortionist in All Nature. He is man's worst enemy, saying to the masses: "The more you need and the more you buy, the higher my price will go. Give me all you can and I will take all you have." He is not at Peace with himself or his own; it is not safe for him to walk out in God's fresh air and sunshine, to play golf or go unattended to church, without a body-guard. He is even suspicious of this body-guard—living the life of a hunted-hare, in constant fear.

To give a man a dollar is to weaken his manhood and to show indifference to the welfare of humanity. Money is not a Real-Gift to humanity. Money is a dangerous gift to make, save in cases of suffering and absolute need. It is said, after the Boer War tens of thousands of British soldiers marched hungry thru English cities demanding work and bread and cried: "Damn your Charity! Give us Justice!"

The Real Man is ashamed to have the burden of un-earned money. The time will soon be here when it will be a disgrace for a man to accumulate and hoard worldly-possessions, to 'die' rich. Bacon said: "Money like manure is of very little use, unless it be spread." The wise man respects God's laws. He hoards no treasure here "where moth and rust doth corrupt." The least worthy aspect of all Real Charity is almsgiving, for "Tho I speak with the tongues of men and angels, and have not Charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

And tho I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and tho I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not Charity, I am nothing. And tho I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and tho I give my body to be burned, and have not Charity," which is Divine- or Universal-Love, it profiteth me nothing.

TRUE CHARITY

"I gave a beggar from my little store
Of well earned gold. He spent the shining ore
And came again, and yet again, still cold
And hungry, as before.

I gave a thought, and through that thought of mine
He found himself the man, supreme, divine!
Fed, clothed, and crowned with blessings manifold,
And now he begs no more."

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

The time is fast coming when we will one and all have to face these economic conditions. We—everyone of us, poor and rich, low and high, saint and sinner,—live in an atmosphere of injustice, vice, crime and want. We are all of us better than the system under which we live. From First-Principle all mankind is good. All evils or wrongs committed by any human-being are the result of Ignorance. The Real-Man is never wicked willingly. Who of us would take the Hoe away from our brother and say: "No, you cannot have this hoe to make your living." "Or what man is there of you whom, if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone?"

Poverty and misery are not necessary in the evolution

of the race. "Mere philanthropy narrows a man; mere reception of Charity demeans, belittles, pauperizes, and makes the recipient ashamed in the face of his benefactor. No man wants to be a dog, living on fragments from the rich man's table; even tho they are carvings from the haunch and given with heartiest good will. . . . The philanthropist must reach out in brotherly love, otherwise his meat will choke in my throat and corrupt in my stomach; and my Manhood will Starve, while my poor body is being fed."

THE MAN WITH THE HOE

"Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land;
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;
To feel the passion of Eternity?
Is this the Dream He dreamed who shaped the suns
And marked their ways upon the ancient deep?
Down all the stretch of Hell to its last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this—
More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed—
More filled with signs and portents for the soul—
More fraught with menace to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!
Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?
Through this dread shape the suffering ages look;
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;
Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,
Plundered, profaned and disinherited,
Cries protest to the Judges of the World,
A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handiwork you give to God,
This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quenched?
How will you ever straighten up this shape;
Touch it again with Immortality;
Give back the upward looking and the light;
Rebuild in it the music and the dream;
Make right the immemorial infamies,
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
How will the Future reckon with this Man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
With those who shaped him to the thing he is—
When this dumb Terror shall reply to God,
After the silence of the centuries?"

Edwin Markham.

Ex-Congressman George Curry, formulated his philosophy of life as follows: "What the world needs most is Justice. The higher a people go upward in civilization, the less respect they seem to have for law. Hypocrites are to be found everywhere but they are really more numerous in highly civilized countries than elsewhere. Man in his primal state goes straight at most things. The lust for money is the cause of most law-breaking in the United States and law-breaking can become a National-Habit. The way to get along with people is to be Just, it is the foundation of human society. Even a dog knows when he is badly used." No human being is so degraded as not to possess an innate sense of justice. The humble and enslaved feel it more keenly than the rich, because of their crushed spirits. Human-happiness means Economic-Justice, equality of opportunity, the practice of Universal-Brotherhood—the application of Divine-Ethics as taught by Christ.

In actual life, here and Now, Justice is a Stronger word than Eternity. No department of Divine-Love is greater than Justice, but man-made laws and justice too often fail to clasp hands. "Justice is a Universal human-

debt, a Universal Human-Claim." We talk of Peace; how can we have peace without Economic-Justice? "The souls of Emperors and cobblers are cast in the same mold—the same reason that makes us wrangle with a neighbor causes a war betwixt Princes." Doesn't it seem that Christ, that Lincoln, were full of gentle sympathy, of economic justice and gave their faculties and life to teach and help the unfortunate?

Economy! ashamed of Economy? Is there a more beautiful lesson in all Nature than her Economy? Nature wastes nothing; she wants nothing; she knows no poverty. It is her Divine-Economy to re-construct the new out of the old, the secret of her transmutation. If we were not blind, we would strive to learn and live her laws, perfecting self—the human family. "Just as Economics lies behind politics, so behind economics lie the characters of the citizens, the power and ability of the men and of the women. You cannot build a happy nation out of ignorant and poverty-stricken men and women. You cannot make a happy state out of men and women who are uneducated and do not understand, because untrained, the conditions amid which they live. Nobility of character, readiness to co-operate, lives led with thot for others—these are necessary conditions of happiness and prosperity, no matter what economic-conditions you may have, remembering that character lies behind economics, and that unless you build your characters, unless you make your bricks, you can no more build a nation without citizens of character, than you can build a house without brick."

"Yes, but why elaborate on these problems? What do these dark-pictures have to do with having babies?" BABIES! The most serious economic question in the world, and the least and last considered. There is not a thot or subject under the Sun but what is invisibly rooted and connected with having babies, BABIES,—BABIES.

In the language of J. Stitt Wilson:

"Economics means not to spill the sugar or peel so many potatoes we can't eat them all in one meal; hang up your clothes, wash your feet, groom your body as you would groom your horse. Economics means a thrifty

Home-keeper, who takes care of and utilizes every crumb; just so with our country—the World. There is not a pin or needle, salt, matches, cheese, crackers, cooking-stove, bed or piano, literature, art or politics; every bite of food we eat, every stitch of clothing we wear; every brick, or board, or stone that shelters us in our Home, School and Church; and the labor that laid them; the altar-rail, the pulpit, the printed and bound Bible, the robe of the Priest, the bread and wine of the sacrament—but every fragment of it is an economic-product, coming out of the present industrial system of Bread-Getting.

Every tool, vehicle, convenience, or equipment we have ever used from our first-spoon to the modern express train or telephone—every physical necessity and comfort and satisfaction of life has been an economic-product of the labor of some human-being, made or brought out of the physical earth.

The pen in my hand, the ink that flows from it, the paper on which I write, the table on which it lies, the chair on which I am seated, the roof over our head, the floor under our feet; the food that is growing in the fields, our dinner that is being cooked in the kitchen, and all the labor it takes to make it ready, each and All Hold Us enchained absolutely in the economic-relations with the life and labor of the whole toiling multitude of the earth.

Whether we desire to get an Education, master an Art, Marry, make a Home, bring a Baby into the world, or unfold any of the desire elementary composites of man's and woman's nature, all are rooted in our physical existence—the Economic-System.

We must First have the just necessities of Food, Clothing and Shelter in order to live, move and express ourselves in our three-fold nature, our physical, mental and spiritual. If God may dwell in the heart of man in human-life on this earth, then that heart must bear that presence thru a world of economics. In short, there is no religion, Divine-Ethics, or Holy-living in this world, apart from Economic-Justice.

Every play-toy and convenience from Baby's cradle and rattle up to the automobile and aeroplane, every crumb and fragment of life is rooted and locked up in the Economic-System.

Should death summon me to my last resting place, some obscure hand would dig my grave, and a hand I have never seen would have polished the casket and stitched the shroud, thus, completing the earth-circle from the cradle to the grave; inter-twisting you and me in an unescapable bondage in our earth-stay here. Not a single question locked up in the human-heart or consciousness but what it is locked in Economics. Everything Small and Great We Want and Want To Do, is locked up in the Economic Social-System. "

Economics is the science which treats of production, distribution and use of everything in life, the management of the human-body, the Home or family, and of the state, in fact the World-Government of all material and Spiritual-Wealth. Science is accurate organized knowledge, systemized and reduced to an orderly and logical arrangement, as "Democracy is the Fulfillment of the Law and the Prophets, the rule of righteousness upon earth. "

Economy is a Virtue.

Stinginess, covetousness, and parsimoniousness are Vices,—Crimes.

If it is the Almighty Dollar in which man trusts, and economically, men are slaves, then let us eliminate the mottos from our coins—"In God We Trust;" "Liberty"—oh, what a blasphemy! But, if our trust is sincerely in God, then it is plain to be seen the American-man has unconsciously recognized the "Liberty" and Equality Of Woman—the Universal Mother-Principle, placing it above all other things dear to him and the nation. For do not all our American gold and silver moneys bear the perfect image and likeness of American-Woman, as unconsciously conceived by the American peoples. Thus, Man's inner or Spiritual-nature being Woman, he has unconsciously placed upon his Earthly God—Money—a Woman's Image, the picture of 'his' Spiritual God—Woman, a symbol of the nation's bride—Miss Columbia.

Yet, men are asking themselves—"What's the matter with women, now-a-days, anyway? What's the matter with my wife, she's not satisfied with anything. The more I give her, the more she wants. I've given her everything money can buy and yet she's not satisfied." Bless his wandering-soul, man thinks that happiness and contentment come from worldly-possession, from his Money-God, from the material things which are dear to woman's heart—city homes and country lodges, servants, limousines, chauffeurs, travel and unlimited accounts for clothes and luxuries. He knows nothing of the finer-forces and possessions of the soul of woman, having "riches without understanding, a body without a soul."

Each man has his own idea of the ideal life. The true wisdom has not yet been solved so as to be universally accepted—the One Mind in Life's Arithmetic, as the one mind in solving problems in mathematics. With the money-mad man it means ownership of houses, lands, bonds and stocks, with the dollar-mark in every cell of his brain. A real good healthy laugh in his office or even in his 'home' would crack his masked-face and put him in bed for a week. He is asleep to life and beauty, sleeping the sleep of delusion. His Higher-Self is drugged by worldly-gains; he is looking thru a telescope and sees nothing but the dollar-mark. Is it any wonder our American-woman runs away to Europe to find an interesting, charming man, one who knows other than the mad dollar? The eating, drinking, scheming, crafty moneyed-man, the one who has nothing to recommend him but a mad mania to hoard dollars, whose mind is as barren of anything beautiful as is the hot sand of the desert, void of the art of living and enjoying,—a dead soul;—such an animal is only a gorilla that walks like a man. Still he says: "I wonder what is the matter with my wife—the more I give her, the more she is dissatisfied."

A cynical bachelor, rich and lonely, lounging in his club, smoking his thots away, said a few days ago: "It's easy to win a woman's heart, all you have to do is to give her all the money she wants." Eh! Wonder how much more an old bachelor knows about a woman's heart than

the married man? Do tell. As a rule, the bachelor is the most conceited—unless he is one of those rare personalities, self-wise—most dejected, self-centered, deluded and stupid of men, in judging the filtered qualities of woman's soul. He is worse than dried-out-putty: A bunch of set habits, growing more and more crochety, just a bit dyspeptic, discontentedly restless, and "sot in his ways," cunningly hunting a negative-woman to humor his selfishness. A man without his mate is but one-half a man—an unnatural state—worse than a rimless hat. Can the half express the whole? He may be partly cheerful in his singleness, but never wholly poised. His Higher-self is never called into expression, he can never attain his best in any function of life, losing many of the wonderful lessons of this incarnation—chief of which is that equilibrium so necessary to wisdom. "The name of man no man can claim who has no wife to share that name." "Love is but the soul's desire for a portion of itself which it has lost, and without which its joy is incomplete." Man, woman, is each only one-half, a ball cut in two; we can never roll without our other half. Still the husband wonders, "What is the matter with my wife."

Two things Money Cannot Buy—Wisdom and Woman's Soul. Wisdom is the greatest blessing in Life. Not a few rich men would give all they have for wisdom. Not a Few Men would give All they have For a Woman's Soul. The moneyed-man, the average man, has the perverted idea that money can get the woman he wants, a woman bedecked and bejewelled by his side, dressed up like a peacock, to strut her about as part of his business-assets—to advertise his prosperity, to own and possess her as his personal-property, to be under his eternal subjection, as his sex-slave. This is his display of his worship-lust. True, he may buy and possess her body under "our hellish man-made laws." No, he can't even buy it,

he rents it for the time being, for he never knows what moment he is liable to be a dispossessed tenant.

Woman's soul, money can never buy. It ever floats adrift seeking its own. How long will it be before men learn: "Who wins a woman's body loses; who wins her soul, wins All! A strange, but mighty rule of Love!" When will man learn not to intrude his personality upon woman uninvited. Whenever he does, he is injected with poison, becoming demagnetized,—for woman in her lower-nature is the most poisonous thing God ever made. "For the female of the species is more deadly than the male."

Woman starves for soul-affection—for her other half; unmated,—like a bird with only one wing. Man offers woman a pair of silk stockings, a bunch of violets, a wine-dinner, thinking he is her Sun-God. What man cannot inspire in woman, he demands. Men are tyrants in their unrestrained lust—moral imbeciles. Can you not see why Spiritual-woman rebels against physical-motherhood? As a sister-soul says: "A pink-tea in hell, is preferable to such motherhood." The real-man, yes, the Real-man, begins to love where the average man stops. "Love, so long as tinctured by a thot of self, can not be absolutely pure. Pure-Love is Universal and includes all things, forgetting self. What dost thou love? My soul or body?" Man has a mistaken idea of the great and sublime love-act of the animal and mental-economy. The double standard of morals gives man a lustful-license in sex-experiences, and when he comes to the Holy-relations of the marriage-bed, he is neither an adept nor a child-pupil.

In this age, man-woman is enslaved to the creeds of lustful-generation. We do not think as do the angels and animals whilst cohabiting. From this sexual-degeneracy weak-spawn enters the evil womb, producing degenerates, resulting in malformations of the race, untold misery, inverted-religions, vileness and soul-filth.

Nature intended the mating-congress for the perpetuation and perfection of the race, an element refining the whole body. The life-giving elements of the male-female

principle—these sublime God-given forces of Spiritual-Strength—build and re-build the whole body. These vrillic fire-fluids, these exquisite elements, transcend all other Divine-forces that the human-organism is capable of unfolding and enjoying—being the most delicious of all the senses, Nature's sublimest gift—"The illumination," known to the ancients as the "Fire-Mist," "The Philosopher's Stone." A knowledge of these laws enabled Daniel and the three brothers to withstand the fiery furnace.

A clever woman has said: "The art of love is in the art of preparation." Woman is the greater-power in life's creative art. When these ethereal fire-fluids, under Divine-revelation, flow thru woman's loving soul purely and freely there are no celestial heights to which her soul may not carry her mate. She is filled and re-filled with dreams and Holy-visions, re-impregnating her mate's mind with these mighty vrillic-powers; with the very joys that build the world anew, he going forth and giving into external manifestations her Inward-Visions.

Woman is the most exquisitely-sensitive instrument in the hands of her mate. When this soul communion is entered into from a celestial state,—lying in each other's arms with infinite contentment and delight—the beating of warm hearts against each other thru the fine sweet hours,—soul communes with soul in fondness undisturbed. When woman polarizes her mind on these Infinite-Powers—receiving the inner-fire from her mate—she becomes the telepathic, the mystical-instrument, the Conscious-Organic-Creator thru which she transmutes these vrillic-powers into mental- and Spiritual-forces, using them for the evolution of the impersonal and terrestrial conditions—the Menstruum Universale. Woman is the Heaven-sent Instrument thru which the mighty powers of the universe come to man. Then how dare a man intrude his gross sensuality and be so "blindly foolish as to attend the funeral of his own joy."

Woman naturally attracts man's admiration, he being ever hungry in his denseness for further expression and understanding of her presence, but,—until he learns to

transmute his savage nature, until he learns to court and woo her Soul—which is She,—her unlimited-creative force remains hidden in the flesh and cannot express its starved Self.

Woman's passion lies deep, in a sub-conscious state. Locked in her soul, are the life-secrets of her powers, holding within herself the destiny of Man.

Under the Man-Rule Age, Woman is driven to use the best money-catch she can get in her matrimonial-net, for her 'meal-ticket and pocket-book,'—for her luxurious alimony. Indifferently she leans back against her marriage or burial-certificate—legalizer of her adultery,—secretly thinking in the silent chambers of her soul—"Is this marriage? The world calls it so, I call it—what Sherman called war."

Men make a mistake when they imagine that when the bodies of their wives are clothed and sheltered, and their stomachs fed, they have done their whole-duty, and that this is the All of Married Life. Little do they seem to know that affection, heart and soul need nourishment quite as much as the physical, in fact more so if companionship is to endure with time.

Man is ignorant of the Divine-plan, when he forces a woman unto his breast knowing that her very inward-soul calls out for its Real-Mate. Think of this constant subjection! Her every hour, both asleep and awake, must be dying and waking to new-deaths.

O, Lord! have mercy upon us miserable sinners!

O, Cursed Ignorance, that tolerates the damnable economic-system that drives womanhood to public-barter; that first bedecks her with orange blossoms, and cries—"Here Wolf, take thy Lamb!" The system that becomes the Turn-Key of Ownership—wedlock, falsely called "Marriage in Heaven," by our 'divines,'—prostituting the marriage-bed,—producing loveless-children. What crimes against God and humanity.

O, Lord! have mercy upon us miserable sinners!

Open our eyes to this Age Of Ignorance, that holds

woman enslaved! Free her imprisoned soul and teach mankind that marriage is the sacrament of the soul, the deathless union of two harmonious minds, the counterpart of two souls in One, whose lives shall make their Home a paradise here on earth.

Woman's Soul, Money Can Never Buy, it ever floats adrift seeking its own.

" Judges and Senators have been bought for gold:
Love and esteem have never been sold. "

Pre-natal influences of the mother on her loveless child are endlessly sad. If a mother love herself better than her husband, she marks the child after her physical-self. If she loves her husband better than herself, she marks the child after its father. The mother is the shaping-destiny of the physical-expression, of the physical-appearance, as well as the mental and moral pre-determiner of the child. How often, O how often is a woman forced to contract with, or marry a man,—as the world calls it—for external-reasons—marry him only because he has big-money, because it is natural to want some of the comforts and nice things of life. Perhaps she is incapable of self-support. Perhaps she would like to make an invalid mother comfortable. Perhaps other heart-aches and encumbrances drive her into 'matrimony.' She loves George Smith around the corner, who really is her soul's individual selection, but, George is on a starvation-wage. What is she to do? She hates the man called husband, hates his very caress, his touch is quick-poison to her. With all his money and attention, she even hates the thot of his home-coming, the sound of his footsteps, the very sight of his stick-pin when he enters the front door of an evening. The man-rule age forces her to unite with this moneyed-man. She does so. What happens? She is not only prostituting the man who passes for her husband, but her own body—the Supreme Temple of the

Living-God. This is not all that happens. Listen! When these two contracting parties enter into the Holy of Holies—the sexual-embrace, they are both prostituting the Sacred-Rite. Woman being the pre-determiner of her child, and when in love with a man other than her so-called husband, while in the sexual-embrace with her husband, naturally craves and longs for her love—George Smith,—wishing it was George who was to be the father of her child. She has this constant longing and craving for her Real-mate. The mental-impression, his image which she holds, ever floats around her, until she is completely immersed in his ever-presence. With this strongest thot overpowering her at the psychological-moment, she pre-natally marks the unborn-infant's soul, the very image of George—a mirror-reproduction of her real-lover. The physical-seed is that of the man to whom she is contracted in man-enacted marriage, the physical-father, but, the Spiritual-seed is George's, her lover's. She travels with this longing, love-sorrowing thot with child for nine months. The child is born and grows into developed features, looking like her lover, George—an exact copy, because the Spiritual Laws are Supreme and of stronger force than the physical, controlling the body, spirit and soul. Now what happens? The neighbors get busy. Madam Rumor, who has a thousand tongues, and every tongue is a liar, not knowing these psychological-laws—these fixed and eternal-laws of Nature,—begins, in her dense ignorance, to start gossiping, declaring the child an illegitimate; creating a scandal about her sister-soul, who has been forced under the man-rule age to contract with a man she does not naturally choose or love. There are no illegitimate children. Children are the result of natural sex-forces, and their kind depends upon the use or abuse of these forces. Thots are things. CANNOT WOMAN LEARN THESE ETERNAL LAWS? That the mental-side Is the Causative-Side; that it builds and expresses the physical effects; that man and woman must be physically, spiritually and psychically blended to produce Love Children. "Who marries for money will see his children a curse."

" Not by church or state
Can birth be made legitimate
Unless
Love in its fullness bless."

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Sex is a mental-condition. When a man fails to have undivided intercourse psychically and spiritually with his wife, as well as physically, he is prostituting himself and is unworthy of her soul's union, and should not object if she accepts from another—her kindred-mate—what he cannot inspire in her. Who should blame her? "Society?" Who is "society?" Never does God blame her. When two human beings are drawn together in the high and Holy-Embrace under the law of Nature, with perfect adaptability and have made a pledge to each other in the sacred-embrace, Nature has never failed to keep the pledge. Infinite Wisdom makes no miscarriages. Infinite Wisdom produces no abortions. Christ said: "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in Heaven." When will man learn not to want Woman's body without her soul,—that woman under the Divine-plan must be set free to choose her natural-mate, who may become the father of her child. Man in self-defense must emancipate woman before she can redeem and glorify him. Otherwise, he remains her worst enemy—a falsifier and seducer. The only thing worth having in a man's life is a woman's soul which Money Never Buys.

A WOMAN'S ANSWER

" You ask my hand today, and, bending near,
Your eyes meet mine; I hear your words that burn,
But with my hand goes all I hold most dear;
What have you, then, to offer, in return?

You say you love me. Men have loved before,
But not like you? Ah, you are not the first.
Shall it be 'Yes' or 'No?' I'll think it o'er,
For by that word our lives are blessed or cursed.

You offer bonds and titles, gold and lands,
Whisper of all they buy of friends and fame;
'Tis insult! Higher things my life demands
Before I share the honor of your name.

Say you my talk is idle—heart is chill;
Stop, stop, my friend, turn not so cold away,
Bear with me for a moment, if you will,
And briefly hear the words I have to say.

Like must wed like or life die out in pain;
By mutual growth our natures must expand.
I cannot choose the hill and you the plain,
We two must go together, hand in hand.

I cannot dwarf my mind, my soul aspires,
I could not stay and in the valley sing,
To yon far heights where glow celestial fires,
You, too, must soar and match me wing for wing.

This is my answer; read it plain and straight;
Offer no word of love, no mute caress;
If your soul claims me as its kindred mate,
Close to your heart I'll rapturous whisper: 'Yes!'

But if it does not, come not to my side;
But heed my words, my friend, and turn and go,
Lest touched my scorn and roused my womanhood,
There's but one answer to your question: 'NO!'

Harriet Mabel Spaulding.

Just now there is much psychological-expounding by both the thinking and unthinking mind of the Stupendous Drama of Marriage and Divorce, with its many horrible pictures of human-life.

What is marriage?

How did it begin?

Whence does it come?

Why is marriage a feature of human-life wherever life is found? Prevailing ideas concerning the exceedingly complex forms of so-called Human-Marriage, of Monogamy, Polygamy, Polyandry, Group-Marriage, Sex-Degeneracy and what not,—are all different local and selfish-forms of soul-filth and Spiritual-poverty rooted in Ignorance, out of which escape is seemingly hopeless in the present-stage of evolution. We are a long way from the Truth of sex-equilibrium, and we have still further to

travel before we reach our natural and Divine-Rights. Wonderful transformations are we destined to undergo. Rough, rugged roads of labor, capital, crime, must we traverse, laden with our burden of sex-ignorance, causing destruction that construction may come.

Of the many marriage-customs in the world, each has its special idea of sex-relationship. Of the endless reasons that prompt marriage, the greater number are unfortunately for external-reasons, as founded on the present-day economic-conditions. Man and woman being drawn together purely from the sex-sensational nature,—generally an electro-magnetism,—when physically separated, are exposed to the attraction of other persons of their opposite polarity. Therefore, it is only on the rarest occasion that man and woman meet on any other than the physical-plane, there being no contact of either soul or spirit. There is an evolutionary-law in nature of natural or psychical-selection determined by a biological-need rather than a man-made compulsion, which impels every being to gravitate to a like being of opposite-polarity.

In the so-called marriage relation, thru ignorance of the trinity of the physical, psychical and spiritual affinities, the fires of human-lust are soon cooled and there arises a natural repulsion between 'so-called' husband and wife,—a natural divorce, with its consequent natural hunger for one's chemical-affinity elsewhere. The generative-fires of human-lust are soon divorced by repulsion. But, the united fires of Celestial-Love on the lofty highway of re-generation are permanent in unity, peace and understanding. Where celestial-fire plays upon celestial-fire in reciprocity, there is no divorce.

According to man-made provisions of today, marriage is the legalized co-habitation of a man and a woman who may be without any knowledge of the law of their being, the Oneness of their minds and Will, or the Higher-Law. Marriage should be internal—One With One. The trinity of the physical, psychical and spiritual affinity is the secret of monogamy, and the only thing that makes marriage ideal, perfecting the human-family.

God or Nature magnetically blends or marries the

sexes, while man-made customs, or the state, merely yoke individuals. God's unions are never failures, being a complete fulfillment of His law, while the man-made marriages are seldom anything else than failures—"Innate-sexual incompatibility." One is oil, the other water. No man can live with another man's wife. No woman can live with another woman's husband.

"There need no vows to bind
Whom not each other seek, but find.
They give and take no pledge or oath,—
Nature is the bond of both:
No prayer persuades, no flattery fawns,—
Their noble meanings are their pawns."

Emerson.

Marriage as it exists today is the most immoral institution on the face of the earth, being part of the system of human slavery. "She weeps at weddings because she remembers the primitive time when all weddings were tragedies." Hieronymus says: "Matrimony is always a vice, all that can be done is to excuse it and sanctify it; therefore it was made a religious sacrament."

The marriage-bed is the most abused licensed privilege in the world, becoming a less and less endurable condition. Marriage as it should exist, should be the most Holy-relation on earth, evolving the most blessed condition. Many thousands there be who are yoked together under the man-enacted marriage-law—a marriage certificate and a ceremony performed by a priest—who are more lustful, degraded, impure and unhallowed, more immoral than all lovers whom God or Nature marries without legal or so-called religious sanction.

Marriage is the only contract made by two individuals that cannot be dissolved by the same two individuals without the sanction of the state. John Stuart Mill says: "Marriage is the only real bondage recognized by law."

"Marriage is a prison whose entrance is a flower-garden; a state whose promise outweighs the world and whose performances become inexpressibly miserable."

"Marriage and hanging go by destiny: Matches are made in Heaven."

Marrying for external purposes is like the trading bus-

iness. We hope to get something we want, but too often we get something we don't want. We think to bluff the other fellow but we discover we have only "kidded" ourselves. A husband-to-be is like a Christmas gift. One hopes it will come, and wonders "Will I like it after I get it?" The Persians have a proverb: "He that ventureth on matrimony is like unto one who thrusteth his hand into a sack containing many thousands of serpents and one eel. Yet, if the Prophet so will it, he may draw forth the eel."

"Wives are young men's mistresses, companions for middle-age, and old men's nurses," said Bacon. "Is not marriage an open question, when it is alleged from the beginning of the world that such as are in the institution wish to get out, and such as are out wish to get in?" Marriage is like sowing seed, we never know exactly what the blossoms will be. Man-Woman is a social being, ever restless, each half ever seeking its counterpart. From a physiological view point, the most sacred thing upon which the world can set its heart, is a pure and Holy-Home, the holy-marriage and parental-love. When ideal, these constitute the highest degree of human happiness which blesses the material life in this vale of tears, creating their own little heaven—"the soul's earthly quiet." The Love or Holy-marriage is a blessed complement if people knew how to live it, but the way most people live in the marriage state is the most unholy-thing on earth, especially to woman. Holy-marriage improves the human race, is a destroyer of vice, an external protection to woman, courage and inspiration to man and the center for Universal Good.

Nothing so deeply touches our lives as the love between man and woman, that love which aims toward marriage and a continuation of the evolution of human life that flows on into the distant age. What we think and have experienced about Love may very largely influence what we think and feel about Life itself. We are all unconsciously searching for an unchangeable Love—a something that endures. Sooner or later evolution will teach us to discriminate between human-love and Pure or Divine-

Love. Human or material-love is rooted in blindness and delusion, an inflammation of the brain. Such is the love most of the poets, novelists and artists extol, and the world at large calls Love, but it is a mental self-intoxicant which dies, and dies quickly, generally after the gratifications of the honey-moon. No one can be in tune or stay in tune with Life who has not found impersonal or Divine-Love. No one who has found Divine-Love can be out of tune with self or Life. Impersonal or Divine-Love, sacredly understood, is our only tuning fork, giving us the key-tone of all that is highest and holiest in Life. It comes forth from the soul or spirit—"that pure and holy-love of soul for soul within the depths of spirit and where no thot of earth is present."

Material or human-love crucifies Pure or Divine-love. Until we learn that human-love between man and woman is only transitory—a bondage, another evolutionary lesson to break our hearts,—we will have misery. As long as we want and demand physical-companionship we must have misery. "When a man does not find repose in himself, it is vain for him to seek it elsewhere." "Nature does not contemplate a life-long partnership," says Doctor Anna Howard Shaw.

"We are the voices of the wandering wind,
Which moan for rest, and rest can never find.

Lo! As the wind is, so is Mortal life—
A moan, a sigh, a sob, a storm, a strife."

We are told, for ages the marriage ceremony lay in disgrace with most of the ancient teachers, as a work of the flesh and devil. Not until the sixteenth century was the ceremony adopted. Diogenes must have had the Aries-woman in mind when he frequently praised those about to marry and yet did not marry. How wonderfully peculiar the Aries-woman is in not being attracted to marriage, which for her is seldom a success. She is nearer self-complete, more especially the Aries-Woman Born With the Moon In Aquarius, while for the Gemini and many other women, marriage is a very necessary initiation, conducive to their happiness. The Geminis are natural

home-makers, surrounding themselves with the artistic, the beautiful and profuse in personal adornment.

It is declared:

We are now entering the Aquarian-Cycle, or the Woman-Rule Age, the Age of Re-Generation. This new cycle will bring in the awakened-woman, the woman with a Positive Will Power, becoming the Positive Pole in human-evolution, the woman who insists upon choosing and fighting her own way thru life, refusing to "Promise To Obey," but who, in turn, expects reverence on the part of her husband. The Age of Goddesses, the Arch-Mother of Gods, children of re-generation will come in the Aquarius-Age.

The Aries people are the brain-workers of humanity, their intuitional and reasoning-channels are the attributes of their sign. They are endowed with a clear, logical, persuasive and convincing mind, making it impossible to conceal anything from them. Arouse their sympathy or temper, they possess the rare faculty of emphatically giving the just criticism or suggestion at the right time, occasionally severe, but seldom unjust.

The Higher-type of the Aries-sign evolves a rare-idealty. Aries people are surrounded by magnetic-forces and solar-fluids, giving them an insight, a spiritual-charm that pierces to the core, largely supplying the demands of the re-generative process in their own lives, and conserving their mental and spiritual-forces instead of wasting them in generation. They are of independent nature and have but possibly come to earth again to do over work they neglected in past incarnations, when they refused to listen to their Guru or Higher-Self. The Aries-woman who hopes to obtain deep knowledge, rising to the higher attainments of life, rising above the law of physical-generation in herself, into the Higher-law of re-generation, seldom marries. She is generally kept out of perplexities, especially in marriage, by the experience of others or by her own past experience, in some earlier earth-life. Tho fond of men's society, she is not attracted to marriage, or any one human-love, but enjoys having many strings to her bow. She is not anxious to forfeit her freedom for

marriage—desiring to live without any distinct tie to any man.

“ The happiest life that ever was led
Is always to court and never to wed.”

The Aries-Woman is often called Man's Best Friend, “ often cut and slighted by silly wives,” says Thackeray. A man marrying the Aries-woman is frequently regulated by his wife. She only knows how to hover and guide. No little man will ever sit easy at the throne of an Aries-woman. Never try to subject or fool the Aries or the higher-type Capricorn-woman. Justice is what wins and keeps her. Never lay the whip on a thoroughbred.

Woman thinks she can keep man thru physical-beauty, thru physical-sex—carnal-love. This is where she fools herself and falls overboard. No woman can keep a man sexually unless she is born Spiritually unto him. Those physical attractions which Nature reproduces by the thousands,—dreamy, passionate eyes, innocent faces, rosebud mouths, full plump figures, peachy flesh and playing dimples, charmingly unconscious of the magical arts,—all belong in the realm of the transient—Satanic decoys. Destruction hides itself within these transitory charms. The passional, poisonous-fluid, which woman in her lower-nature unconsciously generates,—her intoxicating-aroma—is constantly flowing out into man, consuming his very life. 'Tis all a relative picture in a passing show unless compounded with the exquisite al-chemical nature which unconscious man loves. To transcend—to Spiritualize passion, not suppress it, is the secret.

We are slowly groping our way back to the Grecian days when the human form will again incarnate the Divine. Divine-Love is reached only thru the union of the worship of physical-beauty and the worship of spiritual-purity expressed thru the flesh. The secret is in the union of the body and the spirit. The spirit-seeker sees the evil in the body, and rejects instead of seeing that the human

form needs merely to be purified—re-generated,—and so made to be a living-temple for the spirit. On the other hand the body-seeker has been blinded by carnal appetites and has rejected the spirit, sunken to the gross animal-plane where he runs with the goat and wallows with the swine. The true man quickened in heart craves re-generate woman. Man most needs his soul fed and passion transmuted. Man must be fed spiritually as well as physically,—something besides corned beef and cabbage; something besides the mouldy, musty-wife, who has nothing to feed his intellectual, Spiritual hunger. Man does not live by bread alone. The mind and soul as well as the flesh must be fed. Man must have the mental and Spiritual-mate, who appreciates his divinity and feeds his soul. Woman must feed man's soul or else she cannot keep him. A hungry soul can be fed only by an awakened soul.

Man soon tires of the merely physical, and outgrows surface emotions. It is not the outward charm—the physical beauty of woman alone, which,—altho the visible glory of womanhood, is yet its most fleeting flower—the quickened man most craves. But the deep, soul-satisfying love, that is rooted in the Divine, the unworldly, the angelic and Immortal realm—which the cave-woman knows nothing about—that man most loves in woman. This unending blend and harmony binds heart to heart. The soulful-woman attracts and binds the spiritually hungry man to her. She builds the Home; trains the family; purifies it with the understanding of Divine-Love, perfecting self and the human family unto Immortality. This is the food that quickened man must have to be unfolded to Godhood. In the most sacred and Holy-sense marriage is an ideal that has never been realized, so Divine is the soul-marriage between the soul of man and the soul of woman. "Marriages are not made by man-enacted laws, churches or any human institutions. Marriage is the harmonious union of two similarly attuned souls for a pure and holy purpose—soul-development, and the providing of tabernacles for subjective-conditioned souls seeking re-embodiment."

The ideal mating, or soul-marriage, may be chemically

compared to the blending of colors. The artist uses blue and yellow to produce green, which is neither blue nor yellow, but eternally stands distinct from each; blue possessing what yellow needs, and needing what yellow possesses, ere green is produced. So in the laws of soul-blending there exists at first two separate individualities,—the man, the woman—whose coming together was Divinely decreed. In the interblending the two distinct souls become One—a sexual Oneness incapable of separation in the flesh, and, eternal in the spirit. While to the outward vision they are two distinct entities, to the inward vision they are—as Christ said—one flesh, one mind, one will—as it was in the beginning—living and loving in unity until death decomposes the earthly-bodies, leaving the souls to all eternity as One. Thus, from their inmost Oneness they dream and co-habit, transcending all else that the human-organism is capable of realizing here in earth-heaven. Thus, is realized the soul-union of man-woman, the blending of the Jachin and Boaz, the projection of a Love-vibration from the very inmost of Spirit, Wisdom and Love. This consummation, the final Reality, vibrating and flowing down from Heaven into Woman's body—the Temple of the Living God—filling it with the aura that radiates from Divine-Love, thruout eternal space, is the conception of the Child from this Oneness—not only in its body but in its beautiful Immortal soul—that every heavenly-mated husband and wife desires. Impossible to think in words. In the presence of such glory, words are blasphemy!

Evolution will cause man to shed his carnality; relative-lusts will drop away from his mind, as a wart from the hand. Carnal marriage with its strong fleshly-lust for the sense-pleasures, delusions and blindness, thrives only on a brand of madness rooted in lust and discord. Physical-attraction without the mental-mate finds not home. Mere physical-love soon becomes carnalized after marriage, resulting in suffering, stagnation and wretched concealment. Carnal-marriage is a school of correction, a liberal educa-

tion, a moral institution, a mortal purification, an institution for the blind,—when stripped of its illusions it is the biggest fraud on earth.

We are educated only by the Karmic-law of action and re-action, a succession of illusions. We discover the Real only by becoming disgusted with the unreal. The holiness of the spirit is continually endangered by the seemingly unavoidable false pretensions. There is something Divinely perfect in every human soul, that can never be satisfied with anything less than the highest—the Unchangeable. This something is eternally in search of the unchangeable, that which is true, does not bend, turn or twist. Man in his Higher-evolution outgrows carnal-marriage, it being only a means to an end, an undeveloped condition of undeveloped-man. The ever-working and never-failing laws of attraction and repulsion are unchangeable. One cannot bid them come or go. They are fixed—eternal. The law of experience is planned to detach people from carnal things to which, desperately attracted, at first they cling. Love, the opposite of Hate, attracts people. Hate, the opposite of Love, repels people. These two laws inevitably act and re-act upon each other.

Every Woman, most men, have an ideal, an invisible-mate that ever lives and fills their imagination, a companion that will be to them all for which their soul longs. Married couples, as the years go by, sooner or later discover that each has an inner, higher, truer-essence, an individuality peculiar to one's self, which holds its own counsel—Divine-Loneliness as it were—in which the other does not share. For years many couples have lain side by side, with their dark-secrets hidden in the heart, locked up in the soul's keep, only once in a while peeking out thru the imprisoned-soul's windows. These outward appearances of the soul—these misleading symbols of life that break our hearts and force us on to seek for something we know not,—these thots and ideals they never voice. If the silent-soul would but tell its story! With this awakening comes an interior-separation; once discovered, this interior-self demands its own; it will not be

longer cheated. Solitude,—meditation—follows the experience of this discovered interior-separation, creating a secret-life in which the soul withdraws and hides away.

Husband and wife no longer care to slumber, to dream in each other's arms. Their every act and motion is affected by the interior-separation. The husband is not big enough to come out under the blue skies and tell his wife, to whom he is bound by man-made laws, that an ideal woman ever lives and floats around him, secretly attracting his heart into something he knows not. "Could I find out the Woman's part in me," is the secret-cry of his soul. Filled with this restless, eager desire, he wanders thru life longing for—he knows not what. But, the cry of his soul being for his spirit-mate, he foolishly imagines that some other woman—'any woman'—can satisfy him, and until he suffers to know, he is drawn to the "strange woman."

Man wants to be good and true, is hungry for soul-affection, an unchanged love, but woman under the man-rule age is delinquent in her school. She does not hold man after she gets him. Transient sense-pleasures do not satisfy his appetite for Immortality, or the longing for freedom and Soul-Peace. In like manner, in due time, the sad hour comes when woman, too, discovers that she is unable to nestle next to, and be part of, her husband's soul. In the course of human life, millions of women sigh for the knowledge and power, to draw men to them, to know how to keep their mates after they are attracted—the One Golden-Secret.

For ages men and women have lived together in close touch and yet they know little of each other—the silent-separation between them is the cause of much of the world's misery. In every woman's soul, there is deeply rooted, as if by the sweet, sad memories of a something that has been, an ideal of a loving, wise and, to her fancy, a God-like Man, filling her utmost conceptions,—a man with whom her inner-consciousness has ever been united. In this age woman goes thru life soul-starved for her ideal mate, with the sweet and sacred-vision of the ever-presence of her counterpart, filling and electrifying her

very being thru and thru with these tremendous and finer-forces, setting her soul on fire, thrilling every atom and fibre of her body. Her very bosom seems as the center of lava-fires, as she secretly-prays that Truth will one day set her free that she may go forth and claim her own. As her Higher nature awakens, she one day meets the man she can love according to the law of natural-attraction. She at first fights this love, wavering between God's law and social-convention, having been taught only thru inherited religious creeds, believing the following of any but man-enacted laws to be a great sin. There being no Sex-Scriptures to teach and guide her, she ignorantly clings to the forms and conventions of a man-made world—living a lie, afraid to be the same in her acts as in her desires, a living coward in her own reckoning. "Nearly every woman carries about with her the corpse she might have been." A battle between her creed and her soul, constantly and internally rages in which first the one and then the other has a fleeting victory. At one moment her creed wins, the next her soul over-comes, with the feeling the time must come when she can go to the man she most loves. At last evolution forces her to know her marriage never had the consent of her soul, and was no marriage at all, but a vulgar, low, sensual-union, an utter blasphemy against the Sacred-Rite.

How stupid in woman to imagine the man she marries is always going to be attracted to and in love with her. The fact that your husband is your husband does not prove that his 'love' will always be yours. There is an unexpected-awakening to every love-affair. "Is it so very strange that hearts, like all things underneath God's skies, should sometime feel the influence of change?" When man has exhausted one mine, he restlessly seeks another, spending his time deceiving two women, his wife and "the other woman." He takes wife to prayer-meeting, the other "joy-riding." Wife then runs around to fortune-tellers to see if husband is

true to her. In the first place, man cannot Love, he knows practically nothing about Love. How can anything selfish love? "Man, in an unnatural state, is seething, boiling over, raving mad with the fires of lust; he knows nothing of Love or its Divinity." To man, 'love' is a thing apart—his Inn—a stopping place. The highest feeling the average man can have for a woman is similar to the feeling of a big Newfoundland dog for a little kitten between its paws.

Of the twelve Zodiacal-signs, possibly man in his Higher-unfoldment, under the three signs, Libra, Scorpio and Sagittarius—the Reproductive-Trinity—might have a faint idea of what Love should be.

Scorpio characters are a watery and fixed sign. They rule the secret-parts, are strongly sexed, natural fertilizers and centers of propagation. The Scorpio symbol was chosen to represent the secret-organs of the body—the death sign—the serpent of matter, mentioned in Genesis as tempting Eve, whose sting becomes the most deadly and painful scourge, resulting from the abuse of the sexual organs. Characters born in this sign are found to be either the lowest and most degraded, or the highest and most exalted—either materialists or Mystics. This sign governs the generative system, and when the Life-forces are wasted thru lust or ignorance, the result is mischief far and wide, generating in the form of a serpent's poisonous sting. The wisdom of the serpent lies buried in this sign.

Diantha, the Aries-woman, the fiery-sign, should never marry a Scorpio-man—the watery sign, unless they both have overcome the lower-self. These two signs are seldom harmonious, but generally spit and sputter, smoke and steam. Water never blends well with fire. Scorpio and Aries are always at logger-heads. The undeveloped-Scorpio man is a devil incarnate, with a deep-rooted jealous nature, severe, cruel and domineering. He expects to rule and demands obedience from his wife. His religion is—"Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven."

Jealousy is the offspring of selfishness, producing an

acid in the blood that ruins the sweetness of life. Jealousy works in the marrow of the bone and poisons the elixir of life. To the Aries-woman jealousy is as ptomaine-poison, diseasing her womanhood. It is the crematory of love. The lower jealous Scorpio-man never saw another man who was fit to speak to his wife. When the Scorpio-man is re-generate, spiritualized, he is charming, magnetic and devoted to humanity, achieving the mighty-things in life. He is the salt of the earth. The higher Scorpio-man is as maternal as a cradle, especially with Venus in Libra, possessing the rare gift of spiritual-hearing. Often Scorpio men make better mothers than the average woman.

Of all the twelve signs the Capricorn-man is icy-cold, and unresponsive. He has an extreme degree of passive-obstinacy, living in outward-riddles, inwardly suffering under any outward demonstration of affection. Capricornus is the dark and mysterious sign of the earth, "the scapegoat of Israel," the head of the trinity of the general business and serving department, with strong and powerful characteristics. Capricorn sees the weak points in others, working accordingly, striving to master the commercial world, tending to monopolies.

Capricorn,—the goat in symbol,—teaches us much. The goat thinks and explores. He is a philosopher, the sure-footed, energetic individualized-animal making his own little path along the mountain-side, scaling the highest peaks. It is the Capricorn-man who dares to leave the multitude of human-sheep down in the valleys below, to wander in solitude to the mountain-top, where he can stand and look out over the vast flock of humanity below, drawing and forming his own conclusions. Capricorns are further away from everybody and nearer self—the androgynous mind,—than any of the twelve Zodiacal signs.

The Capricorn-man stands alone,—alone with his riches of thot and soul—like a single tree in the silent desert. His thots seem to mask him from the world and its barrenness; from his wife and loved ones, who seldom astrologically-understand or appreciate him. These men

are seldom attached to anything or anybody but the love of external-power and wealth. They rarely love and then only passionately.

Being of a suspicious-nature they have a suspicious-streak of lean in their bacon, and can never be the contented-lovers. Capricorns being cold and exclusive by nature resent any suggestion or interference from others. Having come 'over in this boat' with their minds already made up they escape many of the miseries of life, missing many of its joys.

The Capricorn-man often seeks marriage purely as a business-asset, not for a mate or wife, but for a woman who can reflect his prosperity. In marrying a woman under lunar-influences, he finds the one who spiritually draws the best out of him and brings him to his senses. The average woman might as well stick her finger in the ocean and look for the hole as to try to keep a Capricorn-man. The Capricorn-man and the Aries-woman can forever browse together on the green pastures of friendship,—he being the goat, she the ram,—but never as husband and wife. Capricorn-men make better friends than husbands, their worldly-power gives them self-glory in helping others.

Few men make friends, sweetheart-husbands, as does the lovable Sagittarius-man. He has only the one mate. To him marriage is the most sacred thing in the world. He is often found to be the only true man in the Zodiac, true in marriage, attracted to his mate, in body, soul and spirit. Yet, being attached to personalities is our secret-enemy—keeping us inwardly-distressed and imprisoned. The only road to Peace is to grow unto the larger consciousness,—to look on life impersonally. Impersonality is heaven. All our sufferings and heart-aches come from attachment, a desire to possess. Be not attached to anybody or thing, but to work and God. In attachment one neglects the Higher-Self, loses freedom, stagnates and becomes a slave to personality.

Husband, wife, children, relatives and worldly possessions are only transitory—loaned us for awhile as a means to perfect Self. The moment they cease to do this they

become a drawback, the personal love of them in itself becomes an obstacle. The understanding of love—Pure-Love—has exercised world philosophers as much as the origin and object of Life. Pure-love is impersonal, without limit or divisibility. Love is the law for All-Life. Pure-Love is to Life what sunshine is to earth. Ruskin declares: "Your rank as a living creature is determined by the height and breadth of your love." Beware of fixed affections, of idols of sense, which we all find within ourselves. They are sink-holes in our path. "Thou shalt have no other gods before me. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any form that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth." Yet, "a woman, God bless her, if she really loves a man, has no thot of any other. One at a time is all sufficient, but a man may love one woman with the warmth of a simoon, and at the same time feel like a good healthy south wind toward a dozen others." If a woman truly loves one man, no other can win her soul. She is dry to all others; her waters of life die to all others. If woman keeps her husband any length of time it is only because a woman of stronger magnetism or polarity has not crossed his path. Certainly if man loves one woman he can, with opportunity, quickly learn to love many others. Wasn't Goethe as much infatuated with a love at seventy as his first love at seventeen?

It is the same old, stale, long and drawn out story of the eternal triangle—"my husband, that 'contemptible huzzy' and me." "If nothing keeps love but love, and man can't love, how should woman expect to keep him?"

"How oats, pease, beans and barley grows

It's you, nor I, nor nobody knows."

When woman possesses the respect and keep of a worthy man she should move heaven and earth to unfold the Godhood in him. Yet, thru some cause known only to the "Lords of Karma," he sometimes prefers the other woman. The woman of the new-evolution will be big enough peacefully to free her husband and escape the humiliation of a losing fight. She will be big enough to appreciate the transitory human-love, as a part of her

evolution. Of evolutionary souls, all 'loves' are momentary. Lost 'love' seldom returns. Woman must have Love—Love and be Loved. The coming woman will be too big and fine a soul to try to hold by man-made laws the body of a man whose heart and soul have gone with another woman, and still too big to go gunning after her. "For not to be loved and yet retained is the greatest injury to a gentle spirit."

Woman, as a class, are creed-bound—not yet progressive in love-affairs. They are stand-patters, and by standing pat they stop the wheels of their evolution. The free woman is the woman who is free from all jealousy. Jealousy arises from the desire for exclusive-ownership. Ownership holds one in bondage. As long as there are bonds, there is a living hell; for when one is bound he constantly struggles until he is freed or has exhausted his strength in the effort to obtain freedom. The roots of jealousy are planted in human selfishness. When there is true love, founded upon true morality, there can be no jealousy. The woman of the new-evolution will have outgrown human selfishness. Some big souled woman has said: "When woman learns her secret-powers, developing their full magnitude, jealousy cannot possess her, any more than the cat with its superior feline-strength can fear the mouse." When woman comes into this positive knowledge, her peculiarly natural charm, with her physical advantage, will give her a spiritual-leverage on man, making it possible, under Divine-law,—for her to select her counterpart; so that if she find there be a sister-soul more greatly and deservingly loved by her licensed-husband than herself, she will not try to deprive him of those pleasures she can no longer give, but will freely and sweetly withdraw her claim, without any jealousy, and set him free. The awakened man will view things in the same light in regard to woman, even as did Ruskin, who, with a loving heart and mind gave away his wife at the altar to another man. As one forms a human 'love' today which he feels is the noblest privilege which he will ever have, and circles closer and closer around that 'love;' and months or years afterward wakes up to know

that the 'love' is not so great a privilege, he begins gradually to inwardly withdraw, as the supposed love dies. It is not that Pure Love changes or becomes less worthy, but that the supposed love and personal association which we have outgrown, is the evolutionary ladder by which we ascend to Pure-Love.

Pure morality, like pure reason, is singularly misleading when applied to the selfish, yet it should be the foundation of the practical affairs of Life. There is no higher love and law than that a woman shall give to her licensed-husband his freedom, when they have outgrown each other. A study of the wonderful bible character Rachel, gives the most beautiful teaching in unselfishness. It is Divine-Ethics. If woman cannot keep her husband within the circle of her own personal magnetism, he does not belong to her, but to the woman who can.

The decrease of marriages, increase of divorces, are strong signs of the growing freedom of woman, indicating the healthy growth of her knowledge of her Divine-Rights. This temporary protest against physical motherhood in this earth-life—in these tragic days of bloody-wars and outrage,—is the best thing that ever happened to the race. It marks the re-action to the old condition, which stirred the poet to exclaim:

" Oh, wasteful woman, she who may
On her sweet self set her own price,
Knowing he cannot choose but pay,
How hast she cheapened Paradise!
How given for naught the priceless gift.

How spoilt the bread, and spilt the wine,
Which spent with due, respective thrift,
Had made brutes human, and men Divine. "

Woman must first re-construct a new-earth, a new-Manhood,—a better Fatherhood, before she makes "brutes human, and men Divine." The world is now getting a glimpse of these eternal laws and many are in "search after their soul-mates," laboring under the delusion that to find the one "soul-mate" would be to find eternal Peace, free from all earthly woes and strife. On the contrary, these would but begin. As one teaches:

"Beware of your soul-mate if you would be happy on earth. Let your soul-mate rest in the unseen, to be your guide and inspiration, if you would become master over material conditions. Waste not your substance in vessels of clay, but husband your soul's power—sex-power,—for use in those greater activities of the soul." Your soul-mate is your Spiritual-Self—the Real-Self of you. The earth or human-mate is selfish and unreliable—the physical symbol of Divine-Marriage.

But something must be allowed for the different stages of mind, ideas and evolution of mankind—no one shoe fits all feet. While evolution has given us a monogamous marriage, as a safety vent for social security at our present stage of evolution, it satisfies only to a limited extent the requirements of modern men and women. Marriage has been considered the only trade for woman, "a sweated industry," and the poorest paid, the most miserably organized, the most repressed system in existence. It is the "one-man" system, all head, the man being the head, the wife but a convenient attachment, neither partner or equal.

Monogamous marriage to continue will require absolute equality and partnership between man and woman, with woman recognized by society and law as having equal-rights and opportunities for self-development with men, in all walks of life. Says Mrs. Branch: "I must demand my perfect freedom, the right to hold property, the right to vote, the right to receive the equal wages of men in payment of labor, and the right to have my children when I will and by whom I will." This is the only type of marriage that will endure, a straight friendship that is based on mental-companionship. Yet, even then "Marriage must incessantly contend with a monster which devours everything—Familiarity," says Balzac. It is a violation of Divine-law, an internal-sin to be held in man-made bondage. Too much familiarity breeds an incurable erysipelas. Man should never intrude himself into a woman's privacy uninvited. No man should invade

his wife's person. "The man who enters his wife's dressing room, is either a philosopher or a fool." There are times when the soul cries out for hushed-silence and solitude; times when the soul goes forth in a struggle and arms alone, when to it even an angel's presence would disturb the journey. While tender embraces are delightful food-stuff, these, too, have their seasons and Moons.

Both health and happiness in monogamic marriage are decreased by the over familiarity of man and wife sleeping together. No two people should occupy the same bedroom, except mother and babe. The impossible sort of man with the many small vices, including bad bedroom-manners, will devour the sweetest woman on earth. He will turn her celestial-honey into the serpent's bitter sting,—uprooting the dreams which become implanted in her imagination and perfumed-fancy during her courtship. There should be separate bedrooms, with a meeting-room between, as all matters of sex belong to woman's kingdom. She is Queen; she has full reign over the entire domain at all times.

Woman's boudoir is the heart of her Home, her inner-sanctuary, her silent-room, her Throne-room—the Holy-Room, the symbol of the Holy Of Holies,—which she may ornate and dress as she pleases,—reflecting her soul's inmost-nature wherein she retires and goes into the "Silence." Those who are allowed to enter should be hushed and reverent in its presence.

As Casanova said: "There is something in the air of the bedroom of the woman one loves,—something so intimate, so balsamic, such a voluptuous emanation,—that if a Lover had to choose between heaven and this place of delight his hesitation would not last for a moment." Man should never wander farther than the meeting-room uninvited. Woman sends her wireless; he comes; then, and only then, will earth begin to transform Hades into Paradise. He who would enter the sanctuary of a Queen must be sure his mission is worthy of a Queen's Consideration.

Most unhappy marriages are the result of too much physical-familiarity, inducing magnetic exhaustion. There

is an interchange of magnetic and electric-elements between the male and female in bodily-contact from six to eight hours of the twenty-four, sleeping under the same bed covers, often sapping the vitality, deranging the nervous system, until they grow to 'hate each other,' with a hatred verging on a peculiar insanity. Indeed, it is insanity! What else is this state of mind, when a husband or wife sees nothing in the other except an imp or demon; continually quarreling, backbiting and complaining?

What a familiar figure—the abusive husband running at large, until he finds some struggling-widow whose ears he fills with his selfish woe. "She is a good housekeeper and mother, but my wife doesn't understand me," yet all the time he knows he wouldn't trade his "housekeeper" off for any other he ever saw.

The magnetic-law often repels the most mutually attracted persons, resulting in "lover's quarrels," frequently the principal reason for the loss of 'love' under the marriage certificate. Magnetic-depletion acts on most women as starvation acts upon everybody. Says in effect, the old philosopher, Dr. Keith: "If you want a racer or something that can be of use in the race, you should keep the Dam in retirement and give her the best of care, feed, water and exercise, and keep her away from the Sire. Then you should keep and care for the Sire until he is in the best condition. Then when naturally attracted together, the Dam brings forth a Perfect-Baby, the Fashion of the Sire, moulded according to the condition of its mother. These are the requisites. So God has implanted these 'times and seasons,' in the animal kingdom, the human kingdom, but to man-woman God has given wisdom. The devil and his demons, acting thru the churches, have discarded these cleanly laws, and the consequences are riot, and lust, foolish, idiotic, weak-brained, and weak-bodied children, thousands half-made, crooked and of unquestionable insanity. You can see thru it in one minute if you will stop to think about it. Do you want good children?"

The dream of lovers is to be One in the higher heavens. The lover and loveress can actually melt together

into Oneness, in their hours of rapture. Then, in other hours, they withdraw into their separateness. For everything there is a season; a time to sow, a time to reap, a time to sob, a time to laugh, a time to mourn, a time to dance. He hath made beautiful everything in its time, so sings Solomon.

Evolution is warning us there is something fundamentally wrong in our marriage state. Because of the broadcast powers of evil in the union of the sexes, humanity endures untold agony. Behold the world's lack of Internal Marriage! The powerlessness of man-made vows to make a happy home, strong and enduring! A great soul, Edgar Lucien Larkin, in his study of man-woman says: "One-half of all the married couples simply hate each other. One-half of the remainder are indifferent to each other; and one-half of the second remainder are beginning to lose their love." When people are unmated from a truly christian or moral stand-point, unhappy and unprofitable to self and Home, such a personated union can be no union, no marriage, but a continuous hell on earth.

Every marriage and divorce has its two-fold effect, private and public, out of which must come forth the energy and spirit of all private and public activities. They affect the family, the home, and society at large and thus the government, for the Government is but an Extension of the Home.

"Marriage is not an institution of Nature. Man is the servant of Nature and the institutions of society are grafts, not spontaneous growths of Nature. Laws are made to suit manners, and manners vary." Nature changes no laws to fit mistakes. Nature makes laws unbearable when they are not harmonious, "harmony being the strength of all institutions eternal."

Evolution will force man-made marriage to undergo the gradual unfoldment to perfection, toward which all human souls are striving. "I do not recognize as sancti-

fied any ceremony that can be annulled by a five-thousand-dollar-a-year judge," says Nat Goodwin.

If the foundation of society is the Home, then to be a good society we must have good Homes—Universal Brotherhood. How can a home, made unbearable by bad conditions, destroying the ideal marriage state, be a foundation for the unfoldment of man-woman,—society? Its continuance is a greater social-evil than a divorce can ever be. Professor Forel, the moral philosopher, says: "Divorce and the right to re-marry are a moral necessity, because esteem, love and posterity are the ethical foundations of matrimony. The decree that people of incompatible tempers or people that hate each other, shall continue to live together, is the height of immorality and unreasonableness." The distinguished Cesare Lombroso says: "Divorce is not a destroyer of social order and domestic happiness as some fanatics assert: on the contrary it helps to maintain social order and to re-establish happiness where such has become impossible by hated bonds."

While freedom of divorce is dual in its effect, both good and evil, it is evolutionary in its final results. It saves the lives of many who would otherwise wear their bodies and minds to threads, wasting their lives in slow decay; many are victims of slow diseases. Then, too, it prevents the breeding of more human monsters, the result of the sexual embrace forced in spite of the spirit's protest, which has grown to be unclean and devilish, when the civil law ceases to be civil and becomes infernal.

Throw our Divorce-Courts wide Open; but Make the Marriage-Laws so Close thru the understanding of the psychological laws of natural mating—the God-given attraction and relationship between man and woman,—that Only those properly adapted under Nature's laws would Dare Mate.

License Is Not Freedom. "He is the Free-man whom the Truth Makes Free." Love is Only Free In Truth. Love will not be bound by man-made laws; only by its own Divine-Law is it secure.

Who is to blame for all the misery of marriage and divorce?

Ignorance; wrong social-customs; a dual standard of morality; ignorance of the psychological laws of Life. Without some knowledge of the fundamentals of psychology one never knows Truth when it comes to him. Psychology: "The science of soul, in days of old, a science which served as the unavoidable basis for physiology. Whereas in our modern day, it is psychology that is being based (by our great scientists) upon physiology."

But is there no remedy for divorce?

There is only one remedy,—education of our youth in the psychology of Life, of sex. This Kingly Knowledge means more than reading and writing, grammar and arithmetic, college or a university education. It is the science of conquering the internal nature—the first and most important lesson,—that of the law of Self-government of the mental, physical and psychical temperaments. It evolves thru the Karmic-law of childhood training, the law of pre-natal culture, to the guardianship of all the growing and grand aspirations that blossom thru youth-time into vigorous manhood and womanhood. Its final lesson imparts the secret of the Divine-Mother, that beautifies self and the world. A home founded on this knowledge is an uplifting symbol on earth of the Spring-time of love's unfoldment, of a spiritual matehood in Heaven.

When man-woman marry internally, externally, thru and thru, in mind, heart and Will, each finding his or her counterpart in the other, separation will be impossible. But when married only in sections,—in position, convenience, pocket-book, body,—the unmarried sections of both get out of joint, finding a mad-house, where they dreamed rose-gardens.

The attitude of inactive parents on sex-instruction is silence and secrecy, hearing and seeing not the dangers that threaten our youth.

" 'Tis ignorance that multiplies the wrongs
Of human nature. Almost all the crimes
Directly may be traced to ignorance,
And indirectly through the passions All. "

Ignorance is neither the best preservative of the innocence of youth, nor the best aid in the choice of a life-companion. Over seventy-five per cent of man-woman today are ignorant of sex-life and all that pertains to the holiness of their bodies. "Most men-women are nine-tenths asleep."

Children have the natural courage to ask questions: courage to expose their ignorance, that they may learn and accept the Truth instead of the solemn customary-lie. Youth is naturally curious and eager to understand the wonderful mysteries of its own origin. Abnormal curiosity is the cause of most evils in youth. Satisfy our children by explaining the great and wonderful laws of life; teach them what they mean; for what they are intended; how sacred they are; how sacred is the body and how glorious are the sex-qualities which God intended us to have and use, for the conservation and preservation of Life. Of all sublime and mysterious Truths, this is the one we know the least about, our false teachers holding that these truths are improper to impart to the multitude, and that knowing the Truth would lead to immorality. Nothing excites the imagination and does so much harm as that which is veiled in mystery. It is because this immensely sacred subject of creation, pro-creation and regeneration of the race is so purposely and selfishly hidden, buried so deep in moral-darkness, that an allusion to it excites improper thots. When sex becomes our religion it will be no more indelicate to unfold the Truth of reproducing a human-being than to explain that of propagating a vegetable or a daisy. Both are precisely under the same Natural-law. It is a great crime for parents to keep their children in ignorance in regard to the physiology of the sexual organs. This is done from a sentiment of false-modesty or from the mistaken idea that ignorance is innocence, resulting in the child obtaining false and filthy ideas from companions in school, in the street, or,

sneaking, in the dark. Thousands of young lives are ruined in this way.

It is astonishing how wide-spread secret sexual-vices are among the young of both sexes, and more astonishing is our pitiful and criminal ignorance as to the shocking practices that are going on among our children. Children in the majority are given to secret-vice. Not alone by speech are bad habits taught; they are communicated by magnetism. The great cry among our school-teachers today is: "What can we do to stop the evil?" The facts will never be printed concerning our day-schools, high-schools, Sunday-schools, boarding-schools, colleges and universities, which are becoming morally and physically corrupt thru ignorance. Many of our teachers acknowledge they dare not speak on the subject to parents since they generally meet opposition and are likely to lose their positions. Strange! The average mother is quite content to believe that her child is all right, however much may be wrong with the other mother's child. "Every Owl Thinks Its Own Baby Pretty." But if our sons and daughters go wrong the thotless parents and relatives say: "Oh, daughter, why did you do it?" "Why did son do that dreadful thing?" The children generally answer their parents, "It is like other boys and girls do." "The girl was to blame as much as I." In commenting on such flagrant excuses, our eminent Doctor Elizabeth Muncie says: "These words are ominous. They should be flung in letters of flaming fire before every parent, every educator, every Sunday-school teacher, superintendent and preacher in the land; flung as fiery darts until they stimulate the consciousness to What Means This Handwriting On The Wall. This should sound a warning to the parents to gather about them their boys and girls and with confessions of their own neglect in allowing them to come to this age without a right knowledge, give to them the facts of creative-life in all their beauty, and thus instill in their minds and hearts the desire for the best things of life—a home, companion and children to be theirs some day. Show them that to every boy and girl Mother-Nature has given a most sacred

trust, their creative nature; that upon their care of it depends all their future happiness; that self-control becomes a habit, as does its opposite; that Self-Control Has Its Reward In Efficiency, Success and All that is Worth While in Life. Furthermore that unrestrained liberty leads to all that is ruinous and destructive."

Herbert Kaufman says: "Most of the young folks on their way to the devil could be yanked back if they weren't separated from their parents by a wall of prudery. They're afraid to be frank, and you set the example." George Sand says that we bring our daughters up like nuns and turn them out into the world like fillies. Neglect of parents in properly instructing and safeguarding their young daughters and sons is the principal cause of the conditions that make necessary the Florence Crittenton Homes. It seems the problem lies with each individual parent, where the child should be first taught. But how many will, or can, teach these vital-truths? Few parents ever teach their daughters the first principle of morals or manners. The average parent needs sex instruction more than anything else. Self abuse or, as it is scientifically called, masturbation, yielding to which thousands of boys and girls grow up totally unfit for the struggle of life,—has its origin in Ignorance concerning the use of the sexual organs. Parents or guardians are the responsible ones. They should both warn and instruct, creating ideals of purity, unfolding the holiness of the sex functions.

Ignorance is Not Innocence.

We are told that Innocency was of old the highest attribute of excellence of Woman, especially of young woman, but the old school made it one and the same thing, with ignorance.

Ignorance is the lack of the knowledge of The Law of both good and evil.

Holy Innocence is Angelic.

Stupid Ignorance is a Crime.

To be innocent is to be untouched by the world, therefore we shall have to be freed from Ignorance by knowing The Law to be Holy and Innocent. The Woman of

intelligence who has been raised by wise parents is more innocent than the Maiden Of Ignorance. How many parents in every thousand realize it their duty to teach their children the meaning of Life as they become sex-conscious? Leaving a child in ignorance is as tho a mother were to say to her Baby: "Now baby, Mother's going shopping this morning, you sit there and play with Father's razor and have a good time until Mother gets back." We might as well say this to our Babes as to send them out into the world with no knowledge of The Law of their own being. Such ignorance is criminal on the part of parents, setting children afloat on the rugged sea of life with no knowledge of steering the boat—their body,—in which they must make their unknown-voyage.

" Before the little fledgelings leave their nest,
 The mother-bird has taught them how to fly,
 But human-mothers fail to meet this test,
 And so their daughters flutter—fall—and die,
 While Mothers teach that Innocence is Best,
 That life is fair and blue and sunlit sky!

With dancing feet that scarcely touch the sod—
 The maiden's joy of living sounds life's knell.
 How shall she learn to follow paths untrod,
 Unguided, helpless, under blindness' spell?
 How can she guess the road that leads to God,
 Must bridge the grim abyss o'er man-made Hell? "

Sex has been considered either too vulgar or too sacred a subject to talk upon before children. It is not meeting the problem to contend either way. Henry Ward Beecher said: "There is a tonic in the things that men do not wish to hear." The swarm of humanity is living an existence below the level of the dumb brute, caused by hypocritical-prudery, which considers any knowledge regarding sex too shameful or too sacred to talk about.

This is humbug! The humbug of that corrupt and rotten thing called "society," hide-bound by "conservatism." These facts of sex are spoken of only under the breath, as we speak of ghosts and skeletons in unexpected closets. With social hypocrisy we pretend that the half of mankind that is most interested ought not to know anything about Life's sacred-laws.

This sinful-silence has made sex-laws the ghosts and closet-skeletons of all ages, largely because of that deadly and moral weakness—prudery. “Prudery is a social-habit by which we try to identify ignorance as innocence,” declares Dr. Norman Bridge, “and by which we show our low estimate of the common sense of those we talk to; but the cheat is transparent and usually but reveals our own lack of common sense. We seem never to tire of doing and saying things to others to show that we are as shallow as we believe them to be. The purest-minded people in the world are those who have a reverent respect for all knowledge that concerns their own welfare, and who lift their faces unashamed as having that knowledge and having others know that they have it.” Prudes are seldom hygienic in every corner of their souls. Rest assured there is always a skylight in the soul of every prude. Billy Sunday says: “Prudery is no more a sign of virtue than a wig is of hair.” What is most needed is a wholesome knowledge without prudery. Again Dr. Bridge declares: “Our young folks have us indicted for unfairly treating them; for defrauding them. The best remedy of repentance in sight for us is to teach them, inform them, educate them.” In the wisdom of one: “A snake which is unable to change its skin will perish, so will all intellects that are prevented from changing their opinions. They cease to be intellects.”

Little can be done to save the race and improve the Home until parents are trained in the psychology of sex. This vital question rests alone with Awakened-Woman. No grander work can our club-women undertake than to educate the present parents and coming youth in the psychology of sex. Both an evening-and-day-school in these instructions would do much to enlighten the present day parent. Our safety lies in the education of the masses. The public should recognize what the medical profession has long known. The enlightenment should be chiefly directed to the young. The most effective means of checking the causes of the social-evil lie in the moral education of the rising generations. The world believes to-

day that the sex-powers were almost wholly given for self-gratification, self-pleasure. It does not know better. Our forefathers believed the same falsehood; in turn our children believe the same cursed-lie. A few have awakened from the hideous nightmare to the fact that there must be something grand and sacred in the Father-Mother Principle—Sex, which, if we seek, we shall find. We teach our children false doctrines with which to fool them, and, later, they fool themselves, accepting the shadow for the Real, spending thirty years making mistakes, the rest of their lives in undoing them,—unwinding a ceaseless thread.

The real or Absolute-Truth is rarely taught us, only a substitute knowledge given, and that only in symbols. Symbols are not the Real thing, only a pictorial expression, a visible-sign of an idea; only the shadow—a thing hiding the Truth. Each mind is left to dig for himself, getting such lessons as his inspiration brings. Anything which suggests an idea or thot,—as letters, numbers or characters is a symbol. The natural or external-world is but a symbol of the Real or Internal-World. "Nature is the symbol of Spirit." We must consecrate our Life-forces to the Highest, to interpret the dictionary of symbols, to discover the Real. The dual-knowledge of symbology is the secret-way leading to Wisdom—is as necessary as words are to speech. "The shell can never have the same value as the kernel, therefore, seek the Internal-Meaning."

There can be no higher human-attainment than sex-wisdom. Ignorance has tried to vulgarize it, but God ordained it Law-Divine. Above all arguments, creeds of every church, clime and age it stands First and Last—Truth—Eternal Law. Sex is the fundamental Dual-principle of the universe; the Two Great Laws in Nature—Male-Female, co-existent, co-eternal. The universe is Bi-unal. Everywhere there is a two in Oneness—the male-female principle, in protoplasmic form up to man-woman, the highest expression of Oneness. The more one studies the creative-force, the more he is convinced that Nature has no secrets of which She Need Be

Ashamed. Sex is as natural and beautiful as the evolution of the grass and flowers. What is the fragrance of the rose but sex-energy? Watch the climbing vine. It will go thru a stone wall to reach its mate on the other side. What we call passion when transmuted is the most beautiful thing in Life. It is Love in motion, which is God in operation. Sex in its endless phases is the invisible, indestructible-energy. It is the reciprocation of service,—the equilibrium for which all humanity is struggling. Sex-energy is the creative-force, the rarest and most spiritual-quality of all Life; the pre-eminent theme of the drama, of the opera, of literature, of art, of music, of sculpture, of Woman-Divine.

Oliver Wendell Holmes says: "The less there is of sex about a woman the more she is to be dreaded."

"God is positively male, and positively female" says a great teacher. "We all know that the Better-side of Man is the She or Mother-side; and that from it springs all the major elements of both his greatness and his Goodness. We admire an intelligent giant, but adore a loving man; because from his Love, not his intellect, arises All of Goodness, inspiration, aspiration, generosity of soul which characterizes him. We are pleased with the Platos, but we worship the Christs." Great souls are not those who have less passion, but those who have most passion, self-controlled, transmuted. Does it not seem that human-beings are quite as important as are pigs and cows, pups and cats, monkeys, flowers, motor-cars and mutton-chops? We should know at least as much about the sexation of our own bodies as about the lower forms of life.

Is it not curious that Woman, with all her innate sense of justice, the finer intuitive powers, Does Not See Deeper, does not strike at the root, the First-Cause of All the Misery and wretchedness of humanity? How stupid, that the greater number of even educated people fail to see the Beauty and Truth of Sex—as the Father-Mother principle, in its endless suggestions, as cause and effect running thru all nature, from the Smallest Everything to the Greatest Everything: the inner and outer

in symbols of thots and expression, plainly manifesting the father-mother principle,—symbolizing in language, art, metal, literature, monumental crosses, architecture, figures in our carpets, lace curtains, glassware, letters, signs, the flag,—the everywhere eternal circle or ring! Sex, symbolized by the reproductive organs, is to every human endeavor what steam is to the engine. Every thot we send out, every effort is more proficient, because of these organs.

Suppression is not growth.

Suppression is disease and death.

Expression is joy, love, Life.

The relations or uses of the Universe mean the Father-Mother Principle. Why condemn! Why? What causes the "Lodestone" to be attracted and cling to its affinity? Is the human soul unchaste when drawn to its affinity as the warm earth draws the sun and swells the seed; as the magnet draws the iron? Why blame the one fundamental law that goes around and around? Maidens thirst and are driven almost mad by their longings for their internal-mates. Their ignorant parents know not the law of their being; no Sex-Scriptures to guide them. Hence they are left as birds with clipped wings. If sex is our God-given power what shall we do with it? Suppress, or learn to use this holy-power. Sex, sacredly understood, is the preserver of the race. While generation is a natural function of life, it is not the whole purpose of Life. Nor is it a function sacredly used until man-woman knows its Holy-purpose. Generation means birth and death. Re-generation means Life Eternal.

The sexes are inter-dependent on each other, each attracted to the other thru beauty and mystery. All Man Worships, Woman Has. All Woman Worships, Man Has.

The sexual organs are the most wonderful, beautiful and sacred of all Nature's Treasures; and most powerfully impress the human imagination. We are told: In classic-civilization, as a symbol, the Sacred Phallus was used and interwoven thruout the highest human conceptions. As man today uses the Holy Bible as the most

sacred object on which to swear an inviolate oath, just so in those classic-days did man reverence the sexual organs as the most sacred object on which to take an oath.

To shut our eyes to these treasures and try to ignore them is not to make ourselves pure, but to help destroy Life itself. Is sunlight more clear, than these common-sense truths? Then why these itching prudes, who thrive on ignorance, who have poisoned the purity of Sex-Wisdom? Yet, it seems in all evolution we must go thru the stages of ignorance and dogma and half-knowledge to discover whole truths. Half-truths, false religions, hide the Truth in symbols and are afraid of nakedness, teaching a False-God.

Ignorance is never innocence.

Ignorance paves the downward path.

It is the duty of every parent to teach and unfold from day to day these beautiful Sex-Truths in their children.

"But, how am I to tell my baby?"

By first securing baby's confidence, before it has lost it, before some stranger comes between.

There is implanted in every human being a deep thirst for knowledge, and at a very early age little ones begin to ask endless questions. They are living interrogation marks, seeking the meaning of everything from the twisting worm to the flying machine. In the true vision of John Milton Scott: "Nothing can bestow upon us such honor as the truth of a child calling to us for Truth. Nothing more Holy can call unto us than the love of a child calling for Love. Nothing can invite us to such life as the life of a child calling to us for Life. Nothing can enwisdom us into such fulness of being as the soul of a child calling unto us for Understanding. In him and her love, what is Diviner than the Father-Mother Eternal—the Divine, Transcendent One Being—calling unto us for our love thru which to individualize something of their own beautiful Eternity."

We usher our babes into this mysterious world. They come with an outcry of wail and woe; a cry of compassion as tho the very gates of mercy had forever closed.

The instant Baby has arrived, its next outcry is "I want, I want." No sooner is baby soothed than it begins to sit up, look around and take notice—an Honest Question Mark! "Mother— How?" "Why?" "What for?" "When?" "Mother, where did I come from?" "Mother, why are little boys different from little girls?" Mother generally replies, "Run along now and play, dear, little boys and girls mustn't ask such questions;" or she makes up some deliberate falsehood, which the child later discovers, losing all confidence in mother. She should bless this psychological-moment—this Golden-hour, as the child's First Teacher of these vital-truths to start him right on life's road. These are not vicious questions: The child has a right to ask them. Putting off the answer or telling a 'white lie' is worse than useless, for the child wants to know; and if you don't tell him and tell him right, rest assured he will very soon find out from someone else, and find it out in the wrong way. The information will come clothed with ignorance, superstition and uncleanness. To him it will be a mysterious secret to be whispered about with other children in some secluded- corner, a secret, above all, to be kept from Mother. Children can never be too young to know that mother will gladly tell them All they want to know. "You must start early to beat the play-ground boy's information."

The key to the right relationship between mother and child is confidence. Knowing about Babies will not in itself affect the morality of the world; that tiny bit of knowledge will not necessarily insure purity of life. When you answer your child's question the First time he asks it teach him how wonderfully beautiful is Nature in all her evolutionary-lessons from the plant life on up to humanity.

The child's love of flowers, insects, birds, fishes, animals, thru biological instruction, offers one of the readiest, most natural and beautiful means of imparting sex-knowledge. Opportunities constantly present themselves for the Mother-chum to call her child's attention to the formation of a flower and point out to it the Mother-part,

the slender stem in the center of the blossom, and the seed-pod, immediately beneath the flower. What beautiful object-lessons of these 'mysterious secrets,' of the seed cradled in the pod, of the bird building her cosy nest, laying her eggs, keeping warm with her body the tiny eggs until birdie grows big enough to come out of the shell! Thus, step by step, the child's mind grows until it, too, becomes sex-conscious and is made ready for the lesson of its physical relation to its own mother and father, of the embryo-baby lovingly protected in the warm, dark, cosy little room beneath mother's heart, where from the tiny baby-seed, baby grew and grew, like the little rose-bud, until, when nine months were past, "You came right into mother's waiting arms." If we tell these mysterious secrets to our child in some sweet way he will be at once impressed with the wonder and sacredness of Truth, and will readily agree it is the Most Wonderful Secret he has ever heard,—a secret Between Mother and Child not to be shared with anybody else. And his little heart will grow with a newer, deeper-love than he has known before. Moreover, his confidence is established in Mother. It has been strengthened. You have made him realize that whatever he wants to know—it matters not how intimate, how personal, how private the subject may be, he can come freely to Mother. Mother will tell him All. The Wise-Mother has forestalled any desire or need for him to seek information elsewhere, and more than that, he knows Mother has Told Him The Truth. So, should he chance to hear perverted and vulgar talk whispered by other children, he will be safeguarded against its contaminating influence by realizing that it is neither true nor pure. And he will instantly come to mother for any further information. As new questions suggest themselves to him, he will ask mother—the Counsel-Thots Of Mother—for the answers and not somebody else. This answering of questions regarding the mystery of Life and reproduction is not a difficult task. It needs no scholarly attainments, little biological education, little scientific knowledge. The main essentials are love, motherly tact, clearness of

vision. Yet, investigation and study are surely necessary for parents as time goes on if they are to prepare themselves to act as their children's constant guide and counselor. But to establish these early relations of confidence and trust requires simply the Will to do. If every parent were wise enough, brave enough, far-seeing-enough to instill into each child a right conception of the mysteries of life and the sacredness thereof, there would be no vulgar talking and vulgar thinking, no impurity of living, no social-evil. In her blessed and perfect word-pictures, Nanno Woods splendidly teaches mothers how to impart sex-knowledge to their children:

"This is the mother-part of the poppy; this of the pansy, and this of the nasturtium. See the lovely mother-part of this pure white lily. Down there is where her little children begin their life, but you know little children must have a father as well as a mother, and here is the father-part of the lily, those long, slender stems with golden-heads. They bend down and touch the mother-part and cover it with this pretty yellow pollen, like soft, powdery-gold, and then the seed children begin to grow. Here is a pea-pod; see how carefully the seeds are protected. And see how this rose wraps its soft beautiful petals about the mother-part in order to shelter and protect it. The end and aim of this early and kind of instruction is to invest the subject with a desirable mental and moral atmosphere, so that the organs of reproduction and their functions may appear to the child natural, normal and pure. Every plant, every animal, contains within its own body a room, or house of life, where the seeds begin to grow; where the new life begins. The butterfly contains within its delicate body a tiny house of life, in which the seeds, or eggs, are formed to become first a caterpillar, then a chrysalis and finally a beautifully winged creature, another butterfly like the mother. Every mother-bird has a house of life, where the baby birds begin to grow and develop into pretty speckled eggs, which the mother lays in her nest and keeps warm with her body until the wee baby birds peck their way out of the shell. Pussy, too, has a little house within her soft warm body, where the tiny seeds grow into furry kittens. Thus

bit by bit the wise mother instructs her children in a simple natural way."

There is nothing vulgar or obscene in Nature. Sex is the pro-creative function. Without sex God creates nothing. Every atom in the universe is male-female. In the infinite sense God is male-female, lover-loveress, double-sexed, husband and wife; Lady Primrose, Gentleman Primrose. Sex is Father-Mother,—He, She, It; Divine Energy, God. "God created man in his own image, male and female created he them." "I am the Father and Mother of the Universe," saith Krishna. All the gods of primeval mankind were male-female. The first sweet violets of early spring, the wheat fields, the wild rose, the clover fields, the mysterious law of "perpetual motion,"—continually co-habiting,—are all ever seeking and sexually embracing. The sexual flying of the honey-bee from flower to flower, carrying on its feet the pollen or dust from the male to the female plant is in its winged motion, a whisper of creation. The blades of grass in their greenness typify Immortality, the effects of the unity of male-female principle—reproduction, growth. "Sex and mating are written into the very sunbeam." Thus—here, there and everywhere these two Great Creative-Forces seek each other, coo, blend, fuse, exchange and inter-change the inner-mystic fire between the Two-in-One, obeying the eternal dual-law. Sex or "Creative force, like a musical composer, goes on unweariedly repeating a simple air or theme, now high, now low, in solo, in chorus, ten thousand times reverberated, till it fills the earth and heaven with the chant." Understand sex and there is nothing we do not know. It is the key to all mysteries in earth or in heaven. "Know Thy Self Thru The Mysteries Of Sex."

The time for superstitions, for mysterious and unscientific, unpractical-doctrines has passed. "For there is nothing hid which shall not be manifested: Neither was anything kept secret but that it should come abroad. For there is nothing covered, that shall not be revealed, neither hid, that shall not be known. Therefore whatsoever ye have spoken in darkness shall be heard in the

light; and that which ye have spoken in the ear in closets shall be proclaimed upon the housetops" saith the Christ. "Even the mystery, which hath been hid from eyes, and from generations, but now is made manifest."

All the problems of the future are to be solved by Truth alone in its sexuality. Woman will never be emancipated until she understands sex, and walks in Self-mastership, then and only then will man worship at her shrine and never, never leave her.

" Self-knowledge, self-reverence, self-control,
These three alone lead life to Sovereign power. "

Every Ache and Pain, Sorrow and heartbreak, Disease and premature Death is the Result of a Disobeyed Sex-Law. The eternal law teaches: "If ye will despise my statutes, or if your soul abhor my judgment, so that ye will not do all my commandments, but that ye break my covenant; I also will do this unto you; I will even appoint over you terror, consumption and the burning ague, that shall consume the eyes and cause sorrow of heart, and ye shall sow your seed in vain."

No law is as stern in its inflexible results as the Sex-Law—God's righteous judgment working out the Karmic-Law. Sexual psychology should be a household-culture. Let us go to the root of the evil—the First Cause, the ignorance and abuse of Sex; and thru intelligent understanding of the law of generation and re-generation, we shall accomplish what thousands of years of ignorant legislation has not done. Put Sex—the Father-Mother Principle back in our homes and schools. Give youth a clean, sane, honest understanding of Life. A child's education is neglected without the psychology of sex. Civilization is wholly dependent upon the understanding of the Father-Mother Principle. It is for the parents to unfold the proper-respect and affection due them by their children. No person is fit for marriage until he understands the higher-use of sex-power. Those who are chattering about Legislating Divorce without instructing youth in sex, might as well attempt to hang the ocean on a fence to dry.

Nearly three months have passed, dear, since Mother has been traveling with her embryo-baby. You're so tiny and funny, dear, mother can't tell you from a monkey to-day. You're $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches long now, dear. You weigh about four and one-fourth ounces. Your little pink toes and fingers are beginning to separate; your eyelids now cover your pretty brown eyes; your little rosebud lips close. I imagine you move a little bit, anyway you're all over the room—everywhere. Yes, dear, I know its called fetus after six weeks, after the organs of baby are formed, but we don't care anything about these word-battles. After you're born, dear, you're the embryo of the Divine-Mother. You're my embryo-baby all the nine-months.

Darwin teaches us the embryo of a man, dog, seal, bat or reptile can at first hardly be distinguished one from the other. Wonderful! Babyology is the most fascinating study in the world, the most stimulating and broadening for mankind. To every thinking woman, it is most interesting to know something of the infinitely marvelous processes of the generation of human-life—the beginning of the embryo-baby up to the full development of the unborn-child.

Mysterious! Most wondrous is the plan by which Woman travels with child nine-months, during which time a human-being is being formed and perfected safely inside a tiny room—Woman's Throne-Room, where no harm can come to it, where she warms it with her own body; feeds and nourishes it in her own blood; where all the food chemicals in Mother-earth she supplies, shaped by her thots, built up out of her very body to lovely babyhood. We are told "the human-body is in reality a collection of over three hundred bones, and is framed into a whole by means of one hundred and eighty joints. It is held together by nine hundred tendons, and overlaid by nine hundred muscles, and has an outside envelope of moist cuticle covered by epidermis of ninety-nine thousand pores." Not only is it natural that woman should be eager to understand the mysteries of motherhood—the majesty of her part! but the more she learns, the

more fully she realizes the personal importance of the careful study of this first and absolute knowledge necessary to womanhood. We live principally upon the surface of our nature. Not alone are we ignorant of what a rock, the grass, a rose, the moon or a star is, or of what this world-planet, or that wonderful piece of machinery, the human-heart, is; or the universe with which the human-heart keeps measured-time in harmonious flow,—not alone are we ignorant of all these wonders—we are Most Ignorant Of Self!

Endless changes take place during pregnancy, modifying every portion of woman's body in one way or another, during the forty weeks of gestation, each change being made for the welfare of the growing baby. The womb grows from three to fifteen inches; its capacity is multiplied five hundred times. We are told it may be possible during the first three months of conception to separate the embryo-baby from its mother; after three months, or Moons, to undertake separation means death. The third month is the most interesting in the development of the embryo-baby. At the third month, or Moon, the heart makes its first pulsation, uniting life between the incarnating-soul and the physical-body. So now, dear, there is not so much danger of losing my baby,—of separating embryo-baby from its mother. For the Lord hath "sealed" and "they whom the Lord hath sealed let no man put asunder."

A Mother, then what? What will I do after you grow up, Diantha, dear, are married and gone? In a girl's younger days her life is filled with school, her chums, social-life or perhaps with work. Then comes along her courtship and marriage, then her babies, then a few years and they are married and gone to their own made homes. Then what? Will I be widowed? Children all gone, perhaps an independent income, or no income! Who knows? Nothing to do, yet born to lead and control; incapable of accepting as grandmother any secondary-role as helper in my children's home! Or will

I have my own cosy home where I can have my hobby, a purposeful life and improve my time filling it with some interest that calls for the best there is in me,—growing in mind and character, making a more helpful friend to children and friends? Or, will I be one of those puttering creatures, with a mind full of commonplace thots and ‘petty-gossip,’ breathing and living in an atmosphere of gossipy-magnetism, chiefly with other women who are also starving their souls while waiting to ‘die?’ The wanton waste of thousands of women, satisfied with such a life! The secret of youth and contentment is Never to Graduate In Life’s School.

“Three stages of woman—Marriage, Children and Gossip.”

The uncontrollable and ceaseless art of gossip. What lots of gossip all over the country at the seashore and mountain this time of year—August-Month,—all the fuss, confusion, fretting, fine feathering and idleness, to the woman who stands at the back door leaning over her broomstick, to the one who “throws on a sunbonnet and goes down the road a piece to visit a spell with a neighbor.” Each performs her own ‘society stunt,’ according to her personal-limitations.

Gossip, the hardest thing to contend with in nature, the lowest form of mentality,—a deadly and demoralizing poison—making of human souls slaves to Mrs. Grundy. As in effect did a great teacher emphasize: “It is not safe to entertain gossips, when they bring small-pox in their clothes. Ladies have a tea-party or sewing circle. After the evening is spent the doors are closed; they think that the guests have all departed; but they have shut in their magnetism, and, so long as they remain, bodily connections are maintained between the members of the family and those of their fleshly-guests. These have eaten the family element and the family has eaten theirs. Thus the spirits who haunt the guests are enabled to haunt the family, and the spirits who infest them have found access to the bodies of the family and to their vital constituents. The natural wife carries to her husband, from one of these conclaves, the magnetisms of the entire coterie. If

he retires with her, but dreams of Mrs. Jones or Miss Mills, it is because she has brought home the sexual emanations of these ladies and distilled them into him." A woman with a mind that has outgrown 'petty gossip' and a soul above jealousy is a Flesh-Angel.

Gossips have been severely punished by philosophers and people who build dictionaries. Nearly everybody who talks about gossips is referring to woman, but—Thank Evolution, the narrowness, bigotry, meddlesomeness and intolerance of early days are passing; yet, some could name a good many of the other sex who are long-established prattlers. Some one says: "I have combatted the argument for years, but have finally come to the conclusion that the male is a worse gossip than the female." Men are the real gossips, they can do more harm in fifteen minutes with their dastardly tongues, or with a wink, than a dozen women hanging over the teacups or back fence, can do in weeks.

"Be it known to all and several people of the United States the members of the woman's clubs are not the 'only ones' who talk-unadvisably with their mouths. There are renowned statesmen in the halls of Congress at Washington who rival in their nimble talk and ignorance any tea-party that ever assembled around a pink table."

Thy tongue—the most unruly member of thy body! If thou canst not bridle it, let it moonshine against some telegraph pole, not against thy neighbor. "When two and two make five, it is gossip." Gossip and jealousy have a ruinous effect upon the health;—it also destroys the beauty of the mouth, giving it lines of bitterness, and depressing its corners. "How much happier this world would be if only a little touch of brotherly love silenced the lips of every gossip and tale-bearer!" "The words of a tale-bearer are as wounds, and they go down into the innermost parts of the belly."

"Tamper not with idle rumor, lest the truth appear to lie,
Carve thy lips to lilted silence, wrong shall fall on it and die.
Tamper not with accusation, harvest not what thou hast heard.
Christ stood in the court of Pilate, but He answered not a word."





SEPTEMBER—the First-Autumn month. Now that Fall is upon us and Summer has passed, the harvesters everywhere are rejoicing, reaping of the seed they have sown. The ripened fruit and grain have run their course, 'tis the time of the glorious increase of Autumn's fruitage, when the vines hang full-ripe. As flows the new-red wine into the tubs, so flows the oil of gladness thru man's heart.

These Golden Autumn-Days. A time of ripeness, a time of introspection, of counting up the year's harvest, a looking inward, and of getting acquainted with self. Yellow haystacks enlarge abruptly and, here and there, dot the meadow-lands. The air is heavy-laden with the fragrance of new-mown hay, of the spicy odors of the drying grasses. How gently and quietly, how swiftly the natural seasons undergo their change, each like a fallen-leaf floating upon a silent stream. "Time is a sort of river of passing events and strong is its current; no sooner is a thing brought to sight, than it is swept by and another takes its place, and this too, will be swept away."

"September may be described as the month of tall weeds. Where they have been suffered to stand along fences, by roadsides, and in forgotten corners, red-root, pig-weed, rag-weed, golden-rod, burdock, thistles, and endless others, how they lift themselves up as if not afraid to be seen now! They are all outlaws; every man's hand is against them; yet, how surely they hold their own! They love the roadside because here they are comparatively safe; ragged and dusty, like the common tramps, that they are, they form one of the characteristic features of early Fall."

The Autumn leaves fall gently from the silent trees. The woodland songsters have stilled their voices sweet. There is a peace stealing over all. I hear the beech-nuts dropping; dropping on the dry and rustling leaves; from

off the still and loaded trees I hear the bright red-apples falling, falling. The Autumn-Sunshine is warm and mellow; the maple-trees in leaf are gay with scarlet, gold and brown. I hear the whisper of the tall majestic forest trees—the cathedral of the pines. The ‘whist’ of their songs, the voice of the woods, the purling of the water,—all are music to the ear. The very taste and smell of the Autumn-air is enough to make one glad. Your ways, we love, Sweet September!

Sweeter than the costliest perfumes are the delicate odors given out this time of year by lowly plants, aromatic shrubs and waving trees. The scent of sweet-grass, sweet-clover, the balsam fir-tips, the soothing hops. Then, too, who has not perfectly revelled in the fragrantly refreshing lavender, that is so tenacious of its God-given sweets, that a whiff from the trunk as the home-coming woman opens it, on her return from the country and mountains, instantly carries one back to the roaming fields and restless beauty of vacations long-years ago spent. These sweet-scents are ever a refreshing inspiration and reminder of Nature’s perfumes, even when we imprison them in sofa-pillows and chest-drawers. Branches of birch, of balsam-fir and pine-cones fill the home with sweet suggestions of the heart of the woods, whether we keep them for their beauty or throw them upon a blazing home-fire as a grateful incense. Full is wonderful Nature of beautiful healing-qualities. Even the simple herb on the hill-side sends forth its ethereal-spirit of Divine beneficence. Each and all of Nature’s voices give out their share of ever-powerful inspiration, as do the glorious sunrises and sunsets that bathe us in eternal-harmony.

Autumn, the third season of the year—the time of maturity and decline—ever suggests Nature’s one constant and fundamental law of Change, wherein everything is moving, shifting, fleeting.

“Nothing is Constant, except Change.” Change, change everywhere and always.

Heraclitus said:

“The universe is in a state of flux, ever flowing, ever changing. Just as we may never see the same river twice,

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even tho but a moment separates the two glimpses, so no two moments behold the same universe."

"Nothing is—everything is becoming."

Another says: "No thing ever is as it was last night, or last instant, not a blade of grass, not a leaf, a tree, or a square inch surface of the earth, not the chair you are sitting upon. All who are not blind can observe that change is the world's order and that nothing in the universe is constant but change itself, which is perpetual." There is no such thing as absolute rest. What we call rest is only unseen-energy,—our immortal-mind working while the body sleeps or rests. When awake the mortal-mind works.

Can we not take the beautiful lesson of Autumn's September month—that of maturity and gradual decay; of the four seasons from Nature's own text-book;—and rejoicingly learn the lesson of Evolution's Eternal Change—of re-birth, re-embodiment,—which is eternally re-modeling and manifesting in each of us as in the four seasons? The clouds, the sunshine, the flowers, the stars, the foliage of the trees, the eternal seas, the everlasting hills, the planetary systems, every atom of the universe, everything, is in constant motion and vibration, all these do change; all are subject to Nature's great immutable-law of evolutionary change.

No, not a sad law, but a blessed law! Who would want a life or universe of sameness—pork and beans three hundred and sixty-five days in the year? Life wouldn't be worth living if we were not in change.

Life is one continuous process of living and 'dying.' "We must live to die, we must die to live." The law of evolution's eternal and cyclic-change is the only hope out of this disorganized world. Change is the Only Thing that Makes Life Worth Living—the only link in the chain of evolution. Change is not destruction. It is the fertilizer of evolution; without this law all would be as a stagnant frog-pond.

Yes, but everything changes and passes away, what's the use of anything? Discontent is the bigger part of our life. Life is a jumble of joy and sorrow, one constant

fight with dual-forces and conditions for existence. What does Life amount to after all? Who would care to live it over? "Thou hast made man a little higher than the beasts, to disappoint him in vain longings and with aspirations not to be realized."

True, there is, in every human heart, a natural-desire to find something that does not change. Impossible to find it in Nature, for the universe is one unceasing vibration of eternal change. Nothing Unchanging Exists. We are all running around everywhere to see where we come from and where we are going, but nobody seems to know. If we have anything we love or enjoy, it is soon taken from us. Very true, the world is wonderfully beautiful if we could only enjoy it in Peace, away from the Bread-and-Butter struggle. Not in mere passive-existence where one vegetates, but freely to solve our problems. To search out what is true and false in knowledge and realize our ideals.

What a world we live in! We come, we live, we love and fight—we part. Whence and whither the human race? What storms and whirlwinds! What bitter cyclones and wintry winds sweep across the souls of us poor struggling mortals! Only three score years and ten allowed us to make good! How often we ask ourselves and the unlistening-winds these questions. No Answer Cometh!

What is the meaning of it all? Why are we here? Why are we born? Why do we die? Is death the end of life? Why are some people poor and some rich? Why do the few have everything and the millions have nothing? Why do the wickedly powerful use Black Karma, stealing what they do not need, oppressing the weak? Why are some born criminals, idiots, and deformed with ugly bodies, some without hands and feet, dragging out a miserable existence? Others are born bright with beautiful bodies, mental vigor, happy, enjoying perfect health, seemingly all their wants supplied. Why are vice, cruelty, suffering, misery and ignorance permanent features of human-life while everything else dies? Why do we so seldom find the Golden-Rule outside of books? What is the matter with the world? Was it made all wrong? Is

it too full of half-made people? Does it belong only to the Few? Am I an intruder here taking somebody else's place? Who chose for us our position in life? One child is born of good and loving parents, another babe is born of criminals in the foulest surroundings,—one in a mansion, the other in the slums! We come into this world and the door is closed after us; we go out of this world and the door is closed after us.

“ 'Tis a strange world we came to, you and I,
Whence no man knows, and surely none knows why,
Why we remain—a harder question still,
And still another—whither when we die?

Into this life of cruel wonder sent,
Without a word to tell us what it meant,
Sent Back again without a reason why—
Birth, Life, and Death,—'tis all astonishment. ”

Why would a just and merciful God create one happy, another wretched? Why is He so partial? Why are we put here in misery to live under a just and merciful God? There must have been causes before our birth to make us miserable or happy and those Causes must have been our Past Actions.

“ If all human beings were equally endowed with physical and mental gifts, equally placed in social life, or, in other words, if there were no inequality amongst them, which is likewise present in every thing around us, no question could arise as to any previous existence or past actions of individual souls. But when, on the contrary, we find no two things are exactly alike, and that whichever side we glance we find diversity, there naturally arises the question—How and Why All This Difference?”

From the Beginning of Time man has wondered and tried to know himself and his Whys? “Every cradle asks us Whence? Every coffin Whither?” “To reason is to be lost,” roars the orthodox church.

What is man,—mortal man of bone and flesh eternally doomed to toil and sweat, crumbling, wasting, only to be

blown away? What is it all for—this craving for Power? Isn't it but folly, bringing heartaches and unrest, the slave of hope struggling and crawling onward, upward, from the brute? But, behold the brute in his contented-range, how few his wants! Simple and clean, he feeds on the tender twigs of forest and the fruitage of stream. Night comes on, he lies down to rest, with tranquil-dreams; with the stars, with the deep grass; chewing the cud of Blissful Peace.

To the great majority of us Life presents an endless tangle of puzzles and riddles,—puzzles we cannot work out, riddles we cannot guess,—the most complex is Manology, our own nature.

Let us shut our eyes and try to understand our existence, "I," "I," "I." Why "I am I?" For what am I created? What is our idea of this body—gotten together of flesh, blood and bone,—all changing, perishable stuff? For most of us as for Job, in the midst of his afflictions and painful riddles, of Life's miseries and iniquities, he patiently struggled to solve and know the causes of God's ways towards man and finally declared the problem insoluble: "I will lay my hand upon my mouth and be silent, for these things are too high for me and cannot be understood." Yet, a Divine Law of Absolute Justice must rule the world, else a thinking mind could have No Hope, No Respect for Self, God, the Universe or anything in it.

A great teacher of the East says:

"Theologians, philosophers in the West, are searching everything to get proof that they live afterwards! What a storm in a teacup! What silly superstition is this, that You Ever Die! It requires no priest, or spirit or ghost to tell us that we Shall Not Die. It is the most self-evident of all truths. No man can imagine his non-existence. The idea of Immortality is inherent in man. The soul is beyond life and death. Birth and death belong to the body only." The body is "a means to an end; an instrument intended for the culture of the soul." Birth and death are but two parts of Life Eternal. One is as necessary as the other. Evolution will teach us to look on

physical death as one of Life's Initiations. Evolution, Emanation, is only due to the fact that involution is already complete, unwombed, unborn,—Infinite. Involution is always Infinite—it is only another word for Infinite. These fleshly-garments are only a temporary over-dress, or coat which we use and wear here in this earth-school. As we cast aside our worn-out garments, so the Spirit, in so-called death, casts off the worn-out body and seeks a better one.

" From body to body your spirit speeds on.

It seeks a new form when the old one is gone.

And the form that it finds is the fabric wrought

On the loom of the mind, with the fiber of Thought."

As in the lesson of the acorn: "The acorn has an outer shell, an inner meat and then a germ; likewise man has an outer body, which, like the acorn, must die from the Parent-Tree, be buried in the dark recesses of the earth, there to rot, disintegrate and decay; that as the acorn has an Inner-meat, so has man a Spiritual-body; that as the acorn has power to send forth its soul in the reproduction of another tree, so man has power to launch forth his soul on the eternal wings of light; that while the acorn is one body, there is the dividing line between the outer shell and the inner meat; the division is distinct. So with man there is the three in One—Spirit, Soul and Body."

This earth-life is a short walk along the narrow thread of destiny, beginning and ending in the mysterious unknown. Hope Keeps Us Balanced as we walk the 'tight rope.' Life is short as we now see it, but it must be without beginning and ending, or else What For? Has there not been momentary suicide in all of us, to press the button and end it all, but, Hope which again whispers to us, springs eternal in the human breast, flings its windows open and again we seek and plod on.

The old Greek-God Jupiter gave the race of mortals Blind Hope—instilled it within us to keep us from self-destruction. "He made fond hope to dwell within them." We are creatures of hope in a changing stage, half-way between the animal of the past and the God-man of the future. "Man is properly speaking based on hope, he

has no other possession but hope; this world of his is emphatically the place of hope." Hope is the life-blood of the soul. Everything is hope in eternal change, motion without end, a law unchangeably just.

The Wise Ones In All Ages Teach that the First-principle to be learned in Life, ere we can hope to solve life's problems, is that Life Is Eternal, that Man Is a Soul—expressing Infinite Mind—Immortal and therefore Never Dies; that he has pre-existed, re-embodied, re-incarnated, countless-times; that all people in the world today have lived in the world many times before, all at different stages of growth, different ages in different school-classes; that this earth-life is but one school-day of the soul; that we learn Only thru these earth-experiences of joy and sorrow In Life's School-Room, thereby growing in knowledge, power and wisdom. Very seldom one teaches us anything. Our own experience is the best teacher. The best lessons we learn are from our own mistakes. We are still pulling apples from the tree of knowledge—with the mortal desire to know. All we fully know is what we have experienced or Divine. A child who does not know the fire burns sticks its finger in the flame and painfully learns. Learning is the law of experience. We cannot teach a child anything it does not desire to learn. The moment we say to a youth over twelve years old, "You shall not," that instant Old Satan is aroused, the old snake lies ready to spring into space. Instruct the child in the law of Self-Government, or Karma, and allow it to do its own thinking, developing its sense of responsibility and justice. We can only instruct our children—hoping to quicken their thot or evolution, as Burbank quickens the evolution of plants. Youth will eventually do as its pleases at any cost. "God puts a good root in the little pig's way." One can no more teach anyone who won't learn than try to Teach a Cat Not To Catch Mice. "There is no teaching except the pupil be in your frame of mind." We are all children in Life's school. Everyone has to learn himself by getting burnt by his own experiences.

The old idea that a Babe is Born With A Blank Mind, belongs to the dark ages. We are born with certain consciousness and Karmic-tendencies from previous lives, evolving here in accordance with our past and present Karma. The new-born babe comes into the world with a dim-memory of experiences, a storehouse of in-born experiences, all ready begun, experiences gathered in past lives which is Intuition.

Many mothers declare that "My Baby knew the moment it was born." It is recorded that the great German-poet and philosopher, Goethe, claimed to remember the moment of his birth. "Both thou and I have passed thru many births. Mine are known unto me, but thou knowest not of thine," saith Shree Krishna, teaching, that evolution thru True-Devotion to spiritual liberation unfolds to us our former births and evolutionary experiences.

We are happy or miserable, rich or poor, clever or stupid, good or bad, because we are getting just what we deserve. In our past lives we have had certain things, done certain things, which have their effect in this life. Every Cause Must Have Its Effect. "The man who believes that it won't make any difference a hundred years from now, is the same Gobbler who can't see that there can be No Cause Without Effect." The law of cause and effect is True Justice. If we think evil, do evil, evil we reap; if we think good, do good, good we reap. There is nothing in the universe but fixed Law—Cause and Effect—Common Sense, but we let man-made-laws lift us up into vapor and leave us floating aimlessly in the air.

In punishment, Nature's laws are Self-Executed. It is impossible to put in motion a cause without a consequent effect, therefore, impossible to shirk the sins and sufferings inbound in character by the Karma of all proceeding incarnations. The law of Karma repays by educating. Having experienced the punishment, no one, Not Even A Child, is apt to try the sin twice out of curiosity. For doing intentional wrong The Law makes the punishment more severe.

Some teach that death ends all earthly sorrow. This may be true for a time, limited by the length of the soul's

temporary stay between earth-lives; but causes and effects are brought over from one earth-life to another. "The Evil that men do lives after them," and lies in wait their next return to earth-life. Until we learn and live the righteous-law, consecrating our lives to Truth, returning good for evil, our evil deeds will grow and live. Following truth, whatever its source, our sins are little by little uprooted. Each good deed blots out a bad one, "helping some other to win."

Blessed-law of re-birth; that Man hath Another Chance in which to repent and sin no more! For the soul that has outgrown birth, age and death, no more incarnations are necessary. Once the Secret of Karma is understood, Everything becomes full of Beauty, Joy and Love. "It is the secret of the world that all things subsist and do not die but only retire a little from sight, and afterward return again," says Emerson.

We were put upon our earthly-journey thru the Karmic-cycle of incarnation, that we may suffer, enjoy and undergo endless experiences, gaining perfection by old experiences, and so obtain wisdom and become unfolded gods. All experience is initiation, whether it be one of joy or sorrow.

This world is not our Home, it is only one of the many degrees or initiations, thru which we must pass. Nature only exists as a schoolroom for the soul: What other meaning has it? We are right where we are today because of The Law—in the school-class where we belong. We are getting just what we have earned according to our final-examination in our last term of school.

All life is a school, a preparation, a purpose, nor can we hope to enter high-school if we do not undergo and pass thru the lower-schools. If we do not learn Life's One Lesson—The Law of Self-Government, or Karma—in this earth-school, we will surely have to come back again on this earth, in our next September-School, in the same class we left off in June-school, until we do learn The Law. Karma is the Only School Teacher. Our past has placed us here today, our tomorrow will find us where we have Earned the Right To Be. The more we see and

study this life, the surer we are that this is not all. "Had we but eyes to see and ears to hear, how perfect would this world appear!" The average mind at first refuses to accept the Karmic-Wisdom on account of its apparently merciless laws. These laws govern us all whether we respect them or not, so long as we live in the physical-world.

"Who did sin, this man or his parents, in that he was born blind?" was the question of the disciples to Jesus. Wisdom-Religion teaches he sinned somewhere before he was born, deserving the penalty of being born blind, that the law of Karma be manifest in him. Nothing is forgotten, nothing is forgiven. These many ways by which Karma is working out, are the explanations of these seemingly contradictory human-laws. "These laws do not listen to orphan's cries or widow's tears." They work unchangeably and unaffected. Pleasure and pain are fruits only of our own actions. God does not reward the virtuous or punish the wicked. It is done by the Karmic-Law of Cause and Effect. Divine-Wisdom guides the world and the human-race, working out their destiny in seeming blindness. "Sorrows seem sent for our instruction, as we darken the cages of birds when we would teach them to sing."

Many thinking people believe in the supremacy of individual and continued evolution of the man Adam. Adam is the Bible name of the First Man. Adam means Adamah, ground, red ground, clearly teaching that primordial-man, thru the evolution of the ages, evolved from the ground, from the Universal Mother-Earth, as symbolically and secretly taught in the much misunderstood Book of Genesis, the history of One Man—Thy Self. The human-form has grown and evolved from the animal and the animal from the vegetable and so on, scores, hundreds, thousands, millions of times, each time in a form suitable to its then stage of evolution—"travelling the path of existence thru thousands of births." In the case of humanity the full law obtains. Man evolves by living

in a physical body time after time,—the putting on of flesh periodically by the Soul or Ego,—getting more and more experiences—growing into Spirit Absolute.

There was in the Womb Of Time when man was not, a mite of formless substance—the unformed man-woman. Thru evolutionary law all things struggle upward to perfection. The protoplast evolves, being worm, reptile, bird and beast, reaching at last the form of cave-man, on up to God-man,—teaching that the re-manifestation of the germ of life thru many and different incarnations reaches out and on, in an ever ascending spiral of unfoldment, until at last to Perfect-Self. “For the Soul passeth from form to form; and the mansions of her pilgrimage are manifold.”

Nature’s activity increases with her ascent. In her lower-evolutions she is restless to become human. No sooner does she reach the man-woman form, wherein is gathered all the chemicals of the universe, than she becomes more impatient than ever, struggling to attain. She revolves on tip-toe, her wings unfold. She transcends herself, in the eternal-process of transmutation, ever nearing a kingdom higher, sweeter, purer, ever dreaming the completion and crown of the past, present and future—Jehovah’s plan, wherein the beginning and the end complete the cycle. All is continual unfoldment. All things move in cycles, but the cycle is that of the evolutionary screw-thread, ever around and around, each en-circle, reaching a higher plane. She, “wreathing thru an everlasting spiral, with wheels that never dry, on axles that never creak,” ever blindly seeking, “to uncover those secret-recesses where Nature is sitting at the fires in the depths of Her Laboratory.”

We all come forth from God probably millions of years ago, the Ego that is within us having been obliged to pass thru all the kingdoms that are below us, from the lifeless atom or lowest life up to the highest—man-woman. “A stone becomes a plant, a plant an animal and an animal a man.” Passing thru these births and rebirths at last man-woman earned the right to possess a human-body and come into the human-kingdom appearing

in the physical form of primitive Man-Woman. As the years or cycles increase, each soul moves slowly upward; rising above its savage, animal nature, growing in intelligence and moral power by experience; growing in the belief of the Immortality of the Soul, passing from lesson to lesson; grade to grade in Life's Schoolroom, on and on; passing thru much sinning and wrong-doing; coming to where you and I now stand, ever working out our Karma in moral and spiritual consciousness, toward perfection, until we evolve unto Christ's precept, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect."

Man is a God in self-imposed embryo. "I died out of the Stone, and I became a Plant; I died out of the Plant and I became an Animal; I died out of the Animal and I became a Man! Why should I fear to die! When did I grow less by dying? I shall die out of the Man and become an Angel."

Look where you will from the mineral on up thru the plant; the animals of earth and sea to the human,—each in its elementary-stages of evolution bear witness that Life Is Eternal, expressing God, the Soul and Immortality. Immortality sleeps in the womb of the bud, it plays in the April showers, it lives in the wing of the bird; it sings in the babbling-brook; it hides in the Autumn leaves. It is here, there, everywhere.

EGO

"Go thou dual spark," said the great First Cause,
To atom divine; obedient to laws,
Eternal, Immutable, fair and just,
As thought creative amid cosmic dust
Center magnetic did fully adjust
By simple laws of attractive force;
Atom to atom, and course upon course;
As constellation of nebulae crude,
Our solar system in embryo stood.
"Thy destiny link with yon seething mass,
With all of her changes move thou and pass
Through ev'ry el'ment, condition and state,
That doth in line of her destiny wait.
In crudest of elements do thou commence
Thy course of unfoldment, evolving thence,
With cycles and aeons rolling along,

Until through knowledge sufficiently strong,
 Hast thou become, when with reason torch lit
 Unto thy own hands thy ways I'll commit;
 Then self-controlling, thou dost to me prove
 Worthy a station archangel above
 Such a position awaiting will be,
 Universal control sharing with me. "
 Hence by the will of the Absolute sent,
 Sped thence the atom on mission intent,
 By law of attraction speedily files

Where forces magnetic do polarize.
 Embedding itself in immature sphere,
 In crudest rock strata first to appear,
 Gradually gaining the strength to attain
 Unto another, and still higher plane
 Abiding the growth, the death, and decay
 Of rocky abode, then speeds away
 To the next higher form, and there to abide
 An adequate time, then onward to glide.
 Each form of the mineral passing through,
 The vegetable kingdom next into,
 The life germ enters; and this undergone
 By immutable law is speeded on,
 Attaining thus unto the highest form
 As another era has come and gone.
 The crisis reaching; a single bound,
 In animal kingdom is life germ found
 From lowest to highest at length does come
 To the race called human, seeking a home;
 In lowest form of Pre-Adamic race,
 This living principle finds a place;
 A period passing, and then behold
 Life germ possessing the Adamic mold,
 Of conscious existence gaining a ray,
 A law is attained that it must obey.
 A course of instruction suiting its need,
 Ego then findeth upon which to feed
 And develop a mind on reason's plane
 That self-acting being it might attain,
 An innate desire is soon found its lot
 To learn what is good from that which is not.
 Duality needs it must now dissolve
 Positive, negative, fully evolve;
 Positive male; female negative;
 Separate entities cycles to live,
 Incarnating each in different form,
 The Adam and Eve of Biblical charm;
 Eve for her Adam, a helpmeet to be,

In bounds of conjugal felicity;
 Mutual sharers in sorrow and joy,
 Mutual aid while new powers employ,
 Mast'ring the course of instruction designed,
 For the unfoldment of immature mind,
 Incarnated ego of Adam's mold,
 Reasoning powers do slowly unfold,
 Wearing out bodies in sorrow and pain,
 E'er and anon cometh ego again;
 Product of self reproducing at will,
 Ego and tenement increasing still,
 Tenement the master, ego the slave,
 Through many cycles of time's fleeting wave.
 Opening each cycle as incarnated mates,
 With true adjustment of differing states;
 Fin'ly doth ego to Wisdom attain,
 Master of tenement ever to reign;
 Still pressing upward at length does he find
 Direct communion with Infinite mind;
 Thus aided, how he doth quicken his pace;
 How he ascendeth the scale of his race;
 Now at his pleasure doth tenement leave,
 And with impunity either realms cleave.
 Passing, re-passing from sphere unto sphere,
 Meeting with those whom his heart holdeth dear
 Penetrates oft inter-planetary space,
 Seeking for wisdom to uplift his race;
 Visiting Jupiter, Saturn and Mars;
 Venus and Neptune and many fixed stars
 Hark'ning then e'er ceasing melodies roll—
 Entrancing the rhythmic vibrations of' soul,
 Notes he the pulsing of Eternal Truth;
 Quaffs at the fountain perpetual youth.
 One more step upward and then will we see
 Mortal has put on Immortality.
 As powers God-like doth Ego assume,
 Dual again does he slowly become;
 United for age to negative part
 Mind unto his mind heart unto heart;
 Spirit through spirit doth ever instill
 Blending, re-blending by Infinite Will.
 As tenement yields unto Ego's reign,
 Crudest material eliminating,
 Tenement evolves to such a degree
 From Earth's attraction she sets herself free;
 Then upward, onward, through aeons of time
 Still pressing upward to heights most sublime;
 Above and beyond the angelic sphere,

The voice of the silence still can he hear
 Calling him yet to a much higher plane
 One with the Absoluteness ever remains.

S. Birch Gourley.

For us to keep company with God, we must grow unto Divine Consciousness, to see the Absoluteness or Immortal in All-Creation. In Divine Consciousness we see God with our hearts as well as with the "Inner-Eye." We learn to see and serve God under the coverings of limited and afflicted humanity, in the downtrodden and suffering, in the poverty-stricken, the sick, and needy, in the young-souls or ignorant, thus translating Divine Consciousness into individual, objective or Universal Service. When we do this we learn to realize with George Wharton James, what it means to go "Singing Thru Life With God." It is this that led the Psalmist to exclaim: "If I make my bed in hell, behold, Thou art there."

If nothing in us be Immortal, what a wicked thing Life is. With nothing here in our earth-stay to justify the inequalities of Life, then Duty, Justice and Love are a myth! If we do not inhabit fresh bodies to work out our past Karma, then Life is a ridiculous performance! We come here to strut and fret, Suffering for No Wise Purpose!

Why does Johnny wipe off his slate when it is written full?

Why?

" I hold that when a person dies
 His soul returns again to earth;
 Arrayed in some new flesh-disguise
 Another Mother gives him birth.
 With sturdier limbs and brighter brain
 The old soul takes the road again.

Such is my own belief and trust;
 This hand, this hand that holds the pen,
 Has many a hundred times been dust
 And turned, as dust, to dust again;
 These eyes of mine have blinked and shone
 In Thebes, in Troy, in Babylon."

Plato concluded that if the ways of God are to be justi-

fied, there must be a future life, affirming that the Soul was Immortal and clothed in many bodies successively.

Socrates when asked "Where shall we bury you?" answered, "Wherever you can catch me—Me you cannot bury."

Teaches our glorious Emerson in expounding evolution: "We learn what patient periods must round themselves before the rock is formed, then before the rock is broken. It is a long way from granite to the oyster; farther yet to Plato and the preaching of the Immortality of the Soul, yet all duly arrive and must come as surely as the first-atom has two sides. If we look at the work of Nature, we seem to catch a glance of a system in constant changing, passing from one form to another. Plants are the young of the world, vessels of health and vigor; but they grope ever upward towards consciousness; the Trees are Imperfect Men and seem to bemoan their imprisonment, rooted in the ground. The Animal is the Novice and Probationer of a more advanced order. All that is yet inanimate will one day speak and reason. . . . The chemic-lump arrives at the plant and grows; arrives at the quadruped and walks, arrives at the man and thinks."

We Live In Hope; we believe in Justice; we believe in a Supreme-Power, but if there be No Future Life There Can Be No Justice In The Universe. "Justice demands another life in order to make good the inequalities of this."

The fallen-girl is an outcast and left to die in the gutter—while the self-willed betrayer goes free. The balance is seldom adjusted in this earth-life. But, somewhere, sometime, somehow, on the path of evolution, Karma's Court of Justice will balance up with the betrayer. Nothing escapes its judgment. The evil or Black Karma we sow follows us, as the shadow follows the body. We can never skip or get away from an evil deed—the fire is never out—until we reckon with it and strike a clean balance. The Balancing of Accounts holds good

in the Spiritual-World as well as in the material or Money-World. The law of evolution unlocks all mysteries. "Ye must be born again" are no Idle Words.

Life Is Eternal. The Immortality of the Soul has been, and Always Will Be, the most absorbingly interesting and all important study of mankind. How often we hear, "It will be all the same a hundred years from now!" "I don't care what happens then, I'll not be here—I'm going to Get Mine Now, they can have what's left when I'm gone." But suppose that man one day learns There Is No Death; that he does not die; that so-called death is only a change of outer garments, as the snake symbolically expresses the re-birth of the body by casting off its old skin and sliding into a new outer garment? That man will, according to the Law of Karmic-connections, be forced to come back and live on earth, over and over again, Reaping the Harvest of Every Evil, as well as of Every Good Thot and Deed he has Sown; paying off the "I don't care;" returning to earth-school again and again until he learns how blessed it is to live the Universal-Self—the Underlying Unity of All-Life. If not, when and where do we expect to pay off the selfish thot-seeds we have sown, acted and lived? "For Death, friend of man tho he is, can find no easy or quiet place for the wicked man."

Is not man struggling after the almighty dollar in the industrial, financial, political and educational-world, but for One Purpose—to give happiness and joy to loved ones, and enjoy his association with them? If Life Is Eternal, then so-called death cannot end these causes and effects—the associations,—they are carried over from one life to another, from re-incarnation to re-incarnation. At most it is only a temporary absence of effects, of kindred-souls here on earth, likewise of enemies made here on earth. If we injure anyone, rest assured we're not done with him as long as he is an enemy. Somewhere on life's evolutionary path we will be forced to come together and reckon with that enemy, until a harmony between causes and effects is fully re-established. Evolution will force us to chemicalize all hate and bitterness with Love-Divine.

How plain The Law teaches that Life is an Endless Chain of Causes and Effects. Whatever we do here on earth, in thot, act and deed, is Karma done for eternity, not alone for this one short earth-stay of threescore and ten, but a link in Life's endless chain. Not always from some fore-father, sometimes from one's last night's actions, or last year's bird's nest, do the effects come. The sins we do two by two, we pay for one by one. We are heirs of our Karmic-debts, inherited from ourselves in many of our former existences.

Some day our Homes, Schools and Churches will teach the eternal law of Self-Government or Karma—as a man soweth so shall he reap; that life is eternal; that we continue to live on after so-called death, in just the same school-room created by our thots and deeds, continuing to pay off our past Karmic-debts. When this glad day has come, how many men out of every thousand in the commercial-world, men in offices of Public Trust, will sow the seed of graft and robbery as they do now?

Child Of Love, we may sometimes sneer and laugh at the law of Karma—the Wisdom-Religion. We may think it was written for 'old fogies,' but there will come to all of us, sometime, in some school-lesson, in some incarnation, the learning of the lesson of peace and love growing out of the right thot-seed sown, sorrow and sin growing out of the wrong thot-seed sown.

"Dust Thou art to dust returneth,
Was not spoken of the soul."

Immortality is an idea, an idea so vital and so dominant that it shapes and controls the lives and actions of individuals and the destiny of nations; yet there are minds who think that death ends all, even for the dumb brutes. Yes, there are blind-men in the world and deaf-men too. The man who sees and hears, who tastes and smells, and enjoys the sense of touch is the normal-man. The one without these faculties is abnormal. The mind who says: "There is no immortality" is as abnormal as the man who is blind or deaf.

"What is day to the wise man is night to the ignorant man;
What is day to the ignorant man is night to the wise man."

The Inspired-Soul Divines Immortality.

The late Robert G. Ingersoll was at times impatient with the idea of immortality, yet, as he stood by his own brother's grave, pronouncing the last words, couched in terms of warm and continuous praise—seeing the cold earth close over the lifeless form of the brother he naturally loved, tho he stood, wrapped in doubt, Hope whispered and compelled the out-flowing words,—“But it is permitted to us all to Hope.”

Dr. John Haynes Holmes well voices in his work: “Is Death the End?”

“The animal has all that he needs for his earthly existence; the man has this and infinitely more, which seems to have no relation to the necessities of his present career. If this life be all, what need has man of these stupendous mental powers, intense moral convictions, and lofty spiritual aspirations, which characterize him as a being apart from the rest of evolving life? If death be the end, how shall we reconcile this vast endowment of spiritual force with an environment for which the physical endowment of the animal is found to be an adequate provision? If the only problem that faces a man is that of living for sixty or seventy years upon this earth, ere he passes into oblivion, why should he be moved, as by some power not himself, to give his strength and days to laborious historical-researches, to profound metaphysical speculations, to the rapture of poetry and the thrill of music, to the dreaming of dreams and the seeing of visions, to struggles, sacrifices and sufferings for human betterment, to the thot of God and the Hope of Immortality? What place hath any of these things in this strictly terrestrial sphere of existence? If this world be all, then is not the swiftness of the Deer or the strength of the Lion a more useful attribute than the Brain of a Plato? and the acute hearing of the Dog or the far vision of the Eagle a richer endowment than the heart of a Christ?”

A belief in non-existence tends to dwarf the efforts and deaden the ambition of mankind. Would you waste time in planting and cultivating a garden which you knew would be condemned for a railroad right of way before

the harvest-season? If tomorrow we die, if Immortality is a fable, if Thot is only a physical-creation and Conscience a morbid fancy, then the motive which inspires men and women to great and good deeds is gone, and selfishness and brutality have unchecked sway.

Would the dome of St. Peter's have been hung in air had Angelo deemed that his life would "be rounded by an eternal sleep?" Would the art treasures of the Louvre and the Luxembourg and the hundred galleries of Europe have been created if their authors had not looked beyond the grave and the gloom?

Would Longfellow, and Bryant, and Whittier have sung to the ages? Would the philosophy of Emerson have illuminated the thot of two centuries? Would the hand of Stephenson have grasped the throttle-valve of the first locomotive? Would Morse have harnessed the lightning and Edison have made it vocal, and Marconi have seized the air for wires? Would the voices of Webster and Clay have filled the Senate-chamber with echoes that shall live while the Capitol stands—if each and all had not been inspired by the belief that their deeds and words would follow them to nightless-realms?

Creds may be destroyed; forms of worship may be reconstructed; theological-charts torn up, and civil society will suffer little harm so long as there remains a Faith in the Hereafter. Would you, would I, want to finish this school-term—this life-sentence, these struggling years filled with sorrow, if Life Wasn't Eternal? If we have evolved from a clam to a human, why should we not evolve from a human into an angel? If there is no life hereafter, no moral accounting, no conscience, no innate-perceptions of right and wrong which come to us from a source beyond ourselves, and which illuminate the dark nights of human-consciousness, even as moonbeams cut rifts of light in the cloud;—if all teachings of the Karmic-Law are but sounding phrases,—then why should not every man lie, steal or destroy if it seems to be to his advantage so to do? Why not help himself to whatever may contribute to his comfort without regard to the rights of others? Why not poison his mother-in-law, as-

sassinate his business-rivals, burglarize banks, forge checks, kick book-agents downstairs, get drunk every night and hate his neighbor and love his neighbor's wife?

The world will never believe that the mind of man can ever vanish utterly into the void. A feeble ambition it is which satisfies itself within the limits of one incarnation. All Nature denies—challenges—death. Wherever we turn, Nature teaches,—No Death.

In the Spring-time the woods send forth beautiful flowers, violets and primroses in profuse bloom, springing up everywhere; all Nature bursts into budding-gladness. In the Autumn these same buds and blooms have all vanished and are lost to mortal sight, the trees changing the hues of their leaves from sober green to gorgeous Autumn-tints, the leaves—fading, falling into nothingness. While the trees look like bare, lifeless sticks, the life-sap which has been flowing thru the branches to the leaves withdraws to the unseen roots, there to rest during the lull between re-births. Altho one sees little or no sign of life in the tree during the Winter or Spirit-growth, each Winter is a sign of what the night of man is to his day, symbolizing the time which a soul spends between incarnations. Seeing no visible sign of life during Winter's lull, we feel quite certain that next Spring the life-sap will send forth its Immortal-green and bud, proving to our mortal-eye that life had only withdrawn from view for the Winter's rest, to again burst forth, again and again, year after year, evolving thru similar forms. Thruout the kingdoms of external Nature, life is ever manifesting in different forms, ever withdrawing from each form which gradually decays, and, after a rest, re-births in a new form. On, up, into the study of the human-kingdom, we begin to understand something of the purpose of the Great-Evolutionary-Law.

“There is, I know not how, in the minds of men a certain presage, as it were, of a future existence, and this takes the deepest root and is most discoverable in the greatest geniuses and most exalted souls.” The echoes we fain would grasp, repeat and re-echo Immortality in every voiceless atom, in every viewless, measureless space.

"You who grieve for the dead, remember that a lifetime is but a day to the immortal spirit. Often have you parted from a loved one for a day and felt no grief thereat. The loved one left home to perform a duty and you felt sure that the next day you would see him again. Can you not feel in the next day of the soul, the next life time, (it is all the same in eternity), you will greet your loved one again? Friends do not meet in everyday life unless they are very intimate. As you do not see one friend or another oftener than once a week, so in the greater days of the soul you may not meet all your friends every day. You part from one on Monday with a definite engagement to meet on Friday. Four days, four lifetimes, it is all the same in eternity. But from some you only part for a few hours, from noon to sunset, and meet again in the evening in the intimacy of home. Those who have left you now at the mid-day of life will perhaps come home to you at sunset; which is only another way of saying that they meet you at the end of this day of the soul, the end of this life, and be with you in the twilight period of the astral life and in the sweet dream of heaven beyond." *

THERE IS NO DEATH

"There is no death. The stars go down
To rise upon another shore,
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine for evermore.

There is no death. The forest leaves
Convert to life the viewless air;
The rocks disorganize to feed
The hungry moss they bear.

There is no death. The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

There is no death. The leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away—
They only wait through wintry hours
The warm, sweet breath of May.

* War Letters from a Living Dead Man, by Elsa Barker.

THE HONEY-COMB

There is no death, although we grieve
When beautiful familiar forms
That we have learned to love are torn
From our embracing arms.

Although with bowed and breaking heart,
With sable garb and silent tread
We bear their senseless dust to rest
And say that they are dead—

They are not dead. They have but passed
Beyond the mists that blind us here
Into the new and larger life
Of that serener sphere.

They have but dropped their robe of clay
To put a shining raiment on;
They have not wandered far away,
They are not 'lost' or 'gone.'

Though unseen to the mortal eye,
They still are here and love us yet;
The dear ones they have left behind
They never do forget.

Sometimes upon our fevered brow
We feel their touch, a breath of balm;
Our spirit sees them, and our hearts
Grow comforted and calm.

Yes, ever near us, though unseen,
Our dear, immortal tread—
For all God's boundless Universe
Is Life—there are no dead."

John McCreery.

We are all playing our parts in the Universal Drama
Of Life—each playing his part according to his own
ability.

A great teacher said:

"The bee came to sip the honey, but its feet stuck to
the honey-pot and it could not get away. Again and
again, we are finding ourselves in that state. That is the
whole secret of existence. Why are we here? We came
here to sip the honey, and we find our hands and feet

sticking to it. We are caught, tho we came to catch. We came to enjoy; we are being enjoyed. We came to rule; we are being ruled. We came to work; we are being worked. All the time, we find that. And this comes into every detail of our life. We are being worked upon by other minds, and we are always struggling to work on other minds. We want to enjoy the pleasures of life; and they eat into our vitals. We want to get everything from Nature, but we find in the long run that Nature takes everything from us,—depletes us, and casts us aside. ”

Sick and tired of the present enslaved conditions, we all know we are not living aright. But don't despair, don't give up the race! Hold on to the positive thot of the Blessed Law of Evolution. When we awake from the sleep of self-delusion, we will know we came from the Beginningless Past into the Endless Future; that this life is no more than a tick in the clock of Eternity. Let us give thanks that we may be and are only the tiniest cog in Life's evolutionary wheel. Mind and time are the great evolvers. Evolution is a slow growth, but sure and sane, for, in the cosmic consciousness, “a thousand years are as a day. ” Nature spends a century unfolding an oak tree. As for a butterfly, hours are years.

We only need to learn the law of Self-Government; that We Punish Ourselves; that We Reward Ourselves. We can, by the quickening of evolution, live many lives in one life—many incarnations in one, purging, purifying mind and body. As spirit, we are Divine, birthless, endless. Bodies die, but “the spirit of man is neither born, nor doth it die. Unborn, undying, ancient, perpetual and eternal, it hath endured and will endure forever. The body may die; be slain; be destroyed completely; but He that hath occupied it remaineth unharmed. ”

To feel that Life Is Eternal; that Life is all before us; that we have another chance to conquer wrongs, to cast out Satan, to work out our own Karma, compensates us for life's struggles and mortal race. Wisdom-Religion deals with and solves the great problems of Life, acknowledging the Four Fundamental Principles: Evolution, the

Brotherhood of All-Life, Self-Government or Karma, and Re-incarnation. Wisdom-Religion restores Justice to God and Spiritual-Power to man, the only rational theory of another chance, urging us on and on to new endeavor. The longer we live, the more we strive and learn, the surer the mind is that there are worlds still left to conquer.

In youth the world seems to be all we need; this short earth-stay all sufficient to attain all we desire. As we older grow we feel that there are worlds of which we have not yet dreamed, and only in Eternity can we hope to work out our problems. "There never was a time when the doctrine of a future life was not held. But learning depends on the learner, no more truth can be conveyed than the popular mind can bear." "All that I have seen teaches me to trust the Creator for what I have not seen." While, even in the hour of death, we may momentarily doubt, Hope is full of Immortality. Were it not true we would be like a blind man put to run a race.

" Approach thy grave

Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch

About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

As in the wisdom of Victor Hugo:

"I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest which has more than once been cut down. The new shoots are stronger than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but Heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown-worlds. You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head, and eternal Spring is in my heart. I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets, and the roses as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the Immortal-Symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is history. For half a century I have been writing my thots in prose, verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, and song. I have tried all. But I feel that I have not said the thousandeth part of what is in me. When I go down to my grave I can say like so many

others, 'I have finished my day's work;' but I cannot say, 'I have finished my life.' My day's work will begin again the next morning. The Tomb is Not a Blind Alley; it is a thorofare; it closes in the twilight to open with the dawn. I improve every hour, because I love this world as my fatherland. My work is only beginning. My monument is hardly above its foundation. I will be glad to see it mounting and mounting forever. The Thirst for the Infinite Proves Infinity."

My Precious Babe. My Precious Monad, how fast you're growing. Almost 5 inches long today, dear. Mother begins to feel you move now. Comes a little feeble "fluttering" like the fluttering of a tiny bird held in the hand. It rather startled me at first. The poet has sweetly described "A baby in the house." The quickening-period reveals to woman that an immortal soul is enfleshing within her own body, when the very vibration of it rejoices to answer with Love.

It is about this time that Mothers notice the movements of their embryo-babies, when "quickening" is said to have taken place. Quickening is one of the most important signs of pregnancy, one of the most valuable—being proof that mother is nearly half her time with baby, and if she be liable to miscarry, quickening makes her safer, as she is less likely to miscarry after, than before quickening.

Many believe that the embryo-baby is not alive, or "quick," before the fourth month. Why not? The idea that wilful abortion—the artificially forced expulsion of the embryo-baby from the womb—is a greater crime after quickening than before seems strange. The moment that the fertilized human-egg begins growth in the womb it is Life—an embryo-baby—with soul and being. Even before conception all wasted seed and eggs which fail to come to maturity are an abortion.

Woman is the direct agent of the Supreme. Her womb is the heart of God—the Holy-Temple. When she does

anything to injure her body she commits an unpardonable-sin and has to be born again. When man abuses her sex-functions he abuses the heart of the heart of God. Abuse God and He leaves The Temple.

It mother happens to miscarry now, dear, you would live for hours, you're so sure, now. How strange, yet true, considering the transitory part taken by the father, that he often-times is the cause of a miscarriage, also an abortion. This may come from some weakness of his constitution, some disease, his being too young, or too old, or by debauchery or excess of any kind, the law being that seed thus defertilized while capable of conception, has not Life-Power sufficient to carry it to full maturity—birth.

Women of excessive fullness of blood, having a profuse menstrual discharge, easily abort during the early months of gestation. Again, women who are inactive, leading an aimless life, passing their time in company with those who know as little as they do, who feast on trashy novels, also abort very easily. Woman's surrounding atmospheric-conditions are not wholly without influence in the producing of abortions.

Strange? Yet, possibly not so, to the profound chemist or al-chemist. Chemistry is not merely the basis of flour-mixing, the holding of gas in bread-making, the basis of industry in our great steel plants and automobile factories, but is the very inner-ground work of Life itself. No problem is practically solved on the material or the spiritual-plane until it is reduced to chemical terms—Transmutation.

Our body is a miniature-universe, a human-laboratory. It contains within itself all the chemicals, vibrations, proportioned or unproportioned to the universe. Thus, Life's problems for solution are not only the chemical-basis for flour-mixing, the chemical triumph of the steel industry in the automobile world, the transforming of baser metals into gold or silver, the change from the ox-team to

the air-ship; but the transmutation of the baser-nature of man's constitution into his Higher Nature. Sometime in the slowly revolving centuries, everything which appears in show as gross, low, vulgar, will have become the fineness of the spiritual.

There is a cause for the many ailments and sufferings of pregnant woman—of this continued and irrepressible vomiting,—mucous matter, bile and undigested food, sometime streaked with blood. These general physical disturbances,—such as hearing strange unaccountable noises, affect the mental as well as the physical condition. Who knows, but that these results come from unwelcome and undesired children? That is, if man and woman come together in the married relation and are not chemically blended in the finer-qualities of their organisms, is it any wonder that the Internal Law of Divine-Al-chemy rebels and general physical derangement follows?

Woman being made for the High and Holy Office of Maternity, it should be her highest-functioning of health, beauty and enjoyment; whenever it is not, Somewhere, there is Something Chemically Wrong.

The question of Chemical-Affinity or natural adaptability between man and woman, of which we know little or nothing as yet, is often ridiculed by short-sighted moralists. The general idea is, if a man and woman are simply healthy, and not idiots and within certain man-made proscriptions, they are fit to marry and bring forth. What moonshine! There are the finer-forces, the Interior Guidances, the inner-chemical attractions, which seldom appear on the surface, but are interwoven in the very inmost-texture of the soul, which, if ignored, will declare their right in their own time and order, as do the laws of Outer Chemical-Affinity and Repulsion. These Chemical-dispensations are the determining rule of the invariable sequence of Nature's or God's Laws of marriage and divorce. When ignored in a man-made contract, it cannot be that "God hath joined together" the couple as declared by Christ. It is equally true that what God hath put asunder by the laws of repulsion—made unbearable when not attracted,—no man-made laws can chem-

ically-bind. This was probably the chemical-repulsion in the case of Napoleon and Josephine. These burning questions, these mysterious inter-changes of the male-female principle, whose chemistry is still little understood, the future woman will be forced to face and solve. Investigation is not only woman's inherent right but is her Inescapable Duty. "Search well the deep things,—yea, the deep things."

" Would we the mysteries of this world know,
We must to nature's deepest recess go."

" Prove all things, hold fast to that which is good."

I wonder what you are thinking now, baby dear? Just wandering, dim, formless, etherial baby thots, dreaming of your future, or just sleeping the hidden sleep of embryo-babyhood, gathering and growing and getting ready for life's struggle.

Life's journey seems a short one.

The doctor comes, he lingers awhile and says it's a boy or a girl. A moment later in comes the nurse with baby, grandmother and daddy in the rear, to show baby to its wondering, happy mother. From this one eventful moment Life's mile-stones fly past rapidly. Baby is fondled, tossed up and down in its mother's arms—played with as she played with her doll not so many years ago. A few rides in the baby-carriage, baby crawls, walks, and is off to September-School.

While Shakespeare divided the planetary life periods of man into seven ages—or mile-stones of earth-years,—there really outwardly seem only four periods, or quarters. Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter.

First Quarter—1 to 21 years—the Spring Season of Life—Love, Youth and Growth.

Second Quarter—22 to 42 years—the Summer Season of Life—Love, Full Bloom Manhood, Womanhood—Fruitage.

Third Quarter—43 to 63 years—the Autumn Season of Life—Love, Maturity, Harvest, Wealth.

Fourth Quarter—64 to 84 years—the Winter Season of Life—Love, the Stored Treasure-House of Honey—Wisdom. In each of the four seasons we live too rapidly and make them too short.

Diantha, My Child Of Love, the saddest day in all my life will be when your First School-Day comes. On this first school-day you are gone from mother forever. The child that comes Home at noon from its first morning in school is not the same baby that mother so tenderly loved and kissed off to school that same morning.

Many of us go back in our dreams to the first-days of school, with primer and slate, satchel and shining morning face, to the days when we hear that sweet morning voice, "Kiss mother goodbye, be a good boy, a good little girl, today."

The First Day of School is when baby crosses the horizon. To the child, emerging from babyhood, it is a plunge into an unknown-world. To thousands of mothers, sending their first babies to their first schools is more than the cutting of apron-strings—a wrench of the very heart-strings.

"My Baby?"

No longer a baby—who will dry its tears? Kiss its hurts away? Who'll save it from the blows of a cruel-world? Yes, other pangs come to mother's heart as children older grow, but this opening school-day is the introduction of all tragedies that may come.

My baby goes beyond my arm's reach, beyond my eye, my ear, from now on her guide is her teacher; her companions strange boys and girls, whose parents are unknown to me. How will I keep baby from growing up? Why can't we put Our-Baby in alcohol, preserve you, dear, and not let you get any bigger? A baby is so sweet—just like a Real Live Doll, that there is the temptation to keep her a baby always. Yes, I know the time comes when heart strings must not hold our baby. Yes, I know it is not for her best to be petted and spoiled, but oh, it is so hard!

Not that the influence of the school is harmful—the public school experience is one of those things which is essential for a child. Social intercourse is one of the most necessary experiences one can have. Daughters should grow up self-helpful, to be just and kind, to be strong and help fight the battles of the today-woman. It is absolutely essential in modern life that our boys and girls should face the duties of life and learn their responsibilities—learn to hold their own in the struggles of life. The untrained, ignorant-mind has no place in the economies of modern-life.

The point is that the influence of the school is different from that of the home. The day our babe enters school it ceases to be our absolute personal child and becomes a public-asset. The heart of the mother knows that the child who starts forth to school, that it may be educated, leaves babyhood at home.

Gone !

Gone, from mother forever, out into the cruel-world ! No more little red-plaid dresses and those baby-curly of joy. Gone, from under mother's immediate loving care. Oh, our lost baby ! If you could only come back to us again, come back from the stream that is carrying you away !

How many of us mothers look back to these first school-days with sadness and bitter woe. For it was from these days that we date our child's fertile mind becoming peopled with the lewd stories of school, of street, and barn-yard, to which he, in his ignorance, intently listened ; returning to them over and over, in thot, reproducing, more and more, of their poisonous viciousness, searching for others of like character ; a pure child-mind feeding on carrion. These evil thot-germs take root in the very soil of our pure child-soul and stunt its spiritual-growth. Were the thots and actions of the past and today without influence in the future,—could we sweep them out of the memories of our children, we could hope to turn their minds about, train their thot-forces into spiritual-culture, and save them endless woe. But, impossible ! for they have thus fastened their dark Karma upon themselves.

This must be outlived in pain and sorrow. Not only do these corrupt thots, actions and habits re-act as outbursts of emotion and passion, but they deal secretly with the immortal mind, inter-meddling with the Will itself, ever after affecting the way of looking at life. The immortal-mind—the inward looking nature—has been influenced, the character tainted. The mortal-mind paints things in its own outward-light. It is this that crushes the mother's hope. She wonders why her child's finer sensibilities of affection and companionship are dulled—why his bygone delights of attention to her wants and needs no longer give him joy, but vex and irritate him. This we call going to school—getting an education. As Walt Whitman truthfully says:

“ There was a child went forth every day,
And the first object he looked upon, that object he became;
And that object became a part of him for many years, or
stretching cycles of years.”

The word Education Means To Draw Out. It is not a ‘stuffing,’ a ‘pouring in,’ a ‘sealing up’ process of useless things, but growth from within, self-development, evolution. The only thing a parent or nation can give youth is the Right Kind of a Chance to Grow Physically, Mentally and Spiritually, at the same time, to unfold and enrich his life with the blended gifts of thinking, working brains and hands, thus capitalizing him with priceless wealth that will grow into a greater treasure as it is handed on down thru the ages. Parents leave no better legacy to the world than well-bred and well-educated children. The child is the greatest single factor in the present evolution. Preparing its soul, for coming incarnations, is one of the greatest privileges of Parenthood. “Let there be light” is the Grandest Commandment On Record.

Parents cannot give a child an education. We can only create the proper surroundings and chance for the child to grow. Some one has said: “The majority of

people seem to think that education means a process by which the top of the student's head is taken off and into the empty-space is poured some Latin, some Greek, a little Rhetoric, some Music to give culture; a dose of Mathematics for practicability, and so on, until the empty head-space is full. After carefully sealing the head the student is set free and altho his head is stuffed so full that it aches, he is turned loose into the world as a Finished Product Of Education."

"John has been to school to learn to be a fool." The knowledge of the colleges is good so far as it goes, but this head-learning of eternally, external-poured-in-stuff does not satisfy the hungry soul for the real and hidden meaning of life—Soul Wisdom. "School education of today is producing a generation of jelly-fish," says Professor Martin C. Flaherty.

Education is self-unfoldment, Universal-self discovery, the power to draw out from our half-hidden soul; to draw out from the recesses of our Higher-self, the Divine-powers; living in harmony with self and the world. Education is not a gift. It is finding out who we are; what we can do and cannot do; how little we know, how much We Do Not know—becoming "The Knower." The best key parents can give a child is to teach it the Karmic-Law—point out the dual-way to the Infinity of knowledge and mind, and the boundlessness of Universal Love. With this key, the child must unlock all doors for itself, which is the object of evolution. School means Life. Life means school; and, like all Life, it has its seasons of seed-time and harvest; action and re-action. Youth is the Seed-Time Of Life.

There is a peck of wholesome thot-seed in the words of David Starr Jordan: "There is nothing in all the world so important as children, nothing so interesting. If ever you wish to go in for some form of philanthropy, if ever you wish to be of any real use in the world, do something for children. If ever you yearn to be wise, study children. If the great army of philanthropists ever exterminate sin and pestilence, ever work out our race salvation, it will be because a little child has led."

One of the most hopeful-signs for the better education of our youth is the awakened interest in the tendency to get away from class instruction to that of Individual Unfoldment. Educators are discovering that individuality is not something that can be measured with a yard stick or a quart cup, but is something that must be carefully analyzed and individually-cultured. There are too many inefficient teachers. Graduates of general literary institutions are not necessarily fitted for teaching. They may be able to secure a teacher's certificate and still make a dismal failure in the school room. Teachers, like poets, are born, not made. We are dwarfing the soul in the child of today, for the material. In coming to maturity, children do not want these modern-teachers. Mr. Edison says when a child hates its school the trouble is with the school, rather than with the child. Again, in the fine insight of John Milton Scott: "No one should have anything to do with a child unless he has a deep, true love for a child. A parent who does not love a child is a blasphemer in the Temple Of Life. An educator who does not love a child, who sees in a child but a mental machine or a cog in some wheels of education is a tramp in the parlor, defiling beauty. No one should touch the body of a child, to bathe or dress it, or feed or train it, except she have love for the child. Any touch but the love touch upon a child is a touch of defilement. The temple of the Holy Ghost should be hallowed of all who touch it. A child is a Word Of Life. They who handle this word of life should do so with clean hands and a right spirit, with hands and heart white in the holiness of Love. The love-teacher is the genius teacher. She is greater than Raphael painting Madonnas. She is greater than Shakespeare inditing his sonnets, poet-musicing his plays. She is geniusing a soul. The greatest thing of a child is that it is an individual. There is no reason for it, excepting that it is an Individual. Out of the Infinite, Divine and Eternal, and in the Infinite, Divine and Eternal, it is a some one who is never duplicated in a universe of beings, infinitely numberless. In this reality, each Child Is Holy. In this majesty of wisdom each

child is eternally worth while. In this splendor of genuineness each child's meanings are everlasting meanings. In this beauty of holiness, parent, educator, everyone who has aught to do with a child, is Priest and Priestess, worshipping and serving at the altar of the High and Holy God."

Each child has within himself the seed of Divine-Wisdom, which if unfolded properly enables him to acquire Real-Knowledge, teaching him how to think,—positive and negative thought-force and its results. For such they need only guides,—Masters, that,—Truth may awaken from long sleeping faculties. What a test it is of the nobility of the blessed calling when a Wisdom-Teacher comes forth, a practical psychologist, one who is a vocational expert, one who can Read the Child Inside and Out, as did the ancient Greeks according to the planetary position that governed the life of the child.

A child is a sensitive organism with individual-needs. Study the individual child. It is done in all intelligently conducted reform schools and jails. There are no two things nor any two people on earth absolutely alike—not even twins. Therefore, the child educates the teacher, making both the school and country great. Children are among our greatest educators, though our self-conceit dislikes to admit the fact.

To be just to our children, self and nation, we must carefully consider and train the individual-need, giving every opportunity for individual-culture. Until this be done, we have no right to condemn the failure of our children.

Everyone is cut out for something no one else can do. Nature makes no duplicates. She is endless in this most wonderful of the series of her works. Every healthy child has an exceptional quality; is created different; has some special purpose, some aptitude unlike another; is in a class by itself. The individuality of the child, if not interfered with, will make it distinct from all other children. It appears the chief-object of the Home and School

these days, is to suppress that individuality, to make every child, as much as possible, like every other child—not allowing it to express its individuality. Would we take a mass of mixed seeds, plant them in our garden, and say: Now grow up violets; grow up lettuces? And yet this is exactly the senseless thing our educational system does.

Children should first be rooted and educated with Nature: should roam the hills, in the heart of the wildwoods, with the honey-bees and wild-flowers, the bugs and the worms. The streams, the lakes, the glorious sunsets, all teach their symbolic-lesson in song unutterable,—the one important thing the child is denied today.

“ And this our life exempt from public haunt
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones and good in everything.”

“ Put a book in the child’s hand and you can teach it.
Put a seed in its hand and it will teach itself.”

“ A seed we say is a simple thing,
The germ of a flower or weed,—
But all earth’s workmen, laboring
With all the help that wealth could bring,
Never could make a seed.”

Pity the one who does not love Nature, with her endless and wondrous beauties and all the glories of outdoor life. How great the universe above spreads out in eternal space, peopled with its nightly stars, where we read our destiny in their twinkling eyes. The roving Moon, Jupiter and Venus, all have their message which they give only face to face. Let us go back to Nature, and listen for her message, back to the tall trees, Nature’s cathedrals, back where she lives in the silence of the woods; back to the mountain streams, refreshing the soul! Be still! and listen to her voice. Close your eyes that her visions may come.

The real poetry of life is lost unless one is reared with nature, unless one mostly lives in the open. Is it any wonder people are bad in the crowded-wicked-cities where we have forgotten God? I wonder if any of us are conscious of how far we have drifted from a sane and wholesome life. Pity the lot of city children, the sweat-shop children! How little they know of these great lessons

and powers that guide them. Their earth is an earth of stone and brick, of smoke and noise, of bad-smells, bad-thots. They never have a chance to touch the earth with their bare-feet, or look up to, and admire, the evening stars. They do not know or see them. "The foundations of a strong and virile-race are laid in the rural-districts, and if agriculture be allowed to decay, no development of industries in the heart of the town will atone for the loss to the nation of that greatest of all industries which makes wealth while it creates manhood."

Think how public institutions dwarf the brains and souls of promising children, trying to force "round pegs into square holes." What wasteful misuse of our educational institutions. No chance, no hope, for separate, individual-development, millions and millions grow up to be only sad nonentities. The child who grows up in a herd, like foolish sheep, or so many geese, thinking as the herd, with a group-soul, rarely excels in life.

To develop the child's individuality it must be allowed to Grow in Solitude, with Nature and her thots, not in public institutions with herds of children whose brains and souls are stunted for the need of individual-development. We sometimes wonder why so many of our Big Souls Come From the Backwoods—the country. Our Lincolns, Beethovens, Miltons, are all fruits of solitude. To live, think and grow in solitude, with nature, brings out the best in youth, giving the foundation of Life-Eternal.

"Every child has a right to freedom in the pursuit of his normal development, free from mental, religious, political or financial-exploitation upon the part of those older and stronger than himself," says our educator, J. H. Francis.

Don't fear that this absolute freedom with Nature in the country and mountains; these blessed spontaneous springs of growth in our youth, will harm them. Especially should our daughters enjoy this freedom, letting them run, romp, shout, dance, climb trees, skate in the winter, swim in the summer and chase things in the woods, with red cheeks, bare-footed, bare-legged, their hair in pig-tails. Is this going to make them less sweet, less wo-

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manly—in the desirable sense of the word—when they reach full-bloomed womanhood? The real tom-boy is the most normal girl. It is of the utmost importance that our daughters should have their muscular system well developed previous to puberty. It is the only course for wholesome womanhood, growing healthy, strong, producing a natural-corset of muscles, a good general development, producing a magnificent Pelvis—woman's greatest physical charm.

Every woman should possess a clear, accurate understanding of the skeleton, of anatomy, of physiology, especially of the science of the human-organs of generation, and of the Pelvis, its form, size, duty, relations, contents and even its faults. The Pelvis is a firm, bony basin, situated beneath the spinal column, and above the lower extremities, held in position with great strength and lightness, by ligaments, bands, muscles. This unseen-cave, or basin, is bowl-shaped, open and broad at the top and sides, muscle-lined, holding the internal-organs of generation, the ovaries, the fallopian tubes, the uterus or Womb—the most hidden cavity,—a deep sacred nook in Holy-Ground, the female holy-place—where all baby-life is started. The pelvis also contains the bladder, kidneys, rectum and the vagina, the birth-passage thru which baby comes into this world.

A good sized pelvis, good strong muscles, the flexibility of the ligaments, are necessary to an easy, natural birth. Strengthening and improving the muscles is doubly important. It was the ancient maidens' delight to compete with each other in muscular skill, in the development of physical-beauty. When the muscles of the womb are weak, the expulsive efforts of childbirth are weak, the birth harder and longer than normal, often making it necessary to use instruments.

Woman's first physical-duty is to furnish her babe with a healthy, comfortable habitation while it is growing large enough to become an independent-soul. Nature ordained the female-pelvis as the embryo-baby's "Tabernacle" for commencing life, hence the necessity for its being large, well formed and full of energy for the grow-

ing baby. **The Pelvis Is Baby's First Cradle.** A small, deformed pelvis can house and support only a small, beggarly child, giving it an inferior life, a weak sexuality. This shows why artists and sculptors in all ages, make a large pelvis superior to all the other attractions of Woman Beautiful.

When a woman, having a contracted, deformed pelvis, presents herself to a physician, he at once knows that if pregnancy be allowed to go until term, he will have to choose between cutting the baby into pieces within the womb, so as to get baby out,—embryotomy,—and the Caesarian-operation. In some cases the latter is the only resource. How stupid of society to allow its daughters, afflicted with a faulty-conformation of the pelvis, or some organic disease, to marry, almost surely dooming them to be the victims of the terrors of child-birth. Parents should consult a physician in this matter. The physician should act with sincerity as an impartial-judge. "I wouldn't be a woman for ten dollars an hour," said a leading physician after performing a Caesarian-operation.

Mothers should educate their daughters, their sons, to know the difference between women with large pelvic capacity and the opposite. Small, narrow hips and sunken bowels are a sure indication of a small pelvis—often denoting "the presence of a male pelvic bone." The Divine Architect makes His Goddesses with the overpowering-beauty of a large pelvis, always widest and deepest, from hip to hip, and navel to spine, with graceful, tapering lines from pelvis to head, from pelvis to feet. In all ages, women with vigorous and superb bodies in first-condition, with large pelvis, broad and deep—her greatest health charm—has most won the admiration of man.

The generative organs are the grand center of the female-economy. From the full, healthy and harmonious development of the pelvic-center, comes the rosy cheek, the bright eye, the elastic step, the womanly-spirit and all that contagion of affection and love which radiates, beautifies and ennobles Lovely Womanhood. Dr. George W.

Carey well voices in his architectural "Wonders of the Human Body: "

" There is not known in all the realms of architecture or mechanics one little device which is not found in the human organism. The pulley, the lever, the inclined plane, the hinge, the 'universal joint,' tubes, and trap doors; the scissors, grind-stone, whip, arch, girders, filters, valves, bellows, pump, camera, and Aeolian harp; and irrigation plant, telegraph and telephone systems—all these and hundreds of other devices which man thinks he has invented, but which have only been telegraphed to the brain from the Solar Plexus, (cosmic center) and crudely copied or manifested on the objective canvas.

" No arch made by man is perfect as the arch formed in the upper ends of the two legs and the Pelvis to support the weight of the trunk. No palace or cathedral ever built has been provided with such a perfect system of arches and girders. No waterway on earth is so complete, so commodious, or so populous as that wonderful river of Life, the "Stream of Blood." The violin, the trumpet, the harp, the grand organ, and all other musical instruments are mere counterfeits of the Human Voice. Man has tried in vain to duplicate the hinges of the knee, elbow, fingers and toes, altho they are a part of his own body. Another marvel of the human body is the self-regulating thermostatic process by which Nature keeps the temperature at 98 degrees. Whether in India, with the temperature at 130 degrees, or in the Arctic regions, where the records show 120 degrees below the freezing point, the temperature of the body remains the same, practically, steady at 98 degrees, despite the extremes to which it is subjected. It is said that 'All roads lead to Rome.' Modern sciences have discovered that all roads of real knowledge lead to the human body. The human body is an Epitome of the Universe; and when man turns the mighty searchings of reason and investigation within, that he has so long used without, the 'New Heaven and Earth' will appear. "

The destructive thing we call Conventionality, Custom, has retarded Individual Child-Growth,—consequently the continued enslavement of the race. Let us think—how many things does one do, not because one ought to, not

because one wants to, but because one is afraid of, and a slave to, Public-Opinion, that blind-master which forbids free-thinking aloud. The one real important thing in life is to be true to Self.

"To live for other's eyes is to live a life of hypocrisy. The house in which I live is of polished marble, decked with the most exquisite ornaments. It is my pride to keep it looking beautiful. Is it clean and pure within?" Again our beloved Emerson teaches: "What I must do is all that concerns me, not what People Think."

Every human being is a law unto himself, and should not be subject to any other except his God. "If all mankind, minus one, were of one opinion, mankind would be no more justified in silencing that one person than he, if he had the power, would be justified in silencing the world," says John Stuart Mill. The small voice within, should be our only "Father Confessor." Christ said: "Let God be true, but every man a liar; that thou mightest . . . overcome when thou art judged." In the Absoluteness nothing is sacred to me but the integrity of my own soul.

A return to a little of the common sense of our grandmothers might be a good tonic for our children in these days,—a return to those days when they were 'raised homespun' on molasses and 'cookie-jar,' Indian Meal mush, milk and honey, woolen stockings and underwear, mud-pies and overalls; not so many pink bows, cheap finery, and 'peacock alleys'; a little asafetida; not so much cologne and more real licorice candy, and 'put abed with the birds.'

Children are over-dressed these days, interfering with their health, happiness and personal comforts; breeding a class of snobs that are purse-proud, conceited, selfish and full of jealousy. As one of our dramatic teachers exclaimed: "You should see what I have to contend with in the mothers who bring their little girls of four to six years to me for training. In the midst of my instructing their little minds, the mothers interrupt by re-adjusting their pink bows and seeing that the rouge is on their faces in the right spots." The average child from the age of

thirteen up, who doesn't wear her hair 'done up,' don a skirt and corset like her twenty-five year old sister, thinks she is badly neglected.

The country is growing a "class line" of snobbery among our children, who stick up their noses at inferior clothes; a practiced cruelty that is crushing the sweet soul-culture of our children's Spring-time. This cruelty of the snobbish-child is more poisoning than that of the grown-ups, for try-to-be-clever snobbish grown-ups, will attempt to hide their snobbery under some kind of transparent coat of smiles.

Young rich girls, on the way to school, are as bad as, or worse than, young, poor girls on the way to their shops. Both alike bedecked with a bunch of sex-alluring department-store jewelry, and a handful of tin-cans dangling beside them, sex-peddling, on a mad man-hunt. They know no other aim in existence.

Education Is The Prime Duty Of The Government;—
the education of All the children All the time.

The child is called "God's choicest gift to man." The progress of humanity depends upon the development of the human-brain thru education. Education is most important to the country because it means not only competent citizens but moral citizens. Man is far from the animal in proportion as his brain is cultured. The better part of us is ever hungry for wisdom,—an instinct which will last as long as man. "Every human being whose mind is not debauched will be willing to give all he has to get wisdom," said Johnson. "The wiser a man is, the more will he be a Worshipper of the Deity," declared Swedenborg. Divine-Wisdom and brutality are enemies.

"But where shall wisdom be found? . . . It cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof. It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx, or the sapphire. The gold and the crystal cannot equal it; and the exchange of it shall

not be for jewels of fine gold for the price of wisdom is above rubies."

"The tiniest bits of opinion sown in the minds of children in Home or private life afterwards issue forth to the world and become its public opinion; for nations are gathered out of nurseries. They who hold the leading strings of children may even exercise a greater power than those who wield the reins of government." "If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon Immortal Minds, if we imbue them with right principles, with the just fear of God, and love for our fellow men, we engrave on those tablets something that will brighten to all Eternity," said Daniel Webster.

"Man is but the product of childhood's early discipline. You can tell by his conduct what his parents did for him."

Next to our Homes, the most important institutions in the world are our Schools. The very important citizens are the Teachers of The Law. The One Profession Divine is that of the Law-Giver. The knowledge of God's laws make the great Bible Characters Lawyers. Speed the time when our Lawyers and Judges will become the embodiment of The Karmic-Law. Moses never practiced medicine nor preached a sermon, but delivered the statutes of God on two marble slabs. Christ placed the most importance upon The Law He brought, not upon His healing and preaching. "He that knoweth the law is become The Law."

Back! Back—To The Home. Call! Re-call every one of our sons and daughters under 21 years old back Home. Back to health, sanity and love. Out of our stores, sweat-shops, factories, and offices! Call back our 2,000,000 Baby-Slaves! Call back our 3,000,000 young women wage-earners under 21 years old! "Back" means that we are conscious that Somewhere, there is something wrong, and that the Effects or mistakes are as to Causes.

Back-to-the-Home, where youth belongs. Our sons and daughters are going to ruin. We talk of economy, yet we allow our Wasted-Childhood. Is it not high-time for our Federal-Government to consider Child-Culture? Our children are an asset of such value that nothing else should be first considered. Every boy and girl up to 21 years old should be under compulsory and constant technical and vocational training by, and at the expense of, the government, acquiring a liberal knowledge of the fundamental laws of psychology—specializing in economics and physiology. The government should see that every youth who excels and shows an aptitude for a scientific career should be provided with food and shelter, until he shows what is in him, or is qualified to enter the world with his fellow-man, instead of allowing the country to raise a herd of nonentities and bluffers.

Every child should be properly trained in that for which his inborn faculties fit him. It matters not where or how our children are born in the present unorganized-world. It is the mental-powers the child brings with him into this life that count, which should determine his choice. Education should fit our sons and daughters to be good citizens, useful members of society.

Call our Daughters Back Home. Culture them in the art of arts as Home-Keepers. Train them in domestic science in all its departments. Discipline them in Womanhood, Wifehood and Motherhood, thus culturing them in all that pertains to Home—from the kitchen to classic-dancing, and in the understanding of good music,—moulding them to exquisite beauty, grace and loveliness of Womanhood: thus growing a Nation of Queens, each one that crowning glory of creation—A Woman.

If we are more, we're none!

If we are less, we're none!

Music Is Not A Luxury, but a very necessary part of our better unfoldment. Hundreds of millions a year are spent on movies to each single million spent for high

grade music. By the secret-power of harmonious sound—especially in the human voice—that is quickened and purified,—quickened unto a higher rate of vibration. The immortal-soul is reached by fine music, be it ever so little, awakened and stirred unto a higher life. Why should not our government provide the best music, symphonies, grand opera, oratorios, songs, ballads and sweetest melodies in every community for the unfoldment and quickening of our national life. “The day is not far off when ordinary diseases will be treated mostly by Music,” says Shella Leigh Hunt, “instead of Pills and Powders, as now. The large cities will have buildings built for the purpose; when patients come they will state their complaint and will be ushered into the section catering to that complaint where music will perform the important part, by putting back into harmony the afflicted organ, by striking its key note. Each sound in music has both a number and color, and each of the prismatic colors having sound and number are related to all the mental, emotional and physical organs of the body. Each organ in the body corresponds to its related color, number and tone; thereby is influenced by the tone producing certain rates of vibration which compound and disassociate the atoms and molecules, so that certain musical sounds will produce certain vibrations that affect the emotions and circulatory system to the extent of eradicating disease. Besides, the combination of sounds will portray certain scenes in nature, both of form and color.”

The voice expresses the sexual-state.

Little symbols teach great unseen forces.

The voice is but the echo of the characteristics of the male and female nature, alike in the human and animal, alike thruout all Nature. The roar of the lion, the cooing of the dove; the voice of the woods, the song of the mountain-stream, each has its peculiar intonations. The deep, rich, clear and vibrant well-masculined voice bespeaks goodness. The voice of a spiritual woman breathes out Universal-Love as does the inborn-fragrance of the rose. “Music washes from the soul the dust of everyday life.” A voice attuned to the inner is one of those

finer-forces of Nature, which, rightly cultivated, brings into expression the divine-powers of the soul. "The oldest, purest and most beautiful musical-instrument—the instrument to which alone our music owes its existence—is the Human Voice," said Richard Wagner.

Thus, in the universal and individual-discipline, each child will be fundamentally cultured in the different arts, naturally choosing and excelling in One useful vocation, according to its stage of evolution. Then, if woman, at the age of 21, desires to enter the business-world, she may do so in a dignified way, with equal reward for equal service; without discrimination as to sex.

You say, "This is impossible! Think of the National expense." On the contrary, it will be the most far-reaching economy the government ever practised. Is it not far more expensive, more destructive, not to educate, having the mass of helpless, useless men and women on the country's purse and heart in idleness and sin,—unemployed largely because incapable? Figure it out; no doubt we'd find that the number of women in the commercial-world today would just about counterbalance the number of idle men who are walking the streets, standing in the Bread Line, begging for work. Of all culture, the most important is Child-Culture.

What can the nation expect of children whose parents before them have never been educated or disciplined in Self-Government, in Parenthood? What moral-license have such stock to become parents? "The highest intelligence possible to be evolved from a cheese is a maggot." Wouldn't it be a good idea for every young married couple first to have a pet-dog to raise and demonstrate on before they are allowed to raise a child. If they cannot control and discipline the dog, they have no business with children. Man is unfit to manage public affairs who knows not Self-Government; who knows not how to guide, at Home, his Household.

"A man must first govern himself, ere he be fit to govern a family; and his family, ere he be fit to bear the government in commonwealth." Our children grow up like poison weeds. The national conditions have forced

our reform schools and penitentiaries into existence. Is it any wonder the country is full of nympho-maniacs? Children are Products of their Parents and the Community, or Society. Of the three, the Child is generally the Least Responsible, society the Most Sinful. There is practical truth in the saying that: "Society is the only criminal." Plato, seeing a child do mischief in the street, went forth and corrected its father. Don't expect more of the child than the parent—more of the horse than the driver.

"The most essential obligation in a woman's business," says Ida Tarbell, "is establishing her household on a sound moral basis. If a child is anchored to basic principles, it is because his Home is built on them. If he understands integrity as a man, it is usually because a Woman has done her work well. If she has not done it well, it is probable that he will be a disturbance and a menace when he is turned over to society." "How the fathers are raised so the sons will be. The apple falls not far from the tree."

The responsibility of the parent to the child is a natural one. The family is the oldest institution in the world, it existed before either the church or the state, being founded on Nature. It is a Divine-institution. This responsibility is a recognized force among the lower animal-kingdom, where 'instinct' or 'love of offspring' enforces it. This law is the same with the human-parents under the natural-law, unless parents are unnatural. When they are, the law should step in and take charge of the child, arrest the abnormal and delinquent parents, and put them under psychological-treatment. The nation has a direct interest in this matter. The Child Virtually Belongs To The World—Part of The Divine-Economy; therefore, the nation should protect and educate its children.

Train Youth for Responsible Parenthood, then parenthood would be responsible. Without this education, the highest civilization will never come upon earth. John Burns declares: "Give us good motherhood and good parentage conditions, and I have no despair of the future

of this or any other country." The child is a blessing or a curse to the community. It is claimed that 90 per cent of our children never see High School, their education ceasing at fourteen years. Yet, we hope for progress. That "eight and a half million persons in the United States over 10 years of age cannot read a newspaper, billboard, car-card, sign, booklet or letter in the American language. Five and a half millions of them cannot read anything in any language." The elimination of Real illiteracy means the prevention of false education of the classes, against the interest of the masses in violation of the Karmic-Law. Soul-Wisdom must reside in the Masses of the people, destroying bad systems and false ideas—outgrowing 'trust in' mighty generals who destroy human-life. The world has entered upon a new era which demands both Individual Knowledge and Vision. To individually think, read and harmoniously discuss has become a self-duty. "The oracle of today is the Printed Word. Our prophets utter their messages thru Books." "I applied mine heart to know, and to search, and to seek out wisdom, and the reason of things, and to know the wickedness of folly, even of foolishness and madness."

Mostly in America, in this complex age, the conditions are unsolvable between the delinquent parent and the child. The parents are untrained trainers. We are an uneducated nation. Many 'homes' seem little more than a hog-wallow; the sow delivers a litter of pigs, doing nothing but eat, sleep and propagate thruout her existence. Most of the little pigs wrangle, hate, envy and with few exceptions, regard their own selfish interests alone. The little pigs regard home as a convenient place where they take their meals and sleep; the only place where they have a moral-license to be as disagreeable as they like; where politeness and unselfishness are not necessary. Such good things are for the outside world. Pity the children of such 'homes' and parents, deprived of the sweetest influences of human-life. Once more in the spiritual fineness of John Milton Scott: "Home is God's favorite thot. His Holy Breath breathes Home. His Divine Heart beats Home. His Tenderest Thots think

Home. His Eternal Love loves Home. Home is not a thing built, but Love-Created. Walls alone make not a Home, nor pianos, nor plenty. Home is where Love is. Home is where the him and the her are together. Home is where the him and the her hallow in the One Holy Love until they become another One,—the child whose face is the mingled faces of them, whose mind is the mingled minds of them, whose heart is the mingled hearts of them, whose nature is the mingled natures of them, and his joy is to see her in their child; and her joy is to see him in their child. Together they have loved their child into the world. Together they rejoice in the growth of their child. Together their joy hallows in the goodness of their child. Together they crown themselves with the gladness of their child, grown and in an honorable place in this world of Loves and of Lives. ”

There is a vast difference between freedom and license. It is said that our modern youth—“in the last days”—are the most ill-bred and lawless on earth, “disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, truce-breakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, traitors, heady, highminded, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God.” Would our children be allowed to ‘talk back’ in school, college, reformatory, jail, penitentiary, in the Navy, Marines or Army, as in the ‘home?’ About all the discipline many of them get is in the reform schools or behind the bars, until the Lords of Karma order them to war.

“How sharper than a serpent’s tooth it is
To have a thankless child.”

Are parents fit to raise children after they usher them into the world? “Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child, correct thy son and he shall give thee rest: Yea, he shall give thee light unto thy soul.” With heartless post-haste most of our children are rushed out of the home by their parents, to be taught to spell, read and write; with more concern towards commercializing their earning power than for their moral welfare. Then we wonder

why crime is on the increase. "My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge."

The wealth of a nation consists first and last in the quality of its human beings. Carlyle said: "Deliver me those rickety perishing souls of infants and let the cotton trade take its chances." "Infant mortality is the most sensitive index we possess of social welfare," declared Newsholme.

Emerson passionately voiced: "Give us worse cotton, but give us better men."

Judge Hoyt, of the New York Children's Court says: "The general progress that is being made in the work of Child-training and Child-saving deserves the intense interest Not Only of All Parents, but of Every Decent Man and Woman, in the Nation. It has been said that This Is the Age of Service. Can one conceive of any direction in which real service is so needed and in which it can secure more inspiring results? There is no room in this work for the faddist or the sentimentalist, nor is there any place for those persons who refuse to take the delinquencies and tribulations of children seriously, and simply divide them into two parts—'The good and the bad.' The problems to be met are pressing and vital ones and they must be solved with common sense and with understanding."

The first thing of importance to a nation is the high-ideal of the Home. This comes only thru Properly Training All the Children All The Time. Each individual child is to the nation what it is to the Home. Homes fail as business houses fail, because of untrained management. Home is a business-institution based on Love, each individual member being a love-spoke necessary to make the wheel go around in peace and harmony. The Ideal Home is where the child, thru the parents, first learns its lessons in discipline and love, pre-natal and post-natal. The first ten years is the impressionable period. The Home is intended for the training and discipline-court in the law of Karma.

The Karmic-law is life's true philosophy, it is the one Universal-Law. It is the power that controls all things—working in harmony with evolution or universal-law. Teach The Child that Thots are Living Things, that every thot, every act, every deed is a seed sown which must be reaped by the sower, that every thot produces its just return of action either in this earth-life in which it was sown or in some future life. Understanding the Karmic-Law, the child will early learn to control and wisely direct, thru Divine Will Power, its individual efforts, quickening its mental evolution, making its life a success. "Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it."

It is life's momentary big tragedy to see the many methods taught and used by the different cults, by persons of supposed intelligence, to educate and elevate the human race, to relieve misery, poverty, crime, and bloody-wars. There are few who agree on the same fundamental principle of life—The One Mind of Cause and Effect—Self-government or Karma,—that every good or evil thot, act or deed is a seed sown which we must reap. There are few parents or teachers who teach and live this Universal-Law, the Law of Retribution, the Law of Cause and Effect or Ethical Causation.

Could we expect to solve problems in mathematics, produce harmony in music, if we were ignorant of the rules and principles that govern numbers and music? Science teaches us that mathematics is the only principle that all mankind has reasoned out, and on which they are all of One Mind the world over.

When the human-race learns and lives the Universal-Law of Thot-Force thru Divine Will; that All Is Law; all is cause and effect; that it is impossible to benefit self by injuring others, fully understanding the principle of the workings of the Karmic-Law; then all will solve life's individual and world-problems in the same manner that we now solve our problems in arithmetic. We shall individually become the One Mind—The Law, the Universal Principle of Infinite Life. There is One Law for

the individual, for the Home, for the state and for the world—the law of Self-Government, or Karma, the One Law that governs human-existence harmoniously. Life is just as much a principle as is mathematics.

“The highest seat in Congress today is the Domestic Circle. The Rocking Chair In The Nursery is Higher than A Throne. A kingdom within a kingdom, a republic within a republic, a world within a world; is spelled out in one word—H-O-M-E,” declared Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

It takes all of love, much labor, patience and justice to build a Home; to shield a child from the world’s temptations, round its character and bring out its spiritual-charm.

Only in living the ideal home-life will we be better fitted to serve the larger-family of humanity. The Bible teaching is very clear on this point—“Except the Lord build the house they labor in vain that build it.” We can never expect to have a material-home in its most sacred-sense if we leave God or Christian-Psychology out of our home-building. A material-home is only another symbol of—“For behold the Kingdom of God is within you.”

Family life—“Family Preparedness”—is God’s evolutionary method of training the child for the larger service to humanity. While home is much as woman makes it, yet home and child-training are interdependent on Mother-Father. Neither mother nor father alone can unfold a son’s or daughter’s character, roundly, broadly and harmoniously, especially a daughter’s,—any more than one alone can bring the child into existence. The unit of society is Man-Woman, the Home—the extension of all good and bad. Raising a son or daughter these days is No One-Man’s, No One-Woman’s job, but both the Parents’ Job.

The dangers to girls have multiplied a hundred fold in the last 25 years, owing to the fact that they are employed largely outside of the Home. The multiplied means of easy communication, swift travel and diversified amusements constitute nothing less than a menace to morality.

Girl’s nature, however, is just the same. It has the

same trustfulness, the love of admiration, the same inexperience, the same susceptibility to masculine appeal. Society is just as merciless in case of a mistake, Man-Made Laws just as indifferent; therefore, *The Welfare Of The Girl Is Woman's Problem*. Vance Thompson in "Woman" emphasizes:

"And you, the lordlier women, leading out your bannered forces to political and economic battlefields will fail as you should fail—if you neglect these dreary little insurgents of the cabaret. They, too, are fighting—as best they can; they are waging identically the same battle, for precisely the same ends; and, like you, they are using the makeshift weapons they can snatch up as they run. Accept no liberty, O lordlier women, which does not give freedom to these weak and ruthless little insurgents of the red-lit night! Take nothing you cannot share with them, for until you have solved their problem you cannot solve your own—good woman and bad, you are clamped together like the two sides of a coin; and there can be no freedom for one unless there is freedom for the other."

The Safe-Guarding of the Daughter lies, in the first place, in the Mother's Knowledge Of Life; in her conviction that her daughter may not differ from other girls; may not be wiser; and chiefly depends upon the parent's sense of responsibility.

In the second place, the girl's safety lies in Her Knowledge of Danger, and of the consequences of a mistake, and most of all in the right standard of living. Parents should know the whereabouts of son and daughter at all times. Nothing should be taken for granted. Absolute knowledge is the price of security. Many of our girls, when brought before the Juvenile-Court, when questioned say, "I go when I want to; come when I want to. Mother doesn't know." The present conditions of society plainly show that our sons and daughters are not taught The Law of their own being—that the art of love-making is one of 'the lost arts,'—that the body is the Holy-Temple; that liberties with the body are ruinous to virtue; that every daughter should be taught these Truths; that she may know how to keep her body pure and sacred; that she

should not even eat candy with, or accept a flower from, a strange man. She should never allow a man to lay his hands on her; never permit a kiss—the flesh is weak.

Liberties allowed during study-courtship deaden Pure-Love. If girls could only realize how quickly they lose an admirer by allowing liberties,—that the respect of both old and young men is the Choicest Possession Of Woman's Life!

Do you hope to marry?

Do you want to have something to give a good man? Allowing liberties during courtship will cost you the most precious thing a woman has,—loss of self respect, and may give you in return the lowest disgust of self and life. Besides, what one boy or man knows, they all know. They delight in telling each other their unlawful relations with woman, magnifying by a hint or mental-wink, in double-meaning words, more than is true. This nature is utterly Accused In Man.

A girl's only way to win man's respect and control him is to keep herself pure and sweet, free from all liberties. Remember, in exact proportion as man's selfishness is yielded to, this proportion is the measure of his respect and love for you. A yielding to his selfish, sexual gratification will speedily kill his respect and love for you. Never forget:

Selfishness is the male-devil.

Fear and Ignorance is the female-devil. Shun such familiarity in boys and men as a poisonous snake. This is the unfailing-test of the quality of man's love, which all girls should know and be able to discover.

Nature demands that our bodies, both of men and women, be kept pure. We can learn much from each other but most from the "still small voice;" if we but know how to Be Still and Listen.

If girls are pre-natally-bred and taught to live the virgin-life they will become so purely anchored that they waste not their finer essences, their vital-forces or lose Spiritual-Consciousness.

Parents should teach youth the psychological-law of Self- or Auto-Suggestion; that auto-suggestion is the

strongest suggestion and protection in the world; that auto-suggestion is the personal ordering of the five senses; that Auto-Suggestion is Self-Control; that no man can influence Woman who uses her strongest auto-suggestion, because thus her whole mortal-mind is between the seducer and herself,—the strongest armor-plate on earth. Infinite-Wisdom has placed at the door of every woman's soul an angel with a flaming-sword in the form of Auto-Suggestion to sacredly guard her, and if she Be Still and Listens to the angel-voice—her Real-Self—no man on earth can influence her to give up her virtue.

Listen! Daughter Diantha.

Listen young girls, our Rosebuds of Love.

No body or thing has any power over you, except the power that you give it in Your Own Mind. Only two powers hold over you,—auto-suggestion and telepathic-suggestion. The natural-man tests woman, ever courting her, to see if she be ripe for fertilization, the command being God involuting thru the sex-urge, to plant the seed of life. This test, being given Alone to woman, is her opportune moment to unfold in man his Spiritual-Nature—his Bride. The re-generate woman having transmuted her life-essence, ever teaches man the right use of his Divine-Self—the sex-urge—ever guiding him thru the dark-waters of generation into the pure and crystal-sea of re-generation.

Every girl should be taught this eternal-Lesson: that she put herself on a pedestal and keep herself there; that boys and men will respect and look up to her unfolding womanhood, if she hold her body and love as the Choicest-Treasure of her life. This dignity and Sacred-toned-Pedestal will, more than anything else, bring man upon the bended knee of Love-Confession.

Many young women, pretty and attractive, who shine as belles in society—who are as bunches of grapes on the highway—are unable to attract husbands because they are too well known, having allowed few or many men daring liberties. The liberties of fondling and 'spooning' are not as innocent a pastime as they are commonly thot to be. They lead only to impure sex-relations. In the end,

men throw such women aside as toys of which they have tired.

O, what are the Parents of today thinking of, to allow these temptations? Kisses run more men away than they keep. Because young women are allowing liberties—"The Kiss Devil"—a lax condition of morals is growing, which threatens the downfall of the country.

" Temptation Keen,
Desire Keener,
Regret Keenest. "

Kissing seems a local custom like most human-characteristics, expressing affection or sexual emotion, thru the sense of touch, or that of smell—habit and individuality. We are told that "Kisses and embraces are simply unknown in Japan as a token of affection." And in some countries the mothers frighten their children by threatening to give them the White-Man's Kiss.

What is a Kiss?

What is there in a Kiss? Millions upon millions of souls have been made happy, while more millions have been cursed and led into misery and ruin by kissing. It is the lure of old Satan, the shame of Judas,—the perpetual "Flu." It is a confession of surrender—a sign of Satan's victory in woman's life, uncaging the brute in man.

Kissing is a dangerous thing, the flesh is untrustworthy. Some of our professionals claim that the stage kiss gives no rise to romantic-surgings of the heart, no igniting of the 'electric spark.' This the knowing person must doubt from a standpoint of the affectionate flesh or nose rub.

Kissing is the gateway of jointed-bacteria. The "abominable habit of indiscriminate kissing" in children's kissing games, in young and older people, breeds disease of untold harm.

One syphilitic-kiss from a boy to a girl may poison the girl for life. Syphilis is an extremely infectious disease. There is nothing to prevent a person who has it from giving it to another person if a kiss passes between them.

Avoid kissing whenever possible. Only those in absolute health should ever kiss. All saliva contains microbes. In people who have colds, catarrh, who are sick, the saliva, of course, shares the weakness of the rest of the body. No language is strong enough to express the danger and degeneracy of popular kissing.

A good mouth and gargle wash is:

10 drops of Carbolic

1 teaspoonful of Chlorate Potash in
half glass of water.

—The mouth is the sex-organ of the mind.

The eye is the sex-organ of the soul.

The nose is the sex-organ of the spirit.

A kiss is like arousing a sleeping-adder. It transforms the whole body into a nest of adders. It is the switch which completes the circuit of hell or heaven between two souls. Mouth-kissing is a form of sexual-intercourse; awakening the passions and not completely gratifying them. It is also one form of self-abuse. The kiss between mated lovers which stands for all things pure and good, is one of the most sacred things in the world. There is only one hygienic-kiss—one full, true, complete kiss—that which denotes the union of two Pure-Loves.

" O love! O fire! Once he drew

With one long kiss my whole soul through,

My lips as sunlight drinketh dew."

A girl's first kiss should be for her real mate-husband. Theoretically a young woman should know the law of her own being, but never know what real sex-desire is until awakened in the marriage-bed in her sweetheart-husband's arms, an external-internal-virgin. The sexual-spark only awaits the contact of the physical-communion to flame up into its divine powers.

No, Daughter, allow no liberties with boys or men! "Hands off—seal our love by marriage." Fear them as one fears an uncertain, kicking mule, an automatic-gun, a rattlesnake. Trust them in nothing until they have proven themselves Government marked, "Sterling;" then watch them like a Texas mustang,—not forgetting they'll be gentle twenty years to kick you once.

THE UNKISSED KISS

" I have kissed the girls a plenty,
Aged from year old to twenty.
Kisses better far than honey, I can taste their sweetness yet.
But far dearer than the kisses
Given me by kindly misses,
Is the ever radiant memory of a kiss I did not get.

For one winsome little fairy,
With grace so light and airy,
Kept me ever fondly saying, 'I'll achieve my purpose yet.'
But at length she slyly vanished
With the gift for which I famished,
And she left me sadly sighing for the kiss I did not get.

Reader, pardon this digression—
Does pursuit or does possession
The greater pleasure bring? I cannot say, and yet
I've forgotten many misses
Who bestowed on me their kisses,
But I'll always recollect the girl whose kiss I did not get.

Now of course, there is a moral
In this simple story for all
Those indiscreet young ladies who will sometime much regret
That they gave their kisses freely,
For they'll find a lover really
May remember more than all the rest The Kiss He Did Not Get."

Young Girls are sweet, tender, Rosebuds Of Love growing into full-bloomed roses—into full-bloomed Womanhood. If we don't watch and nourish these young tender child-blooms, watch them daily, water and pray for the blessed Sunshine to take care of them, putting up protecting sticks, tied all around to shield them until they grow strong enough to stand alone, what will become of them? Think of my rose-bud of Love, my Live-Baby-Doll! How sweet to watch her, to guard her, to place the protection of love around her, to see that the wisdom of love and beauty shines upon her, to watch her grow into sweet, pure womanhood. Then, alas! every boy, every man,

from Dan to Beersheba is ready to trap you, dear. Like the dear little chick, every time it sticks its head out of the coop, the hawk is watching to devour it.

" Your Pasture Fence Be Broken Down,
There Be A Lamb Upon The Road. "

What would grandfather, grandmother do if they heard the Baa-a-a of a baby-lamb upon the road? What would you do? I do? If we knew a baby-lambkin was upon the highroad, exposed to the cold-winds and left to die? These exposed-lambkins are our young daughters in the shop-world, exposed to all kinds of insults and cold-winds from the man-rule age.

" American girls are tempted as they have never been tempted before. Temptations of today come in more artful forms and more threatening dangers," declares Miss Holmquist, who is a National Worker, going into every phase of commercial, industrial and home conditions of girls. Think of the " girl who struggles on alone and unprotected with her more pressing financial problems. The greatest menace is before her—the Man. See her as she meets him at the door of her place of employment! See her as she returns to her cheap boarding house! Huddled away among coarse and vulgar male companions, lonely, underfed and hungry; hungry, not only for food, but for decent shelter, for a Home, for friends, for a sympathetic touch or word; tired from a hard day's toil even to the point of recklessness, starving for clean pleasures and amusements, and with what does she meet the advances of men without even a spark of bravery or honor, who hunt as their lawful prey this impoverished girl, this defenseless child of poverty, unprotected, unloved and uncared for as she is plunged into the swirling, seething stream of humanity; the advances of men who are so low that they have lost even a sense of sportsmanship, and who seek as their game an underfed, a tired, and a lonely girl. She suffers, but what of him? She goes down, and is finally sacrificed to a life of shame, but what of him? "

Many business women there are who have been forced

to listen to the following or similar insults, clothed in artful cunningness, from unclean wretches posing as men-friends:

"Dearie, you are very attractive, you are a girl that any man would go mad over. I could take you off to an island and live happy with you forever and never touch you. Dearie, if you ever fall by the way-side and like it, remember I'm your friend."

These parasites, mostly married men, in the business-world, in the 'society-world,' prey on the sweet innocence of young business girls. Too often their evil suggestions find lodgment in their pure and unprotected minds. At first not enough to expose the man to his wife, or his business interests, not enough to shock the ignorant and innocent girl who is unprepared for self-defence, but in his fiendish subtleness he persists and, snake-like, tempts her with his poisonous flattery.

How easy the descent can be made, a few flowers, a joy-ride, a dinner at a fashionable restaurant, a piece of jewelry, a pair of gloves,—how can the innocent girl-mind protect herself against such subtility? Such men coil their poisonous serpent-influence around and around their victims, adding each time a little more of their attractively false promises, until many women are dragged down to destruction. When the awakening comes, the victim is thrust out into the wicked world as a Slave To The System for the sake of her bread and butter. It is the shop-girl and the stenographer, the factory-girl and the widow who know these things, not the woman who rushed, or was forced, into early marriage. Throw the ignorant wife out into the world as an unprotected widow,—she'll sink the first time in deep water. It is the shop-girl, the bachelor-girl, the widow—the "wise woman"—who knows man. Oh, the pitiful journey our daughters must travel unless they are protected by Wise and Loving Superiors.

THE SERPENT

"More deadly than the smallpox, leprosy, or all the plagues,
More to be feared than wild beasts from the jungle red with rage,
More loathesome than all loathesome things,
Is the vile seducer of young women.

Prince-of-all-serpents-he,
Poisoning where-er he goes,
Crawling in honeyed filth,
He hides his sores with intellect and gentle words,
The stench of his foul rotting soul, with perfume.

Oh, God, that he should coil among the flowers,
Leaving slime upon their petals."

Ruth Le Prade.

How can parents of the well-fed, well-kept, Sheltered-Lambkins be content with the fact that their own Daughters are safe within the pasture-fence, safe "within the shelter of the fold," while unsheltered daughters are subjected to these frightful temptations?

How can parents be content until they join the workers who are seeking the lost sheep, seeking to bring them Back—Back—To-The-Home, until they realize the truth of the Shepherd's cry—" 'Tis of mine has wandered away from me." Parents never know what time their pasture-fence may be broken down and their lambkins stray upon the highroad. Let us protect our daughters—our lambkins—from the wolves, who, under the polish of the smooth-exterior-lover, desecrate and ruin young womanhood.

This planet-world is one of selfishness and sorrow, a world of unspiritualized disorder. These are the days which most try woman's soul. Surrounded with the most desirable conditions, the happiest of us are under a cloud of gloom, heaviness of mind and spirit, borne upon by the wearing-age.

Yes, woman will agree with many of the old-school thinkers—that "Woman's Place Is In The Home," of which, we repeat, the government is an extension thereof. But, who has forced us out into the world? Who has taken our home occupations away from us, everything from the spinning-wheel up? Only child-bearing is left. Woman has been displaced by man in all walks of life. It is estimated, of the 27,000,000 adult women in

the United States, there are over 11,000,000 wage earners.

It is not in the political-kingdom, or Satan's battlefield, that woman aspires to be the business-rival of man, but Woman's Own Work is the Cleansing and Purifying of The Temple—Her Own Body—from whence she controls all things. We are in an age when woman is seeking for Truth; she is re-discovering that which is lost in her—the All-constructive, impersonal-feminine element of the Whole. Woman smells a dead rat. She is going to put the right saddle on the right horse, demanding her God-given right of expression, revealing the fulness of her soul.

Man has had an opportunity to recognize the Divine in woman. He has refused. She now awakes! Her "eyes are open!" The hour has come when there shall appear "A Wonder in heaven; a Woman Clothed With The Sun, putting the Moon under her feet."

The destruction of these abuses upon woman will come thru the growing intelligence, thru the evolution of the people and the responsibility of Self-Government in Woman. To woman, the purification of the ballot-box, the education into political-responsibility, are forced upon her that she may be free from church and state bondage. Naturally, most energetically are these conditions opposed by church and state, showing their intelligent-darkness by keeping her in bondage.

Woman's struggling fight is the right to be her natural-self, to fully and freely live her life, to find her true-Self. Her great and Only demand is for Self-Expression. Woman's attitude of today is but the echo of the man-rule age. Under this age man is responsible for the type of his own mother. The moulding of the race has been in his power, instead of in that of the Mother-Power. In the words of Will Levington Comfort: "The restlessness of woman everywhere is the result of the breaking-up of the old lies of man's world." "There never was any need for woman's retardation," says Mr. Edison, "man's selfishness, his lust for ownership, must be held responsible for it. He was not willing

to make woman equal-partner in his various activities, and so he held her back from an ability to fill an equal partnership."

Evolution will unfold to us that woman's going out and helping reconstruct society—purifying world-government—means a re-turning again to the Home under the United-Rule of Woman-Man—Her Divine Right according to God's Holy Decree.

Woman was made to be loved and 'petted to death' by one good man, for one good man, to make life beautiful, to keep down the hard, dry side, and up the sweet and poetical—to keep a man from making a fool of himself.

Woman's Pedestal Is In The Home,—radiating from its center as the shining star. Woman is Queen by right-Divine, chosen to be the center—the heart of the home—the very Sun of the Domestic Solar-System, which husband, children and all revolve around in perfect harmony and love.

Woman shines best thru her mate.

God is Love.

Woman is the heart of God and belongs inside of man, her other half. She is the inner, spiritual-part of man, his magnetic propelling-power. She lives and rules in and thru him; and he rules over and thru the Outside-world. She pours her full-life and love into his being, sending him forth, on the outside, to execute, to explore the universe.

It was the Divine-plan of our Creator that Woman should be kept pure and free from the struggles and worry of an external-existence, that she should become the embodiment of Divine-Love in her offspring.

No Real Thinking Woman prefers the business-world. Observe the poor creatures worn out mentally and physically, soul-starved for their natural rights, forced to be living lies under the man-rule age.

One bachelor-girl business-woman says:

"Oh, I am so tired of it all; what shall I do? I'm

going to build me a bungalow, with a yard, and have flowers and a rooster to crow."

Another says:

"All day long, week in and out, year after year, I work for Jones & Company. When the week and the year are ended, what have I? There isn't anything sweet or hopeful about it. I am no more than a machine, nobody cares for me, nobody loves me, for what I've done."

Somewhere—there is Something Wrong.

Study the faces of our business-women, our young girls, our society women in this commercial-age. Observe the cold-storage face of our idle, social parasite, holding up her head like a chick drinking water, with her starved, shriveled-soul and vacuous mind. Observe that pretended indifferent stare, unloving, selfish eyes, coldly-looking-into-space, going blind, looking for something on the Outside she'll never find! Observe our most snobbishly exclusive sisters, our newly-rich-society-snobs, who have forgotten that they, too, once had to earn their living in a shop, that their sales-sisters, too, are human and have a soul! These every-day tragedies, unless compensated with adequate effects during the life of the person who produced them, will follow the re-incarnated Ego and will work themselves out thru the justness of the Karmic-law. The Law teaches—"an evil act follows a man, passing thru one hundred thousand transmigrations;" that in some future incarnation these 'snobbish' sister-souls may re-birth as chamber-maids or 'scrub ladies' in the Ritz-Carlton or Waldorf-Astoria Hotels. In this way, only, the soul learns its lessons. Cause and effect is the absolute law of justice. Ignorance or intent is no bar to the operation of the law of justice. Ignorance of the Karmic-law may momentarily gratify one's vanity; but the day of reckoning is sure to come. We can never escape the responsibility of being a Creator of every condition of our life.

Karma is the only school of Soul-Discipline—the crucible thru which the soul's essence is refined and transmuted. Every thot-force works on its own plane. Studying the deep secrets and Karmic-laws which guide evolution thru the long succession of incarnate and exarnate

lives, one finds that The Law offers as many re-births as are needed for the most stupid learner. As expressed in the logical and scientific teachings of the philosopher, Mr. Bonwick, it is "the work of spiritual progression and soul-discipline. The pampered Sensualist re-births as a beggar; the proud Oppressor, a slave; the Selfish-Woman of fashion, a seamstress. A turn of the wheel gives a chance for the development of neglected or abused intelligence and feeling," until, presently, we will have experienced to the full—knowing good and evil by experience. Learning to discriminate between the Real and the unreal, we will freely reject the thot-forces that give only pain and choose the things that bring harmony and Universal Peace.

Study the hardened features of woman under the cursed industrial system. Is not woman's face self-written, her psychology an open book? The love-light of her sweet-womanhood has been choked until it refuses to shine thru her starved soul. Industry is making woman ugly. It takes a lot of affection and sympathy at home to counteract the displacement of young women who have been forced into the Shop-World. American women's faces and those of our young girls are not as pretty as they were 20 years ago, says a world-traveler. America is not growing great beauties as 25 and 50 years ago. Faces with no smile for anyone! No pleasant, gentle, love-gestures from one to another. The painful-faces of our women! The monkey-faces of women who seem to have not a pleasure in life! Every feature seems starved for love, a facial-nightmare. We have forgotten our "Prunes," "Prisms" discipline. We sometimes hear people flippantly say: "There is nothing in the science of learning the characteristic qualities of the soul, by the features of the face." This is untrue. As friend or foe, our face is an index to our character before the world. Of the many thousand faces we see no two are alike. We are instinctively indifferent, repelled or attracted by each one.

In the passing-multitude of life, how seldom we meet the healthy, fresh-face—the woman with the awakened-

soul shining forth in every feature, radiating love and life until we are haunted by a desire to know her. How often, on the other hand, we see faces that would have been perfectly beautiful, hopelessly destroyed by selfish, wicked thots, throwing out poison auras, which even a child intuitively runs from. Children are our safest psychics in this age; their pure hearts dwell close to spiritual wisdom, revealing the soul's mind. Their magnetism is pure and unsexed. Purity means pure power in clear-seeing. "Tho you assume the face of a saint, a hero or a martyr, the eye of the passing child will not reach you with the same unapproachable smile if there lurk within you an evil thot, an injustice."

Faces have an influence that words can never have. Hard-thots, evil-desires, selfish-ambitions, all ruin the sweetness and personal charm of woman's face. The language of the face is only the echo of the lights and shadows of the soul—the Innermost-Thots.

Wisdom-Religion teaches that we are now coming under the influence of a great "Revealing Planet;" that no longer will we be able to conceal our hidden-thots, that it will be as easy to decipher unseen-thots as for the operator to read a wire or wireless message. If we listen to the Inner-Voice, we will get the Absolute-Message.

The present economic system has destroyed our Homes; family-life is passing; our lives are de-homed and worm-eaten with the dollar. The problem of homes for the masses is solved in dark-dives, called flats, boarding-houses, luxurious apartment-houses, restaurants, spacious hotels with double-entrances—which "ask no questions" of their "couple-trade,"—all pigeon-holed in coffin air. Here we hibernate in 'instant' beds, feed on 'instant' coffee and tin-canned foods with all the organic salts and life taken out of them. Thus, we become, at wholesale, tincanned souls. Eating in restaurants will, in time, make a man hate himself, and make lechers of us all. Food prepared by hirelings is devoid of proper nourishment; it

lacks the magnetism, the flavor of Mother-Love. Strange, too, if some women can get into a cafe—meet me in the “green-room,” the tea-room, the “blue-room,”—and get their elbows on the table, they are perfectly happy to sit there all the afternoon or evening, drinking cocktails, “passion drinks,” smoking cigarettes, oftentimes leaving baby home with nurse or neighbor’s children.

We should be living in life-sized homes, able and glad to go out into the open with Nature, feeding on fruits, nuts, milk, wild-honey and Nature’s perfumes, as do the humming-bird and squirrel, naturally selecting what we need to cure our ills as do the chipmunk or the Beast Divine.

No more old-fashioned homes, no upstairs, no garret, no heirlooms, no downstairs, no cellar to get apples, cider and sauerkraut, no front or back porch to get a ‘bite’ of fresh-air. No privacy, no closets, no Solitude, no Silent-Room, no bedroom to go in and close the door for the night. No place to take one’s nerves, to take a nap, no place to go to talk out loud to self, to look in the looking-glass and lecture old Satan—distressing is such a life, as is a swamp full of gossiping frogs, an evening roost of tattling guineas. So heart-tired of the outer-self, the human and sin, but,—can’t get away.

Do you blame the Stork for staying away? He knows what he’s doing. He’s getting to be the wisest-bird ever. Then we wonder what’s the matter with us, all cemented up inside, filled with poison until our livers back up on us like a clogged-up kitchen-sink, until we smell so bad, and are so mean we cannot live with anybody or self, likened unto the whited sepulchre of the Bible, full within of corruption. Civilization? And yet we wonder at the decadence of the race—that 75% of the people have consumption of some kind, in some part of the body, at some time! The ‘civilized’-world is living an artificial life,—traveling “the pace that kills.” The apartment-flat life, the deadly monotony and solitary confinement are direct breeders of lunacy, of which the public knows little. It is claimed there are more insane-people imprisoned in New York City than there are other patients in all the

general hospitals of the city. Women are the principal victims in this man-made dollar-age, and the apartment-houses are breeders of immoral conditions, wrecking womanhood. Speed the day when the last one of these huge blocks of flat dwellings are cremated.

Every man, woman and child, especially woman, should know the value of Solitude. A favorite expression of our "New Thought" friends is "The Silence." What does this mean? "A crowd is not company, faces are but a gallery of pictures and talk but a tinkling-cymbal, where there is no love."

The habit of solitude is wholesome. Only in Silence and Solitude do we get our best growth in Soul-Power. Never is it found in mixed crowds or conversation. The person who grows up with the herd, thinks and acts with the herd, never gets acquainted with his Higher-Self. To constantly mingle with even the best, is depleting. Solitude is best fellowshiping.

Few women know how to relax—objectively to let go—going into "the silence." To commune with one's Innermost-Self is the most difficult lesson to learn. In desiring to understand the power which creates and controls, to have clear-seeing into far-space, seek solitude; listen to the "voice of the silence," which is the Voice Of God, quickening the perceptions, attuning the spiritual-ear to receive revelations, which is the Key to the intuitive-power that will unlock the prison of despair, leading us into spiritual-freedom and light where we may master our daily-problems instead of being slaves to them.

Every woman should have an appointed Silent-Hour out of each day, in a most secret-place—The Holy-Room. A room where no one dare enter, free and pure from all intrusion, wherein she has a seen or unseen altar of worship, placed with the crucifix, a sacred-book, a portrait of some Holy-person, some saint whose heart is pure and non-attached, or any Holy-object that pleases her fancy; wherein she retires to her inmost-Self, to speak to and hear from The Power that Answers All Prayers;

wherein she vibrates the sacred-word—OM. Here let her lie flat upon the back, objectively letting go, releasing the tension of the material-world. Be Still, learn to breathe from the solar plexus. Go into the within of the Within while concentrating on the mystery of Self, calling to the Holy-angels for their wisdom and understanding. Be Still, soul-breathe, and receive the soundless message of the Divine-Self.

Here the soul passes into meditation,—into the Sublime Silence, where no mortal can fathom that unvibrated sound, which is the Silence of Spiritual Bliss—communing with its counterpart, or the Divine-Self—knowing the Higher powers watch over us in Blissful-Love. In communing with the Divine-Self every cell of the body thrills and vibrates in joyful response—making ready for the Divine-Marriage in Eternity.

Why do so many of us object to the silence,—to being alone either in the day, or with our waking-presence in the night? Are we so weak and mean that our conscience smites us when alone, so that we must have the constant waking-company of our noisy-kind, or the dog, cat or bird? A pitiable state of dependence! Christ said: "When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and, when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father, which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly."

The silence is woman's Only Refuge—the Holy-Room of the Holy-Ghost wherein she rests in the Supreme, and receives her highest-wisdom, fitting her to undergo any trial. By long suffering we learn to hearken to the voice of the silence. It is the use of silent-thot, silent-vibrations, that woman must most study if she is to be freed from the bondage of illusion,—if she is to perceive, and live in touch with, the grand-harmony that runs thru the Divine-plan, the harmony of soft perfumes, colors and melodious sounds,—evolving that most desired and Blissful-Peace,—Poise and Spiritual-Power. What a pity that most of us exist and pass out without ever hearing these Inner-Harmonies!

Truth is Beauty.

Beauty is Truth.

All Beauty Comes From Within Outward.

It is useless to work from without inward.

Do everything from the inside to be beautiful.

Think in, not out.

Pray in, not out.

Look in, not out.

Work in, not out.

"Beauty is the light of the soul reflected in the forms of matter."

The river of wisdom is continually flowing Within.

The music of the spheres is not without us, above or below us, but Within Us. The strong and beautiful soul only grows from within—The Silence. "Bees will not work except in darkness. That will not work except in silence."

When we have outgrown the external-world, we shall go within ourselves and find the Light, just as we turn on the light in our homes at twilight. Silence is the secret of Self-perfection; only in the silence are we alone with our God. "We talk to God—that is prayer; God talks to us—that is inspiration." God speaks only when we are silent.

"Be still!—and KNOW-I-AM-GOD!"

"Go to Silence, learn her secret, she shall teach thee how to speak,

Talk is but a blundering error, Truth shall work with sharper tools.

Go to silence, she shall teach thee, ripe fruit hangs within thy reach,

He alone hath clearly spoken, who hath learned that Thought Is Speech."

Back—back! to the Home—to the heart of Silence! All the progressive ideas of all the ages can never change or better The Divine-Plan projected by the Creator for Woman. None so Wonderful, Great and Spiritual as the Divine-Mother.

What does a woman want with a 'career!' Many a woman would give half her life and eternity just for the

one thing of knowing how to love aright; be all she was intended to be in her gentle and peculiar functions, in the life of her counterpart—Her Mate. Why, then, is she not allowed to be that help-meet to man, so that he can realize the grand and eternal purpose of Life! For a few moments, sometimes, she may be allowed, in that relation, to be admitted to the recesses where he really lives his ideals. Failing this he suffers, for he fails to find the help-meet he needs to bear the ideals into being. Look at man, as a lost-wandering sheep on the face of the earth, yet, as a possible Lord and Master of conditions thru his help-meet, the one-half he now lacks.

“Generally we are under the impression that a man’s duties are public, and a woman’s private, but this is not altogether so. A man has a personal work or duty relating to his own Home, and a public work or duty, which is the expansion of the other—relating to the state. So a woman has a personal work and duty relating to her own Home, and a public work and duty which is also the expansion of that.”

Until woman is re-instated, there can be No Home.

Three blessings Real-Woman craves—to love; to be loved; to engender Universal-Love.



CTOBER Day, it is, when the red-leaf, the gold-leaf have had their way.

" October's a Brunette—
Nut-brown is the hue of her,
You must take a walk to get
Any proper view of her.
She will set the pace—
Set it swiftly and easily,
With a smile upon her face,
Happily and breezily. "

While Nature is dying, how gloriously she dies, how wonderful her colors! how splendid her gifts! The harvest of the year, a cycle is reached. The tired-soul is weary, weary of its struggles. It craves fresh-life again and again. It dies that it may live,—live in the inspiration of spring; re-birth in freshness of foliage and fruit.

Spring is in-breathing. Fall is out-breathing. Both seasons have their dual-nature, their tears, their smiles, their mystic-moons; both bathe in the blessed-sunshine, yet, how different the feelings they inspire. One is birth, the other death; one is youth, the other age.

Today is one of those glorious October-days that brings a quality in the air that comes only with mid-autumn, that nameless splendor everywhere, when to feel and breathe the air fills one with divine-inspiration. Every touch of the wind against one's face is a caress; you at once have a sense of new hope, of unseen-companionship. It is a day that loves you. It is simply a luxury to exist. "The air is one vast library," says Albert Pike, "on whose pages are forever written all that man has ever said or even whispered."

I hear sounds, a noisy-chatter of birds, making ready for their long-southern flight. Not long now until we

hear the wild-geese sending out their alarm as they fly low in from the lake at the dying of the day. In a silver sky the Sun dies in the west in a flame of burning-gold; the yellow, red and purple afterglow slowly fades into dull-gray tints, the forerunners of the shades of night.

The October Stars seem to twinkle brighter; the heavens seem nearer; the air is ethereal-drinking; to roll in moth-balled blankets produces a brand-new quality of soundness in sleep.

I wonder what my stars read for me, what planet rules my destiny, if my babe shall live to make me a mother. I wish I knew, dear! This we cannot know unless we have our horoscopes cast at the time of birth, for what is written in the scroll of the heavens we cannot change. Only the stars can tell. No birth is due to chance. From the moment of birth our lives are mapped out before us from the beginning to the end.

It was from my dear old grandfather, as I sat at his knee in childhood-days, that I learned my first lessons in astrology,—the Chemistry of the Stars, or Solar Bi-ology—about the twelve angels that rule the planetary system; about Christ Choosing His Twelve Apostles, one under each of the Twelve Zodiacal-Signs; the ruling elements of Fire, Earth, Air and Water; the coming and the going of the planets, their connections and oppositions, and the influence they exercise upon our lives. About the Fates—the Three Goddesses who preside over human-destiny, one spinning the thread of life, one putting the wool on the spindle, the eldest cutting it off when the hour of death comes.

In my childhood thots my mind was full of confusing doubts. I often stole away in the twilight to the hammock, under the old grape-arbor, lay there quietly all alone, gazing and gazing at the twinkling stars and the "Man in the Moon," wondering if these heavenly-glories—the poetry of the heavens—really did rule the lives of people.

The student who has once satisfied himself that astrology is the skeleton—the physical frame-work, the hidden-

forces,—working in the human-family, as well as All-Life, that it is pure mathematics,—knows that we are born with characters ready formed, which Karma has exactly marked out. “Astrology is the science which defines the action of celestial bodies upon mundane affairs, and claims to foretell future events from the position of the stars. Its antiquity is such as to place it among the very earliest records of human learning. It remained for long ages a secret science in the East, and its final expression remains so to this day. . . . In days of old, Astrology was synonymous with Astronomy. . . . If later on the name of Astrologer fell into disrepute in Rome and elsewhere, it was owing to the fraud of those who wanted to make money by means of that which was part and parcel of the sacred Science of the Mysteries, and, ignorant of the latter, evolved a system based entirely upon mathematics, instead of on Transcendental Metaphysics and having the physical celestial bodies as its material basis. Yet, all persecutions notwithstanding, the number of the adherents of Astrology among the most intellectual and scientific minds was always very great. . . . ‘Astrology is to exact astronomy what psychology is to exact physiology. In astrology and psychology one has to step beyond the visible world of matter, and enter into the domain of Transcendent Spirit.’” Hippocrates, who was called “the Father of Medicine” and the most proficient healer of the day, “had so lively a faith in the influence of the stars on animated beings, and on their diseases, that he expressly recommends not to trust to physicians who are ignorant of astronomy.”

In the teachings of Alan Leo: “Astrology means the Reason of the stars. It is the soul of astronomy and its history is lost in antiquity. Freed from all the rubbish that has become associated with it, it stands as the most practical and scientific explanation of Fate and Destiny the world has ever known. During the coming century, while the Sun in the greater cycle, progresses thru the sign Aquarius, it is destined to become the religion of the race.” Very true, we shall grow to master our stars, that the solar and planetary-forces may have no natal influ-

ence over Spiritual-Man. While the stars may influence, they do not compel. "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings." Infinite Mind is the absolute master; the body, the servant of mind; yet, with average humanity, few realize this stupendous fact.

The Moon directly influences and controls conception. It governs gestation and polarization of every description upon the face of the earth. The object is to polarize the positive physical-forces to the sexual-organs, this being the proper time for Pure-Mating. To know when to plant, from all vegetable and animal-life up to the human embryo-baby seed, is one of the golden-secrets of life. We are told, the Moon has greater influence over earth-life than has the Sun; that some plant-life receives more sustenance from the Moonlight than Sunlight.

Many of our grandfathers followed the signs of the Moon, desiring to raise the best crops; sowing the Wheat in the third day of the new-Moon in Aries, in April; bringing forth a full seed and large crops, "ten to ninety fold." Planting Corn in April or May, when the Moon was in Libra producing a full, plump and juicy kernel, proving the law, a "seed time and harvest."

The vegetable whose head is in the stalk above the ground, such as cabbage, if its seed is sown during the new-Moon in Aries, produces the best fruition. Carrots, turnips, onions and beet seed are best sown when the Moon is in its last quarter, in April month, polarized to Aquarius, or Pisces, as the fruit is grown under the ground. These fixed and unchangeable laws govern all life on up to the human embryo-baby. If the Sun, Moon and Planets have an influence upon the earth as a whole, certainly they must affect each individual. If the Moon affects the ocean why shouldn't it affect man?

Tideless would be the ocean were it not for the Sun and Moon. In the analysis of Erickson: "If, as we know, the planets have an influence upon the earth's magnetic and physical currents, then the conclusion is irresistible that they must have an influence upon mankind; for man is but an atom or particle of One Harmonious

Whole. He partakes of every element of the universe, and is, therefore, subject to the grand laws of eternal and immutable harmony." The Moon, Earth and Sun are the Mystical Triangle Written in the Heavens Eternal.

The Scientific Religion of Astrology and Astronomy should be Woman's Future Study. In the coming evolution woman will understand the forces of Nature and use them. Her one profession will be harmonious life, investigating the marvels of astronomical law. Our nurseries and schools will be the chief means of education in this work. Nature has a place for all life in the universe. Everything in the universe is weighed and measured mathematically. The rose has its place to grow, as the fish its place to swim; neither can man make good except in the place designed for him from the foundation of the world. Every mother in this day will know, when she brings a child into the world, if it is born a mechanic, a poet, a musician, and where and how her child should live. Woman being more enthusiastic, patient and intuitive than man, this naturally will be her life-work.

Mother Nature is an Open-Book, wherein she writes our life, and to whom we must look to find her secrets. Man is not merely a dweller of this planet-world, but of the solar-system and all its sister-parts, both seen and unseen. Not a Star that shines or Sun that burns, but what has its influence upon human life.

We are told the strongest and most beautiful children of the Grecian and Egyptian days were due to the understanding of astrology, their parents being governed in their serious affairs of life,—their marriage, conception and rearing of their children—by their astrological-guides. Dr. Elsie Louise Morris declares in: "Woman of the Hour, Past—Present—Future:"

"It is the habit of certain men eminent in the ranks of material science to sneer at the occult sciences, astrology in particular. They discountenance that which they fail to understand. And the most grievous part of their blunder is that they lead others astray; for the majority think

them the bulwarks of knowledge, owing to their attainment in material research. As a matter of fact, they are incompetent to judge of occult matters, for almost without exception they condemn without taking the trouble to investigate. Because they can find no adequate theory to account for occult manifestations they conclude such manifestations do not exist; and they proclaim from the housetop there is no truth in Astrology, and that Magic and Al-chemy are exploded sciences. In spite of the preconceptions of these wiseacres, occult as well as material science must stand or fall upon facts experimentally demonstrated. Any person of average intelligence who will take the time and trouble to make himself familiar with the principles of astrology can readily demonstrate for himself that the heavenly bodies do have an influence upon human life. He can prove indisputably that certain positions of the planets at a person's birth always coincide with certain characteristics, and that certain movements of the planets after birth always coincide with given events in the person's life that externalize at a time that can be predetermined. These are not theories, but Facts; and no amount of theoretical skepticism nor the air of superior learning assumed by the worldly-wise will refute Stubborn Facts. Neither are Al-chemy and Magic exploded sciences as so many think; but are sciences dealing with the Cause of things rather than the effects, the latter being the domain of material science.

The churches have been persistent enemies to astrology, and here again is an evidence of ignorant opposition, for if the minister of the gospel really knew the Truth about the handwriting on the wall, he would be as favorably impressed with it as he is with the use of the barometer to indicate sudden storms and violent changes in the weather, or the U. S. Weather Bureau, whose scientific instruments are supposed to indicate meteorological conditions and changes. The truth, however, is that the weather bureau is sadly off the course often times in its predictions and if the well-read astrologer of today made as many mistakes in his forecast of a human life as the weather bureau, it would not be strange that the public attention was called to the inefficiency of the science and the unreliability of its calculations. Then, too, with regard to the science of medicine, experience as a student

and practitioner enables one to assert that no physician or surgeon should be allowed to practice until he has attained a reputable knowledge of astrology, for it is scarcely possible without this knowledge to understand the peculiar physical construction of the individual case. To operate when the sign is in the heart the patient is almost sure to die, tho the operation may be called a success. While on the other hand if the sign is below the vital organs under the same conditions the patient may thrive and add years to his life. Only those who know something of the sciences of astrology, cycles and geometrical calculations can understand."

Lord Of The Stars, I Pray Thee, Will My Babe live to make me a mother? To go thru life, childless, to be denied the joy of motherhood, might rob me of my husband's love? A childless man! Few men want to be childless, their dearest hope is a child, by the woman they most love.

Next to being well-born physically, nourished with good food, sunlight and fresh air, is the knowledge and control of the Breath—the vital force of the body, the sum-total of the cosmic energy. The full breathing of fresh air has been called a form of Prayer. We can breathe no better than we can first think and live, for the mind controls the body and all its functions. If we stopped to think of the meaning of foul air, and improper breathing, we should avoid the former, and do less of the latter. To purify the blood, fresh air is absolutely necessary; the organs of elimination must also be made active for they throw off body-waste.

Yes, Diantha, those born under the sign Aries need lots of open air exercise, walking, horseback, dancing. These all add to the health of Aries-people. Aries-people being the head-sign, the head-workers of humanity, most diseases which attack them go to their heads. Being active thinkers, the blood has a tendency to congest in the head; and they are subject to headaches, eyeaches, and conse-

quent cold feet and creeping paralysis, due mostly to poor-circulation. Good circulation of the blood is the most important agency in the cure of all bodily ills. It is, in fact, the basis of cure and health.

Is not Breath the Vital Force of Life? It is the symbol of Life itself. "And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul." There is no strength, power, nor life in the body without breath. We have little, if any, direct control over the action of the heart, liver, and kidneys, and other internal-functions. They are all dead to consciousness,—beyond our control. We are told there was a time when man had conscious control over the liver and all internal organs; that he could shake his whole skin as does the cow. Each cell of his body was cell-conscious, obeying every mental command and acting up to every wish. Each cell is a distinct living entity, having its own individual life; each cell should think, grow and work in the blood-current, in-breathing, out-breathing, as does the fish in the water. Now, our only voluntary hold on life is limited to the lungs, and our power over the breath. Here in our own body is the first purging, purification and study of life; but we are too busy looking after external-affairs, to give much thought to our Interior-Self. That is the difficulty. "How much time he gains who does not look to see what his neighbor says or does or thinks, but only what he does himself, to make it Just and Holy."

Breath is ours, with unlimited power to re-vitalize and inspire every cell of our body. The Wise-Ones teach there is a spiritual as well as a mental and physical breath; that the passage between the physical and spiritual lungs is closed up in "fallen man." The spiritual lungs, in-breathing the high, rare atmosphere of the heavens, draws into every cell the heavenly atmosphere, re-generating the flesh and immortalizing the body beautiful; hence, the spiritual lungs being closed, the divine-aura, or breath of the solar-fluid, cannot inflow thru the body to re-generate it, hence woman soon withers, grows old and wastes away. Too much cannot be said about the true

knowledge and control of the breath of cosmic energy, which has been hidden for ages. The increasing of the cosmic energy means an increasing of Life and Soul-Power. It is one of the channels of the liberation of the inner-consciousness on all planes of life—physical, mental and spiritual—the secret-power of Eternal-Beauty.

“Beauty is to woman what strength is to man.” The old idea that beauty is only skin-deep is untrue. All beauty comes from within, thru the power of re-generating the sense-pleasures into cosmic-energy. To live in the knowledge and control of the breath is to generate eternal beauty. To live without the knowledge of its cosmic-powers is to de-generate.

As one has pointed out, man is a tree whose roots are in the atmosphere, inspiring life in the body, soul and spirit. Who that has visited a mountain-top but has felt that he was inspiring—taking in—the breath of the gods?

When one learns consciously, unconsciously, to breathe from the solar-plexus; developing a soul or psychic-power; directing the Breath Of Life, or creative power, to any desired cell or any part of the body; breathing thru any part of the body; eating the air and breathing the ether; breathing or Willing the solar-breath thru the toes; breathing the rheumatism out of the knees; headaches out of the head; breathing the neck into a pedestal of alabaster-beauty; breathing every wrinkle out of the face into a Madonna's meditation of heavenly-charm; sending the solar-fluid and rich-blood ringing thru the affected joints and flesh;—then this dear old earth will begin to give up her secrets; the Book Of Nature Will Be Open! How full of energy and charm are those who know how to breathe well. Pure air is the finest of all nourishment. It thrills every tissue with ether and enlivens the entire body.

To supply the oxygenated blood to my Precious little Embryo-Baby, that she shall have the most wonderful circulatory-system and pair of lungs in all the world, mother must do lots of deep-breathing and walking in the open-air, while traveling with her unseen-babe.



Walking is the one exercise that is the most beneficial and easiest to take, throwing every muscle into action. A good "quick walk" is the best tonic one can take, breathing and walking one's self into health and beauty. It is the best all-round-exercise and should be again dignified as in the ancient-days, when Woman was renowned for her great beauty and vigor. Walking is one of the lost arts. We are not natural-hearted enough to enjoy a brisk walk. We are unwilling walkers. We have forgotten the blessedness, the sweetness of the simple and pure things in life; of how to walk and roam the green fields, and on the mountain-tops. A good walk is a motion of beauty. Some women are famed for their beauty in walk. "The Goddess is revealed by her walk." The vibratory movement of walking becomes a trait of sexual-beauty. Study the swinging bird on the end of a twig; he balances lightly, and vibrates with the joy of wave-like motion, an undulation that is exquisite.

Never be ashamed to walk, walk, walk! There are many of our once beautiful women who are petted and kept in stuffed, floating auto-palaces, who are so 'fat,' stagnant and diseased they can no longer walk; who snobbishly look out of the crystal-panes of their limousines on you and me, ignorantly pitying the woman who can or has to walk. The craze for automobile riding thru the country like mad is bad for women, straining the nerves and brain up to the highest pitch until one is light-headed by the excessive stimulus of the mere going, a speed-intoxication.

If one walks and breathes properly it is impossible to have a poor figure and stagnant circulation. Present-day fashion has done much to injure woman; perhaps the greatest injury is the cramping of her imprisoned and poorly ventilated feet. Why do American women insist on cramping, crippling and hiding their feet in barbaric, hideous shoes all the time? The foot, in its natural state, with its pretty pink toes, soft and plump, is quite as pretty as the hand, and is one of the most expressive parts of the body, receiving its vibrations thru the ground.

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Beauty of hand and foot comes from graceful usage. Physiologically the feet, like the hands, should be uncased, either bare-footed or sandal-shod, giving spring and grace to the body which one admires in the North American Indian.

The ancient Greeks respected and revered the body as a piece of physical loveliness. To admire the body as a beautiful whole, to keep it clean and pure, must be an ideal inspired from the clean, pure soul Within. We have got to be Clean Inside as well as Outside to be Right.

"Man takes root at his feet, and at best he is no more than a potted-plant in his house or carriage, till he has established communion with the soil by the loving and magnetic-touch of his soles to Mother-earth; then the tie of association is born, making man kindred to the spot of earth he inhabits." If women paid as much attention to their feet as to their faces, there would be more health and more pretty women; less wrinkles and impoverished blood. The prettiest woman is ugly when her feet hurt. Not one perfect foot is found among a thousand girls. The average woman would be ashamed to show her feet to the world, having abominably abused them until they are monstrosities. Not alone do the freakish and unreasonably high-heeled walking-shoes destroy the natural leverage of the foot, and nature's center of gravity, but ruin the feet, and in time affect the health, injuring the spine, the eyes, producing pelvic female troubles, shattering the entire nervous system. An expert shoe-man says that his work is trying to fit the girl's feet to suit the mother's eye or fancy. It is just as bad for a doctor to run a hatpin thru a woman's beautiful face, as to ruin a young girl's pretty foot.

Few have the slightest conception of what is really meant by deep-breathing and good-walking. In fact few physicians thoroly understand these vital points. Every nerve-cell and fiber of our body is directly dependent on the air we breathe. Health and endurance are impossible without well oxygenated blood. We breathe about four bushels of air a minute. Every mouthful of food we eat

must intermingle with pure oxygen before it can nourish the body. Good-breathing means the same to the body as proper draught to the steam-boiler. Close the draught and you kill the fire; it matters not what quality coal you use. Improper breathing is oxygen starvation and impoverished blood. It is claimed two cubic inches of lung capacity for every pound of human weight will completely oxygenize the body until no germ disease can injure it. When we fully understand the al-chemy of the body—the assimilation and elimination—and understand the psychological law which directs the cosmic forces of Nature, there is no scientific reason why a properly bred body cannot be perpetuated at Will. Scientists have discovered and admitted that the organs of the body were built to last 150 to 600 years; but they fail to give us any scientific reason why they should not last indefinitely.

Impoverished Blood is a marked condition of pregnancy. Pregnant woman should have all the pure air, good food and proper exercise necessary during the period of gestation. The reason seems to be that from the moment of conception until delivery, all the vital powers appear to be concentrated upon the one organ,— the Mystical Chamber Of The Womb.

This cozy little nook for embryo-baby, lying so near mother's heart, is All Yours, Dear, in which to have your own sweet-way; but, mother, now, has to think, breathe, eat, sleep for two, for mother supports and nourishes you until you are able to exist by the exercise of your own functions. Baby wholly depends upon mother's physical condition for her support of life before she comes into the world.

Women who do drudgery or child-bearing require four-fifths more energy-yielding food than man. The womb is capable of exerting forty-one pounds pressure to the square inch. To the ordinary man-woman these facts are wholly unknown, and unthot of.

Mother's soul selects all the raw materials, all the best parts of her blood, bone, food, brain, air, light, car-

bon, cartilage, muscle and the million chemicals needed to build up stout and strong, her embryo-baby, giving it iron, gold, silver, zinc, lead, lime, copper, and all the cell-salts and minerals of mother-earth. How true that embryo-baby is the First-Artificer in metals. Further going into the heavens in search of something rare to incarnate into baby's soul, mother brings down to her unborn-babe the lighted-candles on the Altar Of Life, for baby's body—the Human-Temple. She pre-natally places a candle of science here, music there, philosophy, love and inspiration yonder; selecting all the best parts from Earth's Most Wonderful Laboratory—Woman's Body, truly a Sacred-Shrine,—making her embryo-baby strong and beautiful.

“Innocent as a baby,” yet, who knows what I am entertaining in my embryo-baby? She may be a coming demon or a goddess—a Cain, a Priestess, or a shoplifter!

The mind plays odd tricks with our imagination and reason; we never know what it will do next. The ordinary mind is restless, scattered, purposeless. It is a very uncertain quantity in one's evolution.

The surging of a stormy sea is milder than the restless mind-currents. To control the mind, to still the mind, is the secret of all success. Most of us allow our minds to act like spoiled children, doing just as they please. Strange, how the mind likes to wander; it hops around all over the earth like a grass-hopper or monkey. Some one of old-time has compared the mind to the maddened-monkey. The monkey, naturally being of a restless nature, tried to gratify its changing state of desires. This not being enough, the monkey was given freely of wine, making it more restless. Then a scorpion stung its tail, causing it to jump about worse than ever. To complete its torment, it became obsessed by a demon. Can you imagine the uncontrollable, crazy monkey's actions? The average human-mind is likened unto that monkey.

A woman travelling with child is the most wonderful miracle which all the romance of Love and Life contain.

The psychology of pregnant-woman is full of unsolved problems. The mysteries can only lead us to reverence and adoration for the evolution of Nature's divine-plans, upon which the future race depends.

Think of the natural law that can take two cells, each of them so tiny that they can be seen only under a high-power microscope, and project a human being—a Baby that is perfect—in but a few months, out of their union. So small are these tiny-seeds, called spermatozoa, that thousands of them could be held in the shell of a single mustard-seed. Nor does the ovum of woman weigh more than a two-thousandth part of a grain.

Look out into the world! There is no living creature anywhere that has not been brought into existence by the operation of this Holy-Law.

“ For the Lord of Life made sex that birth might come,
Made sex and its keen, compelling desire,
To fashion bodies wherein souls might go
From lower planes to higher. ”

If Man could only know the workings of Woman's-Soul while traveling with child. “ Daddy ” is very sweet, unselfish and companionable, but, how can man understand? “ When the soul goes forth for battle, she arms alone.”

Help me, Master, that I may be
All that Thou hast planned for me,
While, with child, I worship Thee.

O, why was woman born this way?

I wish I were a mocking bird, to live in the treetops, to fly from tree to tree and do as I please. I wonder if woman will ever have a chance to be her Real-Self? .

Woman reveals these soul-moods to her husband and he is indifferent, she tells them to a woman, and she is stupid. We must all have a solace, and now, I am creating you, Diantha, my Spirit-Twin, the one I have always longed for. To you, Precious-One, I tell my inmost-thots of happiness, of woe, of good or bad. I open my rag-bag that you may come in and play with me.

Mother is homesick today, dear. We have been visiting in the fragrance of an old-fashioned Home, and it fills me with the longing for the dear old home of my childhood days. The things we learn in childhood and take lovingly to our hearts, are the last with which we care to part.

Who that has grown to maturity in an old homestead, which is full of sweet memories, does not long to live her young life over, if only in dreams. Memories are so registered on our immortal-mind, that they become an eternal part of us. A familiar spot by the sea, a winding path thru the woods, a book, a faded flower, a golden-tress, a glove,—all these and numberless more hallowed memories, big and little, hold some cherished place in our inmost-heart, bringing us back golden moments thru the many years. They are all sacred moments which have been breathed upon by our very soul.

Some day we'll wander back again, dear, to where the Old Home stands, to the scene of my childhood joys and tears, to your Grandparents' Home. I shut my eyes and picture in memory the dear old home of the long ago, the blue skies, the rose garden and my playmates most dear,—all parts of childhood's memories sweet. I can see now, and smell too, the lilac-tree a-bloom in the corner by grandfather's-gate. How we'll stroll and wander over the old homestead.

Here we are now, Diantha:

We pause, as we pass thru the old front gate;
 Mother shows you now where she lingered late,
 And she'll try to picture her girlhood's fate,
 And that of a lover and a mother's fate,
 When her dream of this holy-hour, and you,
 Had awakened and smiled, and in joy come true.
 Here you see the stile where your grandmother sat,
 In her queer old gown and her quaint old hat,
 Here grandfather came, her charms to see,
 And 'twas here Daddy whispered his love to me.

Then my vision anew carries me to grandmother's cookie-jar, that dear old brown jar that never was empty.

" In a dim old country pantry where the light just sifted through,
Where they kept the pies and spices and the jam and honey, too,
Where the air was always fragrant with the smell of things to
eat

And the coolness was a refuge from the burning summer heat;
It was there I used to find it, when I went to help myself—
The old Cookie Jar a-setting underneath the pantry shelf.
Talk of manna straight from heaven, why, it isn't on a par
With those good old-fashioned cookies from my Mother's Cookie
Jar. "

Then, Diantha, we'll make a bee-line to grandfather's apple-orchard, to the old spot where the cider-mill stood in the midst of piles and heaps of apples; red and yellow apples poured around the orchard-ground. We will see if grandfather's old sleepy horse " Jim, " still goes around and around, turning the cider-wheel as the apples are ground. I see now, I smell now, I can hear, the rich sweet cider flow,—drip, drip, drip, from out of the apple-press into the tub below.

I see, I hear, the yellow-jackets and the boomin' bees
A-swarmin' and a-buzzin',
And a-sippin' as they please;
I, too, drink so fast and furious, that it bubbles up my nose;
O the good smell, the sweet smell,—
When the cider mill o'er flows.

And then we'll go browsing along the waterways, the creeks and running-brooks, into the green woods, treading the tangled grasses, dotted with wild-flowers and humming-bees. I hear, again, the sweet tinkling of little bells hanging around the necks of the sheep as they jump over the bars of the quaint rail-fences on their way to the pastures.

Among the landmarks that are associated with our childhood, we can never forget the Dear Old Barn, another spot ever holding a hallowed-place in our youthful-

memories. It was the place of many joys and some keen sorrows too,—our haven, our refuge. When the spirit possessed us, we wandered off to the barn, where we found solitude; or if we craved company other than our own kind, we found "Old Molly," the carriage horse, petted her, and listened to her friendly nickers. Or off we went and played in the stable-loft with the perfumed breath of the meadow-hay, so sweet and soft; romped and played until we forgot to go and eat. And don't you remember how we went in search of a new-found hen's nest, hoping to carry back a surprise to mother—an apron full of new-laid eggs! Don't you remember the winter's wood-pile, how our brothers had to struggle with the buck and saw? How they'd play "hookey," slip up in the barn loft, build a trapeze and do gymnastic "stunts" rainy afternoons? Often the silence was broken by hearing the echoes of a parental-hand wielding a handy harness strap. Woe! woe! woe!

We know the garage is a modern necessity; yet, we regret the passing of the dear old barn, and feel no shame in shedding tears on the ruins where it once stood. With the new, we sigh for the old—what used to be,—and in our heart there is a silent sympathy for the barn-less child of today. We do not envy the modern child. A poor make-shift is the garage. It is speechless!

I love everything that's old: Old friends, old times, old shoes, old manners, old books, old wine, old arm-chairs, don't you? I love old songs, old guitars, old cupboards, with grandmother's old blue dishes, old cedar-chests, old linens, old laces and old-colognes, don't you? And thus our lives flow on forever, echoes of the past.

I wonder if you'll be a boy or a girl, baby, dear. When sweetheart-Daddy comes home this evening, I'm going to have him listen for those double tic-tac foetal heart-sounds, and see if he can tell.

Suppose you'd be twins, a boy and a girl! My baby-

boy would want to run off with the circus, and my sweet, baby-girl to the "movies." Wouldn't that be awful! Daddy, what wouldn't our twins do to us these days? Woman's horizon has become so enlarged that no mother can tell what her next daughter may not do. Telephones, suit-cases, automobiles and green-veils will ruin the morals of any country.

No, dear, I want all my babies to be Aries-girls. The time will again come when Woman by her Will-Power, can choose and pre-natally control the sex of her offspring. One of these children will be worth a million of the scrubs born these days. Someone claims: "To know if the unborn will be a boy or girl, write the proper names of the father, mother and the month; count the letters in these words, divide the amount by seven, then if the remainder be even it will be a girl; if uneven a boy." Wonder if this is true! I'm going to try it just for fun and see.

Father hears your heart-sounds, dear. You weigh about 10 ounces now. Your hair and nails are just beginning to sprout, cutest little sprouts I ever saw. If you were born this month, dear, you'd breathe, and cry out a little bit and live much longer than you would have done last month. Yes, Diantha, I want all my babies to be girls, for it is said: "The day after a son is born, his mother begins to hate the girl who will some day be his wife." Then I'd be one of those dreadful creatures they call "his mother,"—"her mother-in-law."

Mothers invariably have a stronger affection for their male-children than for their daughters, altho in their psychological-ignorance they are sincere in firmly denying it. Never-the-less, it is true. Many mothers have the wisdom to conceal their preference; yet it shows itself in various ways.

In every man-child normally born there is 75% of the mother; in every woman-child 75% of the father. Look around! See the overgrown cub of a boy hanging on and cuddling up to his mother in the street-car, at the

circus; while the girl is off by herself, two years younger, making mud-pies, playing dolls, ready to jump when father comes. Mother likes her son best because, unconsciously, she recognizes that he has many, many sons and daughters of his own—sparks within him, separate sparks of his own life, wrapped up within him like unto the acorn, the shell of which has enclosed within itself many wonderful oak-trees.

If you are a son, dear, that means a future daughter-in-law. From out of mother-in-laws are our sweetheart-husbands made. How dearly most women love their husbands, how 'undearly' most wives love their husband's mother—his flesh and bone. Strange!

A proud mother of a splendid and only son was asked: "What will you do if you ever have a daughter-in-law?" "Love her, love her," she quickly replied. "But, suppose she dislikes and ignores you? What then?" "Hold her in the thot of Universal-Love until Love-Divine chemicalizes all hate, becoming her best friend, the impersonal-mother."

No mother has a right to spoil a son's life. When two people marry, they should be left alone, given a fair chance and test. The relations of one's 'in-law' have much to do with the future happiness of domestic-life; for what affects one, directly or indirectly builds or destroys both, all arguments to the contrary. To be loved by one's wife's or husband's folks is the most joyous expectation, and, if realized, the most blessed of all wedding gifts. So the Holy-Spirit, or dove of peace comes to hover and live in the home-nest. The Holy-Spirit is symbolized by a dove, and in its purity, is distinctly The Divine-Mother Principle,—meaning the Comforter.

There is nothing so sweet, warm and comforting as the affectionate bond of blood and kin, attracted alone by the Divine-Mother or Universal-Love Principle. There is nothing more scripturally sweet—so deeply moves the world as the 3000-year-old Hebrew love-story, that of the gentle, faithful and loving character of Ruth and her beautiful devotion to her mother-in-law, Naomi.

The physical relationship of a mother or mother-in-law

has no more right to interfere with the domestic relations of her sons and daughters than has some other mother in Egypt. Each has a right to live his, her, own life. When will women learn that children are not given them for selfish pleasure, for convenience in their old age; but for the world's sole sake; that it is their duty to fit them for the struggles of life, to teach them responsibilities and an appreciation of what Life means, that they may be independent of parents, that they must make and live their own lives? That which they sow, they also reap.

When will woman learn to be the impersonal-mother, to have the mother-love for every child in the world, giving her a wider, less unselfish 'love' that she may be able to bring up her physical-children with a finer, broader view of Life and its real meanings? Then, when the time comes that parents are no longer necessary to their children's lives, that they must leave us, there will be no bitter pain of parting and giving up what has filled our little world.

Mortal-sighted parents have this lesson to learn, that child-bearing, while it may seem to the undeveloped parent an individual pleasure, a selfish comfort, is really an ultimate means of a social-service. Motherhood is an experience of great happiness, but the mother cannot claim her child's soul. The child belongs to humanity—to the Lord; and the Lord lives in the body of humanity. "Unto us a child is born"—born unto humanity. Woman is only the channel-womb for bringing the soul into this earth-life; even its food is prepared in the mother-breast by the Lord.

Children are only loaned to us for a few short years, to teach us the bigger lessons, that we must outgrow the agony of selfish, physical mother-'love,'—that which leaves us with an empty heart and idle hands after they leave us. Evolution will teach woman to transmute this mischief-making, home-breaking, character-destroying mother-in-law into the Impersonal, Divine-Mother, the world needs so much. God planned it to be so; it must *come to be*. Only in proportion as we mothers are *chemically-attracted* to our offspring are we entitled to and

worthy of their love. Blood-relationship has nothing to do with the fixed law.

Ties of flesh seldom signify mental or spiritual-kinship. There is a cynical saying, "God gives us our relatives, but we may choose our friends," which has another and better meaning than is commonly given to it.

The law of Karma gives us our relatives. According to the law of chemical-attraction, we gravitate, we are Karmically-attracted to return, to re-birth, into this or that family—thru the channel-womb of our physical-mother, for further experiences or Karmic-lessons. Another cannot do the Willing for us.

We are born into our family because we are a soul that has deserved just such a body as our parents gave us; or because the limitations which our parents imposed upon us are needed in our evolutionary-lessons to develop our own lives.

The re-incarnating from time to time in these fleshly-garments, is but the penalty, paying off old Karmic-debts, undoing sin, seeking to overcome and become free-agents in place of being slaves to the masters of desire and lust. Is there any other way? The Infinite Law points none.

Molded in the same mother's womb; nursed in the same mother's arms; rocked in the same cradle in infancy, sharing the same joys and sorrows of childhood; we are not thereby secure against the possession of clashing dispositions and characters, or assured against 'family-rows,' yet, we naturally expect to find our children in after years united in the closest ties of affection and sympathy. "Grow we must if we outgrow our loved ones."

Kindred souls make a Home,—not necessarily blood-relations. Often those of our own household are our worst obstacles. Our scriptures teach: "A friend loveth at all times, and a brother is born for adversity." Their contentions are stronger than the bars of hell. We gravitate to our physical parents. So many spirits want to re-birth thru the same parent; that is what makes twins, triplets. Only the perfected soul—the Wisdom-Child chooses its parents or family thru which to re-incarnate. Look

around! how few families live in Love and Peace! Mother and daughter, father and son, brother and sister, —their family tragedies, as ancient enemies, are recorded in our daily courts. How sad, that so few parents astrologically understand their own offspring. They understand these eternal laws, which control their child's nature, less than they understand a peddler's French. The world says: "Isn't it dreadful! How the mother and daughter quarrel? I don't believe they've had one really happy day since the daughter returned from college." "The father and son are as perfect strangers." Our blood-mother may not be our Mother in Spirit, so with our father, brothers and sisters. Christ said: "For whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is my brother, and my sister, and mother." Then, too, there is an unconscious, inner and dual-will that separates families—that causes inharmony among its members. Nature works in mysterious ways her wonders to project. Nature demands the propagation of the race, she sacrifices everything to this end, even harmony among brothers and sisters. We, in our ignorance, run from trouble to get in more trouble. The Karmic-law of action and re-action forms and breaks families up at the just time, in order to form more families to continue the race. If brothers and sisters lived in peace and harmony, they would be content in one family and not desire families of their own, being separated only by death—seldom by marriage. History gives us the life-story of the harmonious brother and sister, Charles and Mary Lamb. Neither ever married; they remained inseparable as literary co-workers.

A great teacher has pointed out:

"My father is not necessarily related to me, merely because he was the nervous channel thru which I came to earth; nor is my mother any nearer to me simply because she received the monad Me, incarnated it in a flesh-and-blood-body; nursed me for seven years, more or less, and called me her son and darling. Ties, blood, race, or family, count for little or nothing; for it continually happens, *that the veriest stranger is nearer and dearer than husband, wife, parent, sister, child or brother; aye, even*

than those we sometimes believe to be our 'Eternal Affinities.'

Kindred there is based on same minds, not on blood relations or external laws. We love those who love what we do, and these are our brethren and sisters. Two cannon-balls are not necessarily related because cast in the same mold; nor are people, brothers or sisters merely because their parents were the same; for their natures may be, and often are, wholly opposite, and antagonistic; nor is it unusual to see a coarse, rough, brutal, lowly-organized man, and a girl, who is fine, gentle, sensitive, intellectual and spiritual to a very high degree, born of the same couple. Where is the relationship? In what does it consist? The study, then, of psychical-law, will afford scope for the best minds in the spiritual-worlds."

TO EARTH RETURNED

"What of the soul in its mysterious quest
For being? Does it draw the many grains
It scattered in its incarnation when
It trod the earth before, into a point
Of being that a body may be made
To let the light out in a million rays,
To let the soul speak in a million ways,
And bear its mystic message on to God?

Mother, stand back, he only is your son
In that you gave him something for his soul
To whet itself upon. I say, let be,
For he must solve his life's own mystery."

The world has automatically talked much and long about Mother and Love—"Mother-Love," of which we have become calloused. We have lost the sense of what it really means; it has often degenerated into lust whose offspring is anything but Divine.

"Mothers are Mothers" once remarked a supposedly wise man, setting the physical-mother upon a 'holy-pedestal' as impossible of wrong doing. Women who call themselves mothers are not perfect because of their physical-motherhood. Almost any female can be the animal-mother of children, but few can Mother the spirit. Few are the moral and Spiritual-Mothers. There are all kinds

of mothers in the world. There are Bad Physical-Mothers as well as Good Physical-Mothers, mothers who train their children to vice and commercialize their lives. Many a mother drives her daughter away from home, not because she goes wrong, but Because She Does Not Go Wrong; because she will not yield to the tempting of her employer, or any man. The records of the Woman's Police Courts should open our eyes as to the difference between Physical and Moral-Motherhood.

The majority of mothers are only physical, ordinary and aimless, as the majority of people are physical, ordinary and aimless. Animalized or physical-mother instinct called Mother-Love seldom gets farther than four selfish-walls labeled Home. Outside of these walls all is "Step-mother." Much of what goes by the name of Love is only selfishness. Until Love extends beyond the narrow-circle of relatives and friends; until it stretches beyond the shores of one's own land, it is Not Real-Love. The Divine-Mother Love is not that which nourishes and cares with greatest solicitude for one's Own Child, and turns a deaf ear to the cry of the hungry and forsaken one in the street, but it is unselfish, impersonal love. Pure Love is in the act, and does not take note of the object!

Observe, the average old hen will peck the life out of a baby orphan-chick. The mother-hawk will tear the very heart out of a dove and feed it to her baby-hawks. Behold, the tyrannical 'love' of a mother-cat! how gently she toys and tortures the little mouse for the nourishment and instruction of her kittens. The cat knows only animalized-instinct mislabeled Love, fighting to protect its own, to preserve the race, but does not know the father of her babes. She is absolutely controlled by Mars. She is not capable of wife or mate-love, so with many human-mothers.

The physical-mother can 'hate' as deeply as she can 'love;' but she can only 'love' her own—only that which is projected from her flesh. It may take many incarnations for her to grow to see that there is any Love superior to her physical-love. To be only the physical-mother is not the end of Love, but the lowest-form of

love,—a personal and selfish one,—a primary expression of human need, an evolutionary step toward Spiritual-Motherhood. It is the most undivine thing in the world, being unadulterated selfishness, pride of ownership. Such human-love is in the class with the four-legged animals, and is capable of any crime, even murder, in order to protect or favor her offspring. The average mother deserves no credit for loving her child. It is instinctively natural, she cannot help it. On the same theory she would not know enough to breed, if it was not natural. Selfishness plays no part in the law of justice. Justice is no respecter of child, parent, relation or condition. Selfishness knows no part of Divine-Love. Still less, the flesh-child does not furnish all the lessons for Love's supreme unfoldment; for dear as children are, somehow, they satisfy only one part of woman's nature. It requires exceptional marriage and children to satisfy a woman. Only in the fullest realization of universal consciousness does Woman attain unto Divine-Motherhood.

Woman was sent into this world as the mother of All-Life, not alone of her own selfish flesh, but capable of seeing all children of the world with an equal-eye, freed from all partiality. Her own child should be no more dear to her than any other. "She is but half a mother who does not see her own child in all childhood." It is a very undeveloped idea that the only mission of woman is physical-motherhood. The most unholy thing in the world is physical-motherhood if woman is not fitted for it. Mate or wife-love is higher than animalized mother-'love.' Oftentimes a wife's and husband's love is broader and wiser than a physical-mother's love, giving Unity of purpose between senses and soul, in an unselfish service to humanity, despite the centuries-old theory that maternal love is the most unselfish, deepest and most lasting.

Why do I crave a child of my own flesh? Are there not enough children in the world already? Is it not selfish to say? "We'll have a child of our own—for ourselves." Own! Is there such a thing as 'own?' Is not every child in the street my child? Your child?—A

part of a part of You,—Me—God? The real reason for personally desiring children, when reduced to the motive, is found to be selfishness, pure and simple.

Every Woman Is Mother-Born. Every spiritually awakened woman carries a Dream-Child, away down deep in her soul, begotten of Divine-Thot, which she will bring forth in some incarnation.

Woman Is All Mother. Every cell of Woman is Mother. She mothers a father, a brother, a baby-sister, a beggar at the back door, a dog in the street with a broken leg,—she is always mothering and doing something for that Big Needy Child—Humanity.

Maternal-love is woman's root-nature.

Woman's soul is a gallery of ideal-children to whom she gives birth one after the other, not alone to human-children, but to thots and ideas sent into unseen-space. Just as man is the impregnator of physically born children, so is woman the impregnator of immortal sons and daughters,—children of the brain, of the soul. Whether they be expressed in a song or poem, an invention, work among the poor,—an ideal Home-keeper, a world-teacher—Annie Besant,—or a world-mother—Clara Barton,—these are the offspring of woman's soul,—crystallized-thots of her Higher-Self.

Impersonal or Divine-Love cannot be unfruitful. It always gives Life, if not in the reproduction of its own kind, in other values. Impersonal mother-love ever enriches in all departments of life. Physical-motherhood is not obligatory because woman has a matrix; it is only her chosen privilege. That woman "ought to have had a husband and children" that she might continue the race, is a doctrine that belongs to the dark-ages, the survival of tradition,—a Jesuit trick to enslave woman. So-called religion, controlled by self-seeking rulers, once implanted, into the unthinking human-mind the necessity of populating the earth with children, whether they were wanted or not, that their wills might be enforced with a ready army. The thinking Woman—the re-generate woman—has begun to realize we need no more manure for the Ruling Powers' Tomato-Vines.

Physical-marriage and physical-children are not the-All of woman's life. Evolution brings upon the earth a new kind of woman. We are here to work out our Karma, purging and purifying self, that we may help to mother, to re-generate humanity—developing the art of fine living. It is no more woman's duty to have unwanted-children than it is to take poison, for the reason that every bite of food she eats is taken from another's mouth, because the earth-space she occupies is crowding out some other life. Tolstoy declared: "To get married would not help the service of God and man, tho it were done to perpetuate the human race. For that purpose, instead of getting married and producing fresh children, it would be much simpler to save and rear those millions of children who are now perishing around us for lack of food for their bodies, not to mention food for their souls."

Newton says:

"It is important to know that there are other uses for the procreative element than the generation of physical offspring; far better uses than its waste in momentary pleasure. It may, indeed, be better wasted than employed in imposing unwelcome burdens on toilworn and outraged women. But there should be no waste. This element when retained in the system may be coined into new thots, perhaps new inventions, grand conceptions of the true, the beautiful, the useful; or into fresh emotions of joy, and impulses of kindness and blessing to all around. This is, in fact, but another department of procreation. It is the procreation of Thots, ideas, feelings of good-will, Intuitions Of Truth—that is, it is procreation on the mental and spiritual planes, instead of physical. It is just as really a part of the generative function as the begetting of physical offspring. It is by far the greater part; for physical procreation can ordinarily be participated in but seldom, while mental and spiritual procreation may and should go on thru all our earthly lives—yea, thru all our Immortal existence."

And the remarkable fact of spiritual procreation is, that woman is the greater begetter of noble ideas than is man, that her fertility is more sweet, more beautiful, more tender, more Divine.

Many of our best mothers are those who have no physical children in this earth-life. Aries women are often the impersonal mother-pattern, having outgrown the nature of bringing forth in litters. In World-Mothers we find the heads of the best kinds of orphans-homes and schools; in private homes they are our widowed or "old maid" aunties. Many of these are our most gifted mothers, the practical moulders of child-life, proving beyond a doubt that they have had the blessed experience of physical-motherhood in some past earth-plane, working their way thru the different initiations until they are the conscious Cosmic or World-Mothers. Who, then, are really the Childless? Who the Spiritual-Parents?

The woman who reaches the highest human attainment in life must rise above the old law of generation into regeneration. It seems the world requires today three kinds of mothers. One kind to give physical birth, one the mental, and one the spiritual. Few women have the three qualities. It seems a momentary pity to bring forth without being the three complete in One. In future reincarnations the Now World-Mothers will be the physical-mental-spiritual Mothers—the three in One—bringing forth the Christ-Children in large numbers.

Certainly Mothers-In-Law are entitled to love and be loved in proportion to their consciousness of physical-love—selfishness—or Divine-Love.

The charm in odd numbers is broken when it comes to the happiness of mothers-in-law. The third person is generally the fly in the honey-bowl. The world was planned and built for two: Two by two all lovers roam; the little bird's nest holds only two; the little boats carry just two; the winding paths in lovers-lane are only broad enough for two. Two of every sort is the rule.

There went in two and two into Noah's Ark, male and female of every living thing of all flesh.

God commanded Noah to bring into the ark, "thy wife, thy sons, and thy sons' wives; every beast after his

kind; all the cattle after their kind; every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth after his kind; every fowl after his kind; and every bird of every sort. And they that went in went in male and female, two and two of all flesh, wherein is the breath of life. "

Learn from the naturalness of childhood; the lesson of three children trying to play together. After only a few minutes one runs crying with a broken-heart to its mother. It seems impossible, simply a human impossibility for three to get along together, whether they be children or grown-ups.

If you wish to breed discord between a young couple, send them to live with the mother-in-law, or introduce the mother-in-law into their happy home as a permanent fixture. A house with a wife and mother-in-law is rather warm; yes, rather the warmest known spot on earth. Mothers-in-law have caused more trouble than any other cause except "demon-rum," says a wise old Judge. "Mother-in-law, daughter-in-law—storm and hail."

Did you or I, did anyone, every profit by the greater-experience of our elders? No, we each have to learn our daily lessons, get our fingers burnt, learn Life's meaning individually.

Of all domestic-problems none is more pathetic and harder to solve than that of the meddling mother-in-law. Like the old serpent of Scripture, her race is deathless. Mother-in-law, father-in-law, wife's brothers, husband's sisters are all subject-matter of mortal-discord in many homes. Before marriage they are charming. After marriage they are a bore; their presence cannot be endured. Nearly all 'in-laws' hate each other. They are continually quarreling and back-biting each other, if under the same roof more than three days at a time. Wasn't it Benjamin Franklin who said: "Fish and company stink in three days."

How does any woman become a mother-in-law? By doing just what her mother, her grand-mother, did.

"I love Son so; how could any woman be so heartless as to take him from me, and to think he is so happy without me! We were so happy until 'she' came into our home and 'broke it up.'"

"I don't know what part to take now, the place of the lady or what; since son brought 'her' home. He doesn't kiss me like he kisses her."

"Didn't you marry some woman's son?"

"Yes, but I would rather have buried my sons than live to have seen them married. They were born for me. If Molly ever gets that life-insurance on son Tom's life, she'll get it over my dead body. It's in my name and it's going to stay there, where it belongs. Just as his name on my doorplate is going to stay there; this shall always be his home."

Love her son?

She does not know what Love is; such cattish-attachment is animalized instinct, a ferocious, selfish desire for possession, for absolute ownership without one ennobling or worthy impulse of womanhood or Motherhood. It is the greatest mistake for a man to permit this in a mother. When a man allows his mother, his sister, or any one, to cross his threshold, to hypnotize him by crying or bullying him, making his Home a hell, wrecking his life with the woman he has chosen for his life-mate, something was, and is, wrong with the pre-natal marking of the man. Justice has no patience with an unreasonable and 'blind love' bestowed upon an unworthy object. As Hamlet rebuked his mother: "You cannot call it love; for at your age the hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble, and waits upon the judgment, and what judgment would step from this to this?"

Diantha, the following is a family heir-loom, discovered among a bunch of famous love-letters preserved in a cedar-chest, handed down by your great, great-aunt, the famous beauty of her day, Lady _____. We can learn much from others if we but Will.

Rose Ledge Gardens,
Switzerland, the 7th day of the First Moon,
October 17—

George, Dear:

Will you now promise me, to first have your dinner, the quiet, your usual afternoon pipe—then these lines.

As unmarried sweethearts, we were unusually frank and sincere with each other, in other words first true to self, true to all.

“To thine own self be true,

And it must follow, as the night the day,

Thou canst not then be false to any man.”

Then as married sweethearts, can we not be frank and sincere with each other, exchange ideas, feelings, and heartaches with each other; if not, then to whom should we go?

George, in your letter of....., you sweetly remarked, “I love you sweetheart as no other man can love woman, love you best of all, and to know you love me so, spurs me on to heights unknown. If you and mother didn’t have this little hitch I’d be as happy as God could make me.”

Yes, dear, perhaps I can breathe the same thought, but in the poet’s wisdom—

“The die is cast, the deed is done.”

In the first place and cause, when you, George, paid me the highest compliment man can pay a woman—an offer of marriage,—it was then, dear, you made a sad mistake when you asked me to come into your mother’s home to live. I made a sadder mistake when I consented to come and try; nobody was to blame but my ignorance. I am the victim of my own folly. I should have known better. My dear, you will clearly remember our little love chats on this one particular point on the beach at dear old....., I remarking, “I have always said, I would not live with my husband’s mother, neither my mother, rather live in a log cabin in the lane.” It was never my wish or dream. It is not the right way to begin life; let bride and groom go by themselves; “old folks” by themselves. Parents should not, according to the natural law, expect to hold their children after they are grown and married, as the phrase runs in the Prayer Book, and the Reverend

declared to us in our marriage ceremony, “What God hath joined together are no more two, but one flesh. For this cause a man shall leave his father and mother” to whom he is related “and cleave to his wife,” to whom he is joined. Two souls made one by the perfect joinery of God. Only death, that is able to separate soul and body, can disjoin that which the Divine has blended.

George, when I married you some years ago, I gave up everything, left behind all, forsook father and mother, devoted brothers and sisters, admiring, doting friends, home full of love and sunshine, within and without, left them all behind, never again to

possess; gave them all away, in exchange for you, because I trusted and loved you, and believed in you, to throw my whole being into your open arms, to pour out my whole soul into yours, with what I am, is yours to possess and enjoy. Yes, I gave them all up, to launch and anchor my love, my life, my all with the grandest man in all this wide, wide world for me. To cast my life and love among strangers in a strange land, with a strange man. Well, I'm here, no question about it, from the atmosphere within. When I sing the little song, I think as it hums along—"I love you best of all, though my love has brought nothing but pain, the dream of the past makes fresh my life, like the sunshine after the rain." Yes, of all these gifts that Heaven gives, 'tis love that is Divine. George, sweetheart, it should not be pain.

From the day you took me as your bride into your home, your mother's home,—there has been one constant, silent, unpleasant, yes, very unpleasant under-tow. At times I feel it will drag me under. Cause? "Son George's Wife." "Don't know whether it was best for me that George married or not." My husband's mother don't like this or that. Not you and I, dear, never! These many months under these unpleasant surroundings has proven we can, you and I, no more, live sacredly happy together as husband and wife should live and be. If I please my husband and make him happy, my duty and mission are done, and this is the limit of my marriage contract.

Very true, there is nothing sweeter, warmer and more blessed in a family circle than a natural outflow of love towards each sweet and lovely member, that bond which binds alone by love, but where love and loyalty are demanded by an unworthy member under false pretenses, things are sure to be ship-wrecked.

George, husband, under these circumstances I cannot continue to live and dwell this way any longer and under no consideration will I further try. It makes and keeps us all unhappy, if it isn't my heart that is broken, it's yours. You are a married man now, dear, not single, you have a wife;—things should be different with you, as with me. You certainly are old enough to know what is right; you certainly are an indulgent son, a good husband. To do your best is only being a good son, and all you can be is a good son. It would be most ridiculous for any mother to expect of her son the part of a husband, feelingly, socially, financially, or any way, especially when he is happily married. The very best son can only be a son, even if he is not encumbered with being the financial-prop of the entire family; even if there be no limit to his purse. Mother seems to have a very poor conception of being a mother, and her son's having a wife; it reminds one of her playing the part of an unpleasant rival instead of the "motherly act." She has her husband, her companion. I came to your mother, dear, with a heart full of love; many things I love her for, some I cannot adopt.

When we separate, each husband and wife, each couple going to their own little nest, it seems mother would feel very comfortable and easy if you should do and say like many other good sons, under similar circumstances, "Mother dear, here is so much each month, my first week's salary,—or whatever it might be. We give this to you each month, 'tis yours to do with just as you please, go when you want, come when you want, nobody to look after but you and father, in your own little nest." Your mother, like other mothers, has raised her own family, and to be irritated by the sixth—daughter-in-law! No, it is not my wish, and I cannot be the cause any longer. Life is too short! How fast the love hours fly,—too short at their longest to put one moment in such unhappy thoughts.

Last—and by all means the most sacred and important,—if I am ever to be a mother, George, under no considerations and conditions would I conceive, carry and bear our babe in such unpleasant surroundings. No, never! Since I have so frankly expressed to you, my dear husband, what I can do, and cannot do, now, I ask you, dear, to take your time, consider well, in your silent moments, what you can do; cannot do; what you care to do; how you feel personally, regardless of your wife. You are a man of open mind, of the finest nature found in man. You love your mother dearly, and as the old saying runs: "One can get another wife, but never another mother." I know this is breaking your heart and I can assure you mine is not as whole as it once was. We cannot help the past. We can help the future. I could not, I would not, influence you to do so and so, nor command,—but I do say this, if you cannot feel from the depths of your own heart, your own desire, after all of this past, and say: "Mother dear, after all these unpleasant, unexpected happenings here in the home it is not just to any of us that we continue living this way, it is best for all that I take my wife to a little home of our own;" I say, George, if you have not this desire and wish now after all of this, and cannot say this to your mother,—then I could not have you take me. I would not have it said after we go to ourselves—"George did not want to go, but 'she' made him." I could not bear this; I would not stand it. There shall not be any 'make' about it. Act and say only from your own personal feelings. I would be just as unhappy then, as I am now, if it is not your wish. Perhaps you prefer your mother to your wife, some sons do. This I can't help, this you can't help, we all have a preference in any case. The voice within us which doesn't have to reason but knows what is best, will guide us aright if we will but listen,—the only thing that leads us to peace. If such be the case, then our love and our lives forevermore must be apart; my path leads one way, your path another way.

George, dear, will you now forgive me for speaking from the secret chambers of my own heart, but your thought expressed in

your letter has haunted me until I have wept aloud. Let us hope we shall never have to think, speak, or live this over again. Do not allow this to disturb you in any way, for indeed this is not news to you; surely you feel all, 'tis a heart to heart talk between husband and wife, consequently should be sacred. And may these lines pass from flames to ashes, fertilizers, and lessons to our future happiness, out of our thoughts into oblivion.

And am I still accepted by my own loving husband as his own,
Sweetheart-wife,

Madeleine Dolores.



Wrapped in grief November comes;
No sun, no shade, no butterflies, no bees;
No birds, no blossoms, no fruits, no leaves;
She comes, and sighs, and grieves,
November with bare trees.



NOVEMBER! how orderly, how silently, she lays everything to sleep, folding over all her protecting drapery. November breathes no false hopes; she is the plain truth-teller of the year, ere she yields to Winter's touch. These melancholy days, "the saddest of the year," bring naked-woods, and wailing winds, and the cold and piercing rains; yet this is the month of keen, crisp air,—the healthy month. It fills us with mental alertness and energy. The summer's tiring heat is gone; the bracing November-air has come. It fills our blood with oxygen, with new-hope.

'Tis a bleak November-day—colder, slight snow falls. Hundreds of knowing wild geese flew over Central Park a few days ago, trailing the gray skies, going south, telling us winter comes. They hovered for a time over the large lake, where their tame companions have quarters, exchanging greetings before their departure toward tropical-climes.

The wonderful gift of prophecy? Does not the ant, the bee, all animals, make ready, thru prophecy, for approaching winter. These busy creatures foretell the seasons, by the direct action of Unseen-forces upon them.

The North-woods now picture the white and silent timber-land, deer tracks in the inch-deep snow, the long, still-hunt while traveling under dripping-branches and gray November-skies. Across the lake we dimly see a huge buck, feeding unconcernedly beneath the beech trees. In the distance, on the crown of the hill, stand the 'Home Cabins.' Out of the chimneys curls the blue-gray smoke. Nearer and nearer we approach, until, in the crisp, clean, pure air we get a scent of venison-steaks broiling on the

coals. As the day draws near, the cold grows sharper; again the snow comes down softly and silently, clothing the woods in a thin white robe; the first-gift of coming winter.

I am sad tonight, as I sit here dreaming. These Autumn-songs bring tears. The duality of my soul is overpowering me. Is it Right? Is it Wrong? Who knows. No greater mistake can woman make than wrongly to usher a precious soul into this wicked world. We mothers don't seem to know that we are birthing and training immortal-souls for eternity. Do I realize what it means? A once created soul lives forever, never, never dies. How sad, how joyous, how right, how wrong! I wonder if I know what I'm doing. Yet—Isn't impregnation the act of God in the releasing of a soul in the astral for its return to earth in a physical-form? The Bible teaches, "We're conceived in sin and born in iniquity;" to "weep at a birth and rejoice at a death," doubtless meaning when a babe is born into this prison-form of flesh, God is put in prison, and the material-world rejoices, because it does not understand. The spiritual-world rejoices at the process of so-called death, that the spirit is again set free from the flesh-prison of miseries. I often think of Jack London's words: "It is hard to live. In pain the babe sucks his first breath. In pain the old man gasps his last, and all his days are full of trouble and sorrow; yet he goes down to the open arms of Death, stumbling, falling, with head turned backward, fighting to the last. And Death is kind. It is only Life, and the things of Life that hurt. Yet we love Life, and we hate Death. It is very strange." Yes, I see our lives are little in themselves; any thinking person knows this.

Our physical bodies are made out of a conglomeration of our uncontrollable forefathers that begot us—whom we cannot choose and cannot know. We're all tied to our

ancestors. Each babe represents a combination of millions of human beings of different religions, different geographical impressions, all kinds of mix-ups in their brain. Its temper and habits were stamped upon its forefathers ages before it was born, yet still alive and a part of the immortal-mind. Each babe is the embodiment of the desires, fears, hopes, virtues, sins, the successes of its parents,—the very reflected image of the father and mother at the time of conception.

Baby, dear, you have two parents, four grand-parents.
Eight great grand-parents.

Sixteen great, great grand-parents.

Count only six generations back of that, we find that 1024 human beings,—512 men, 512 women are represented in one's pre-existence, in one's parental Birth-Ark. This is quite a village. If we go farther on our re-survey we'll find that each human being of today is the embodiment of the virtues and vices of over 2,000,000 ancestors in the short period of 400 years. Yes, all one's ancestors from the beginning of time find external and endless expression in one's birth-ark. Oliver Wendell Holmes says: "A Man Is an Omnibus In Which All His Ancestors Are Seated."

Baby's formation is father, mother, plus itself, the male-female principle uniting and giving life to the third, becoming One—a Baby. In the past, baby was Two—2,000, 2,000,000 ancestors. The 2,000,000 ancestors, plus, are Eternalized in baby. What a Big Word—Eternalized! Some one said of eternity: If one would attempt to level the Rocky Mountains by drawing a thin, gauzy veil back and forth across them, when he completely accomplished his task—not yet would it be the Sunrise of Eternity.

"Yes, mother, how wonderful to revel, to dream of Eternity, the Infinite, Time, Space, Mind! But, we dare not even try to analyze these thots today mother, dear. They are too big for today's lesson." Diantha, you must have passed thru many successive cycles of millions and millions of lives—the memory-plates of a Divine-Wisdom

from the dead centuries of the long, long ago—to so fully understand these wonderful mysteries, to so tenderly lead mother along and thru these grand Evolutionary Lessons.

What a stupendous and conglomerate collection of ancestors, of Adams and Eves, of Abels and Cains, we are. There is not a human being on earth who has not had in his ancestry a criminal, discovered, or undiscovered. Excessive “grafting,” excessive gambling or drinking, shop-lifting, hypocrisy—heredities of all kinds of ancestral niggers hide in the parental wood-pile, with rattling skeletons eternally haunting us day and night. Rare Benjamin Franklin said: “He that has neither fools, whores nor beggars among his kindred, is the son of a thunder-gust.”

We are a mixture of everything that is good and bad, from tens and hundreds of thousands of ancestors. Do not imagine all of All these criminalities are extinct in us today, that they play no important part in living man-woman of today. They play a large part in today's man. The last five, ten or one hundred generations have not made the man of today. Evolution has changed us a little on the surface, unfolding certain parts of the brain, reaching out and up for higher ideals. But as one says: The real man who crawled on his hands and knees out of the cave 30,000 years ago is still alive in us today.

Observe the man who, at the prize fight, finds himself suddenly full of brutal excitement, showing his immortal-mind is registered with the memories that watched fights and death and the shedding of blood ages ago.

One goes still-hunting after the beautiful Buck-Deer. At first sight of deer-tracks in the snow, his heart goes pit-a-pat. Suddenly he walks on to the deer. His arms shake, and his elbows refuse to work, overtaken with “buck fever.” He stands there, looking at the deer jump and bound out of sight. One can be positive this is the emotion that controlled and guided our grandfathers thousands of years back, when they followed and wounded the animals, whose death was necessary to their life and the life of their cave-woman and children, back under the rocks.

The craze of woman for gambling is not the creation

of today. It comes from somewhere back among our gambling ancestry, from some old lady who played cards or dice for high-stakes; her mother's, mother's, mother's great-grandmother before her; or from some gambling grandfather's father's father's uncle among our ancestors. We're ever surrounded by ancestors, 10,000 deep, to lure us on, being a mixture of untold thousands of fore-fathers. We are here serving a life-sentence for the sins of our fathers. We are our fore-fathers reincarnated! Our own Karma visited upon us from the lives of our fore-fathers.

We are the products of a constant Karma, constant mixture, constant change and constant evolution. Evolution is unfolding to us things of which the race one hundred years ago never dreamed. All the ideas, all the discoveries, all the mistakes of the past are part of us today. Tennyson voiced: "I am a part of all that I have seen." We talk across the continent; we speak to ships at sea; we weigh Planets and Suns in Infinite space. We go under the ocean, up in the air, thru the ground, re-discovering lost knowledge, gearing the Solar-forces, daring the laws of gravitation; but we cannot shake off the Past, and rid ourselves of those grandfathers and grandmothers way back thru all the ages. They ever live in us, cropping up when we least expect. They hang to us like the tail of a kite. Should we wonder humanity struggles under its load?

If we could only cremate the bad ancestors in us, and live forever in the good ones. If every woman could be The First Eve To Her Babe—thot-forming just the kind of babe she desires. Why should I talk like this—who am I? Not a trillion of a trillion of a trillionth part of the whole scheme. A bubble—a whirlpool in bondage to the great Karmic-law of the universe, the must-be, dyed-thread-in-the-design-as-a-whole. O well, here comes sweet-heart-daddy! It would make him so unhappy to see me so! Let us rejoice in life, because it is carrying us out of darkness into light; out of sorrow into peace; the world is evolving; some good comes out of all bad. We take up our crosses and bear them—working out our Karma with the hope of attaining.

My Precious Babe is now 24 weeks old, about 12 inches tall, just like one of my dollies I am saving for you, dear! You weigh about two pounds. Your little round head is covered with tiny, fine, black, silky-curls. I see your eye-brows and eyelashes, too. O, they are so pretty! The prettiest little dolly I ever saw! How fat and roly-poly you're getting—my rosebud-chub! If you were born now, dear, you might live for two weeks.

"Mother, will I have a grandmother to tell me fairy-stories? To sit by the fire-side, knit me wristlets and yarn-stockings to go skating in, and go skating with me, too?"

Yes, dear, your grandmother is a very wonderfully charming, magnetic and powerful woman. She is of the Virgo sign, the sign of the Virgin Mary or Celestial-woman. No higher or grander character in the twelve Zodiacal-signs than the highly developed Virgo woman. Your grandmother slightly blends with the previous sign Leo, making her on the cusp of Leo-Virgo, related to both signs.

The finely organized Leo-Virgo types possess analytical and practical minds, with the rare gift of understanding self. Having a fine sense of honor they never betray a trust reposed in them. They keep their own secrets and always guard the secrets of their friends. Being natural philosophers, they possess the finest-discrimination of the whole twelve Zodiacal signs. This latter sign regulates the solar-plexus, which controls the stomach and digestive-tract, and is the Great Chemist of the human-organism. Virgo's habits and appetites are naturally in harmony with the laws of health. Virgos are the natural students of anatomy, chemistry and physiology—true earth-children, loving all earth's teachings, giving them excellent circulation and ideal vibrations.

Persons born under this sign retain their freshness and youth to a remarkable old age, being great lovers of music, dancing and harmonious surroundings. Their love for all being so natural, pure and devoted, their mental-beauties so strong, they develop into charming and lovable souls, having little time to think about growing into stupid

and unwelcome December-women. These beauties win reverence akin to worship. The Virgo is the Real aristocrat with the superior innate soul.

Possessed of these high and beautiful unfoldments, there is little change in the Virgo type from forty to eighty years, for they seem to have the secret of eternal youth, the eternal high-noon of the spirit. They are the Rock of Ages.

Being surrounded by the solar fluids they are ever supplied by these magnetic-forces. Virgo is the only sign who is credited with being naturally exempt from all diseases. Possessing strong soul-harmony, they seldom become low-spirited. Having great rallying power, they refuse to remain depressed; being like a nugget of pure gold trodden under foot, their purity shines forth so long as their real nature lives.

The greatest inheritance is a Good Grand-Mother. One of the most impressive pictures in the New Testament is that of young Timothy and his grandmother. Paul virtually said to Timothy: You ought to be better than most people, you not only have a Spiritual-Mother, but you have a Saintly-Grandmother. How sad the Karma of ungrateful children,—children bred without the unselfish, heart-enlarging culture of reverence for their Superiors—their grand-parents!

Child Of Love, we can never know of the hives of treasures God has been building up in grandmother's soul, treasure-hives of patience and wisdom—wisdom born of years of initiations—of sweetness and sorrows, of Mother-Love. These simple and big, these common, humble experiences, these beauties that come from the Spirit, these endless treasures, all come in a long, good life of grandmother's—the World's Treasure-Troves. Such souls are growing nearer and nearer to God as they slowly ascend out of sight. Strange! we are not more eager to explore them before they pass, to search out and know, the souls that are full of feeling, feeling for things both human and Divine; these souls of stored-honey; these possessors

of hidden-experiences along life's evolutionary-path, that enrich Life's journey. "Mock not at the aged; for words full of sense come often from those wrinkled of age."

Would one get anything out of Shakespeare better worth knowing? How immersed people are when a great writer searches souls and lays them bare to view, the every-day, humble souls. But few of us study grandmother's tempered and mellowed-soul. How often we hear that childhood is one's happiest time. Grandmother says: "No, live my life over again? I wouldn't be a year younger than I am; to be young again, and have to go back thru all life's lessons again? To know less than I do today? No; I have learned these lessons; I am going on to a Higher school." For what means age, but youth's twenties and its summer's forties full-bloomed? From all deductions age is the most desirable of all life's stages, the selected, collected and preserved-cycles of the realization of life. Browning well and truthfully says:

"Grow old along with me,

The best is yet to be.

The last of life for which the first was made."

Yes, dear, your grandmother being the earth-element is a true child of Nature,—the Virgo is the Ovum of the Great Virgin-Mother. The earth needs the Sun. Grandmother loves everything that grows, from the seed in the ground to the babe at its mother's breast, spending much of her time with nature in the green fields; in her garden; and with animals and domestic-pets. She is out now in the sunshine, feeding the prize-fat turkeys golden-kernels of grain, listening to their gobble-gobble-song as they are being fattened for Thanksgiving. Neither does she neglect her club-duties, helping to fight the battles for unborn-generations. She just had a bill put thru Congress, prohibiting the manufacture of Nostrums for quieting cross-babies, and for that reason, baby dear, you must not be a cross-baby.

This is galloping week. Everybody is doing two-four time, so anxious to do the Horse Show in the most cor-

rect-way. Already we hear and feel the city trembling under the approaching tramp, tramp of the horse. Madison Square Garden is full of him. The crowd gathers to hear the fine music of the band, the clatter, clatter of harness, the bugler's calls, the cry of programme boys. The hilarious greeting of club-cronies, the glimpses of famous people, both men and women who are written-up the world over—all add to the inspirit of the charming scene.

The Steed is here, the King of Kings. He is 'petted, wined and dined,' curry-combed and rubbed until his coat shines like satin, impatiently waiting his turn to be shown in the ring with his rivals for the Blue Ribbon. It is the week of his life, his annual festivity. Society folk are coming to their town-houses for the Horse-Show and the Opera-Season. Up and down Fifth Avenue—taking a stroll thru the garden, wander the great throngs of strangers,—erect, alert. Now is the time for your smartest walking frock. Haughty rose-buds from Boston; charming creatures from the South; men, women, young-bloods and young-buds, from every quarter of the globe looking at each other, gathering and picking up the latest-fads, trying, oh, so hard not to look green at the show.

The shop-windows are all bedecked in horse-show dress. In the florists' are huge horseshoes; loads of sweet violets for women, cunning boutonnières for men! It is window-changing time, too, for the jewelers, who move all their diamond horseshoes, spurs and stirrups into the windows. Our shops, hotels and homes are ablaze with horse-show spirit.

Yes, look into the boxes—stare; but don't halt; keep going around with the horses and the fragrant tan-bark! One will see some hideous, garish and overdone women; heaps of funny ones, some pathetic ones, some pretty ones, too. Pretty women, who have made themselves frightfully conspicuous to attract attention.

"Where shall we go for supper, and what shall we eat?" says sweetheart. Soon, seated in the cafe, "Oh,

just a bite, I'm not really hungry, besides we haven't time for dinner," are the remarks one hears as the women fall back into their chairs, laying off their furs and gloves, catching glimpses of their stray locks in the mirrored-walls.

"We can do without love. What is love but repining?

But where is the man that can do without dining?"

She was 'not hungry,' but this is what they—she—ate:

2 Lynn Havens70
1 Chicken okra60
1 King fish saute85
1 Cucumber salad50
1 Frog legs, Bordelaise	1.25
1 Brussels sprouts60
1 Redhead Duck	3.50
1 Bar-le-duc jelly40
1 Celery mayonnaise60
1 Gervais cheese30
2 Coffees30
2 Liguers50
1 Quart Brut	4.00

Total\$

Then we go back, and around and around at the Horse Show again.

WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE PUNKIN

"When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock,
And you hear the kyouck and gobble of the struttin' turkey-cock,
And the clackin' of the guineys, and the cluckin' of the hens,
And the rooster's hallylooyer as he tiptoes on the fence;
Oh, it's then the times a feller is a-feelin' at his best,
With the risin' sun to greet him from a night of peaceful rest,
As he leaves the house, bareheaded, and goes out to feed the stock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

There's something kind o' harty-like about the atmufere
When the heat of summer's over and the coolin' fall is here—
Of course we miss the flowers, and the blossoms on the trees,
And the mumble of the hummin'-birds and buzzin' of the bees;
But the air's so appetizin'; and the landscape through the haze
Of a crisp and sunny morning of the early autumn days
Is a pictur' that no painter has the colorin' to mock—
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

Then your apples all is gathered, and the ones a feller keeps
Is poured around the cellar-floor in red and yeller heaps;
And your cider-makin's over, and your wimmern-folks is through
With their mince and apple butter, and their souse and sausage,
too;—

I don't know how to tell it—but ef sich a thing could be
As the Angels wantin' boardin', and they'd call around on me—
I'd want to 'commodate 'em—all the whole-indurin' flock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock." *

James Whitcomb Riley.

This is the Feast-Time of the year, when everybody's coming home Thanksgiving-day. The time when hearts grow warmer, homes seem dearer.

"Gobble-gobble," "gobble-gobble," sings the great Bronze Gobbler in his song of joy; so content to be with his feathered-family in the glad sunshine of the Indian Summer; content until today when he instinctively sees in Farmer's eye that—"while mankind gives Thanks I am the sacrificial-offering on man's table of thankfulness.

How carefully they'll handle me, bathing and grooming me, stuffing my belly with crumbs and oysters, butter in lumps, raisins and flavorful-herbs. They'll all look at me; feel of me; heft me and care for me as if I were a Dead King, embalmed in precious odors! Only, there's such a difference in the two odors,—the smell of Me,—the smoke pouring out of the oven,—is So good of Me—so good from the kitchen to the attic, filling the whole house with gladness! And then, on the great Big, Blue Platter, I come in all round and brown, so good and tender—"teeming hot" with burning incense mounted in ruby-jewels, the jewels of the pigeon-blooded cranberry; with pickles and jellies, and high-scents; mince pies and 'punkin;' apple-butter and plum-pudding all smelling with goodies and sweet things;—all these creature comforts are for Man Giving Thanks! "

* From the Biographical Edition of the Complete Works of James Whitcomb Riley. Copyright, 1913. Used by special permission of the Publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill company.

Giving Thanks!—for what? That you and I are sitting up in all our worldly-comfort and luxury; giving thanks this day that we've got more than we can eat; that we are drinking champagne until our noses shine like peeled-onions; that we are making tombs of our stomachs for murdered animals;—we—“ Whose God is ‘ our ’ belly and whose glory is in ‘ our ’ shame. ”

Giving Thanks—that Thou makest the grain to grow upon ‘ our ’ lands, yielding their increase; that ‘ our ’ barns are filled with plenty; that ‘ our ’ presses burst forth with new-wine, even tho thousands of Slum-Children are hid away in dark tenements, eating out of garbage-cans; even tho thousands of children go breakfastless and hungry to school every day in our big cities; even tho thousands of working girls are struggling to exist on eight dollars a week—half-starved most of the time, trying not to be “ street walkers,” meditating suicide, heart-broken, and without Homes.

Giving Thanks—in our Churches and Homes, at our tables for our Thanksgiving-Spread,—then we go out and foreclose the mortgage on our neighbor's property. Giving thanks, while using the ignorance of another brother to increase our gain; while putting the wages of our employees at the lowest figure, or swindling our employer out of the time for which he pays us. Giving thanks, while taking the roof from the Widow, the opportunity from the Orphan, because they are weak and we are strong.

Giving Thanks—while poodle dogs have private baths, maids and valets; while they are shampooed, osteopathed, manicured, fed on T-bones, kissed and put abed on satin pillows; while thousands of our Baby-Slaves, in mills and factories, are neglected and starved, while thousands of our penitentiary prisoners are not allowed to receive a letter from loved-ones.

Giving Thanks—tho we read our daily newspapers and feel content that all is right! How can we so-called Christian men and women sit up in our churches, our homes, and give thanks on Thanksgiving-Day, seeing and knowing all the suffering that is round and about us? Do

the strong go to help the weak? Are we eager to soothe the pains, alleviate the sufferings, remove the woes of our weaker brothers and sisters? Instead are we not gods of self; self-centered, self-devoted, self-sufficient, self-pleasing, self-gratifying.

Giving Thanks—for our barracks of servants, maids, footmen and chauffeurs; for our silks and satins, silver and gold, pearls and diamonds, furs, catterys and doggeries. How our gowns shimmer and rustle and stir—until the heart of the poor woman first leaps, then sighs—while we eat, drink, and live in luxuriant idleness with dead-conscience and starved souls, non-producing and all-consuming creatures, dying of ennui.

So we live for physical pleasure only—carnally-minded. To eat, drink and be merry is for us the highest conception of life, while the multitude are born, live and die in agony and want. O, the longing of the poor for one thousandth of the comforts of the rich! See the poor mother with a thin, pale-child, half-fed, half-clad, gazing at the rich-child in a fur coat, rosy-cheeked, healthy and happy! To that poor mother, her child by her side is the most beautiful and wonderful in the world. Is she to be blamed if she is sad to think her child cannot be clad in a fur-coat and properly-protected from the cold?

Giving Thanks—while our man-made government legislates the Red-Light district—the prostitution of Woman's Body!

Giving Thanks for what? O, God, what a blasphemy, forgive us such a sin! Yea, a joyful and pleasant thing it is to be Thankful.

Thank?

Thank is from the same root-word as Think, meaning Thot.

Thanksgiving-Day carries with it a fine irony. For those who are the least bit thotful, for those who have grown to be truthful with themselves, it bids one pause again,—Think, and do a little moral stock-taking. While we are officially directed to be thankful, and many of us have many things to be selfishly thankful for—yet, the annual Thanksgiving Proclamation must be a difficult

thing for our beloved President to write these days.

Until today my conscience has not awakened to what Thanks Means. The conditions of the human family point to a degeneracy that one scarcely dares think about. When she is class-conscious of the terrible conditions, how can awakened-Woman rest? How can I, can you, give thanks this day? Not until every woman, child and man is lifted out of the cursed-pits of unnecessary misery. Have we any right to luxuries while any of our sisters and brothers are in want of necessities? Until every day is a Thanksgiving-day—until human rights are restored to one and all, a National Thanksgiving is a National Mockery. Was there ever a time in the memory of any one now living, when there was more wickedness and misery? Every one of us, rich and poor, good and bad, lives in enslaved vibrations of want, vice, crime and Injustice. Somewhere—There Is Something Wrong. Women must cease to be slaves and drudges at miserable wages. Little Children must lead glad and happy lives. Old Age must be sweet and honored. The way must be made straight for man-woman to stand forth in their glory—beautiful in body, free in mind, radiant in spirit. Human happiness is only a question of Industrial Justice, in a word the application of ethical-science as taught by Christ. William Stead said: "There never will be a kingdom of God here on earth until there is a union of All who love to aid All who suffer,—of every one interested in humanity."

The poor, the suffering, the needy. Charity!

Charity is a word full of benevolent meaning; but it has become an empty word in modern-years. Most of us, in our plenty and comfort, are content to take life as we find it, drifting purposeless along with the current.

Who makes possible these sickening conditions? The money-powers—some more, some less, that give so generously to 'charity' and hospitals on this day 'Blessed.' We are taught to substitute alms-giving for Real Charity—for justice, and are given high-credit for the knowledge of enslaving our fellowmen.

Woman as a class, in her dense ignorance, also deserves much blame for these conditions. Women are courting Bigger Wars than the world has ever known, by encouraging our fathers, brothers and husbands in being "Monopolistic Extortionists."

It is a very easy matter for a self-important Monied-King occasionally to hand out a hundred thousand dollars to Charity when he is bleeding those that slave for him out of ten times that amount. "Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them: otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in heaven. Therefore when thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may have glory of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward. But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth: That thine alms may be in secret: and thy Father, which seeth in secret, himself shall reward thee openly." "What mean ye that ye beat my people to pieces, and grind the faces of the poor?" "Hear this, O ye that swallow up the needy, even to make the poor of the land to fail. That we may buy the poor for silver, the needy for a pair of shoes."

Says a world philosopher: "What is needed in America is a great religious movement. Truth will make your people free, when they abandon Pleasure as the object of life, they will not need so much money."

Pleasure and happiness are transitory, they finally come to an end. There is no such thing as perfect happiness; if in part only transitory, it contradicts itself. Perfect happiness is an impossibility in an existence that necessarily has much unhappiness. When every man is begotten, pre-natally bred in Love, and Karmically educated there will be no need for hospitals, poor houses and so-called Charity. Balls for "sweet charity's sake"—we will have outgrown. If we had more beneficent love we should need less current charity. Current charity is a discredit to the character of a nation.

Our government and social laws are what the people have made and support. We, the voters of America,

could demand and elect to office any one or set of good, honest men we desire. There are good and capable ones to be had, but, the man who personifies Love, Truth and Justice, who "cares nothing for appearance or influence, is like a head of spoiled cabbage in the market place—not wanted."

How can conscious-woman partake of the blood-besprinkled possessions and pleasures that justly belong to the producers. A horrible feast to give thanks over! Better were it for one to eat the forced beggar's crust than to be the instrument by which these wicked conditions exist.

"The poor are God's representatives. He who eats, and enjoys eating without giving enjoys sin."

Our Thanksgivings do not go with fasting and purity but with gluttony and false teachings. Immoral notions have become universal-beliefs—especially in our relation to food. Says a great teacher: "It is diabolical to say that all animals are created for men, to be killed, and used, in any way man likes. It is the Devil's gospel, not God's, to cut them up, to see whether a nerve quivers or not." Again George Wharton James has forcefully stated: "If it were positive that the cutting up of live animals added to man's knowledge it would be doubtful whether man would have the right to do it, but when scores of the most eminent surgeons in the world deny that any good comes from it, then it is certain the God-given rights of the animals should be respected. 'A merciful man is merciful to his beast,' says the Scriptures, and he who wantonly kills in the cruel fashion of the vivisector's laboratory certainly can not claim to be merciful. Many noble men go as far as to deny man's right even to kill animals for food." Declares Tolstoy: "Those who bend around inflammatory tables, bewitching the appetite, nourishing their own diseases, are ruled by a more licentious disease, which I shall venture to call The Demon of the Belly, the worst and most vile of demons. It is far better to be healthy than to have a devil dwelling in us; healthfulness is found only in the practice of *virtue*."

Only can we attain healthfulness or holiness by Holy-thot, diet and habit. Man is what he thinks and feeds upon; his thots and food are his salvation or destruction. The red-vibrations of thot in our bodies to kill our brother-creatures; to feed on flesh food; keep afire the physical loves and lusts in man. Feeding on the pure bloodless and Unfired-Foods—grains, vegetables, nuts and fruits—creates pure vibrations, pure thots, a pure soul and a pure life, “renewing our youth as the eagle.”

“If the fact were known that a life of purity in thot, word and deed would bring to a man supremacy, of which he now has but the faintest dream; that by it his life would not only be increased in length, but that all sickness and poverty would be unknown, and even death lose its terrors and cease to exist, mere selfishness would drive men from their present life of animality to the new life of Re-generate Sons Of God.”

“Flesh in the stomach, as in the sun, becomes putrid. Flesh-meat is nothing but a bit of corpse dressed and cooked, that I am eating,—feeding on the dead. Behold the market, hung round and round with corpses, not unlike my own, if it were dressed like these. A little while ago they were moving, living beings like myself. I know that I become like that upon which I feed. See the swine! the scavenger of the filth of living things. What a loathsome object! and I am his scavenger. ‘I am naught but a sepulchre full of rotten flesh.’ Behold the butcher! A living corpse cutting up dead ones, while others stand eagerly looking on, with mouths watering like dogs for the feast of rottenness. See the carts laden with corpses!—hurrying away to the meat shops—yet warm with life, holding up their naked, mutilated limbs in mute appeals to heaven against the horrid butchery, while a demon in human-form, sits driving to the charnel house. By such thots persisted in, the taste changes, and the stomach heaves at the sight or thot which we conjure in regard to food or anything else. Thot is sight, feeling, tasting, smelling, etc., all in One. The taste changes, as our thots change in regard to it. Just so with all the passions.”

“Happy Day, when all appetite controlled, all passion

subdued, all matter subjugated, Mind, all-conquering Mind, shall live and move, the monarch of the world!" said Abraham Lincoln.

Who makes the Red-Light District?

Thruout the Adamic-Age Man has been the Natural Devourer of Woman, claiming to be the "boss." Woman in her body has been subject to his desires, obedient to his Will. Therein lies the chief trouble of Life.

What is considered right for Kings, Money-powers, Church-powers, and their supporters has ever been wrong for the peasant, the under dog—the masses. The lax code of morals for man has demanded the strict code for woman. This diverse code of morals is plainly shown by the different position that society grants to an immoral man, from that granted to an immoral woman. Nowhere is the acknowledgement of these two codes of morals for man and woman so clearly shown as in "society." While it may not openly be acknowledged everyone knows that adultery in the husband is regarded merely as a pastime in which he may indulge without injury to the wife, she meekly submitting without a murmur. But to the contrary, under the same teachings, should the wife prove unfaithful, she, immediately without a hearing of her voice either in confirmation or subjection, is forever an outcast. She is simply legislated for as a slave, even colored-pastors unite with their white-brethren in denying woman's moral, personal or spiritual-freedom, and equality with man. Elizabeth Cady Stanton said: "The Church and the Bible make woman the football for the jibes and jeers of the multitude."

STONE THE WOMAN, LET THE MAN GO FREE

"Yes, stone the woman, let the man go free!

Draw back your skirts, lest they perchance may touch

Her garments as she passes; but to him

Put forth a willing hand to clasp with his

That led her to destruction and disgrace.

Shut up from her the sacred ways of toil,

WHO MAKES RED-LIGHT DISTRICT 311

That she no more may win an honest meal;
But ope to him all honorable paths
Where he may win distinction; give to him
Fair, pressed-down measures of life's sweetest joys.
Pass her, O maiden, with a pure, proud face,
If she puts out a poor, polluted palm;
But lay thy hand in his on Bridal-day,
And swear to cling to him with wifely love
And tender reverence. Trust him who led
A sister woman to a fearful fate.

Yes, stone the woman, let the man go free!
Let one soul suffer for the guilt of two—
It is the doctrine of a hurried world,
Too out of breath for holding balances
Where nice distinctions and injustices
Are calmly weighed. But ah, how will it be
On that strange day of fire and flame,
When man shall wither with a mystic fear,
And all shall stand before the one true Judge?
Shall Sex Make then a Difference In Sin?
Shall He, the Searcher of the hidden heart,
In His Eternal and Divine Decree
Condemn the woman and forgive the man."

Under the Man-Rule Age dates the enslavement of woman by man, teaching that Woman was born under an especial curse, was the "door of hell,"—holding her accountable for the ruin of the world, void of reason or soul, of private judgment and personal freedom. It is claimed Adam fell thru woman's sin, he shifting the overload of wrong-doing upon woman,—making her Satan's instrument to the injury of him, the Holy-Man.

These beliefs bred a class of men whose thots and 'religions' were based upon passion of the grossest kind, man being "the head" of woman, her divinely-appointed agent, to enforce this curse, while Woman was to be disposed of as father, husband or brother chose.

Under the man-rule age dates the beginning of prostitution, polygamy—the low regard for woman,—the prostituting of Truth in this Dark-Age made by man for man.

About the only thing men, en masse, know in this Adamic-Age is to steal a dollar from their brother and ravish some sister. With one voice they cry: "Only two decent women on earth, my mother and my sister."

Collectively, Men are Decoyers, Seducers, Betrayers, Traitors, Infestors, Wolves, Human Blood-Hounds, Trappers, Moral Imbeciles, Affection-Embezzlers. They are Joys of Deceit. Men are gods of evil desire and lust, Fair-Weather Friends, Scandal-mongers, Whore-mongers, shifting their sails to every changing wind. Chameleons!

Man is a monstrosity, a mixture of all the devil's imps—woman's worst enemy; honey-tongued, a honey-thief. "Honor is on his tongue and ice under it." He is a wolf in a lion's skin; a long-tailed rat. "Man is a good umbrella until it rains," a rope of sand. Man's a wingless, blood-sucking bumblebee, infesting woman's orchard, brushing the bloom off of every peach. Doesn't Hamlet teach: "We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us." Man is a skunk in the nostrils of angelic-Woman.

Man loves Woman for what she can be to him. Woman loves man for what she can be to him. Man takes a woman, experiments with her as the chemist with chemicals. "A man will protect a woman against every man but himself." Yet, individually, man is irresistibly charming, really delicious when properly 'doctored.' But why thus elaborate? Did not Diogenes look with a lantern for an honest man? Did not King David settle the whole question when he declared: "All men are liars."

We hear on all sides of 'reformed-men,' reformed-criminals of every kind, in the pulpits, on lecture platforms—'honor-guests' here and there—telling the story of their past lives, that all may hear, may heed the terrible message and escape the suffering. But how little or nothing do we hear of reformed woman—the Magdalene. We are constantly struggling to lift and save our degraded brother, but our sister Magdalene is left by the wayside to perish and die, under the shadow of our churches and man-made courts. Somewhere—There Is *Something Wrong*.

Prostitution is the product of the man-rule age, of the economic-dependence of woman, especially the double standard morality for men and women established by men, that false code of morals, which is directly opposed to the moral code taught by Christ,—which forgives in the man what it unmercifully sentences in the woman,—which accepts as excusable in man, that which is unattonable in woman.

Woman, being the better, the inner, the love and spiritual-half of man, never prostituted her body under the marriage certificate, as "Lady," household drudge, or as a free prostitute, by choice. Only under the man-rule age man has driven her. True, there may be some women who are inborn perverts. Cause? Pre-natal marking under the man-rule age, therefore, no Woman prostitutes from First Choice. Some men argue, take a woman out of an evil life and she'll go right back to it again, preferring it to any other. If this be true, possibly the unseen-reason is that when her Mother carried her, she pre-natally, under the man-made system, marked her a "whore"—the term men are pleased to have named Woman. Trace the Effect to the Cause. We will find some one of her grand-mothers, or her own mother, possibly was driven, under the system, to contract or 'marry' with the man who was repulsive to her, abusing her in some way, possibly in liquor most of the time, the 'man' who did not protect and support her. In her need she was driven to prostitute with not only her own 'husband' but other men, for bread and butter. Consequently the expectant-mother was made a prostitute and marked her unborn-babe one.

There never was a real bad woman but that she was made so by man. To every fallen-woman there are bunches of debauched men. The worst woman is germinally, embryonically better than the best man. "Woman was First, embryonically, in Infinite Mind." "Woman rises as far above the best man living, as the mid-summer Sun transcends a Tallow Candle." "Science shows us that fallen-women are of higher order morally and men-

tally than men of the same type. Men are to be blamed for 90 per cent of sexual immorality among the sexes." "Woman possesses an unequaled means of purification; she never becomes (entirely) foul." Some man has first cast Woman to the depths of hell. Woman, her sister, stones and Keeps Her There.

A "scarlet" sister says: "You church-women ought to quit slumming and rear your sons so they would not start girls on the way to ruin. Every girl has trusted some young man and been betrayed. She is the victim of the basest treachery. Many of your sons are now seeking girls to ruin. It is time for you mothers to wake up before you advise the women of the underworld how to reform." The man is to be pitied whose own mother has not made every other woman sacred to him. Ignorance and Fear are No Longer regarded as Especial Virtues In Woman. Psychologically they are the female-devil, while Selfishness is the male-devil.

Adam was made perfect in mind and body, yet he brought sin into the world. He fell spiritually, lost God momentarily out of his life. He wilfully knew that he was committing sin when he fell. Eve did not know. She was deluded by Adam—the Serpent. Ever since it has been the same, creating man's unjust judgment in matters which affect woman. "Fallen thru a man's heartless treachery and that cruel and equally heartless judgment of society." "Old Adam must have an Eve to blame for all his faults." Thousands of women—innately good—are living lives of shame, with a hope ever burning in their inmost-soul for death to free them, since Woman, their sister, won't or don't. Man claims our Magdalenes are the preservers of the chastity of other women. Monstrous! When Woman forgives her 'fallen sister' as easily as she forgives the 'fallen man,' the world will grow better. But, as one wise woman declares: "From man, woman swallows bait, hook, line and sinker, regretting she cannot get the fishing-rod as well." It is the so-called 'decent woman' who makes the double-standard.

True, under the man-rule age, our fathers, brothers and husbands forbid us to look at or be seen with our 'unfortunate' sister. When woman stoppeth her ear to the cry of her sister, her Karma, too, one day shall cry, but shall not be heard. Most of us are living away back at the time when Jesus challenged one of the holier-than-thou-on-lookers to Cast the First Stone at a Magdalene taken in adultery. A moneyed-man who has grown big enough to see the woman-side of the Cause says: "As long as Woman casts her 'fallen sister' away and upholds the responsible man, so long will the dual-standard of morals prevail. There should be One Standard of Morals. If woman keeps her 'fallen sister' down, let her keep the 'fallen man' there too." "I am my sister's keeper, her troubles are mine and I am responsible for her well-being." Woman is her sister's keeper, both individually and Collectively.

Wasn't it alone to man that Christ spoke against adultery? "Whosoever looketh upon Woman to lust after her hath already committed adultery with her, in his heart." While we're legislating for, or against, Red-Light Districts, let us annex one for our "He-Whores" running at large. They are the only "whores" by choice.

Observe the false, corrupt code of morality which is reflected in the man-rule standards of society, which freely opens its 'homes' to the privileged-libertine, bars and bolts them against his victim. Woman! Woman! When will we come from under the man-rule age, which has made woman, Woman's Worst Enemy. Let us come back to the Inmost Sisterhood of Woman—to the federal-compact of woman.

Observe the virtuous matron who keeps her daughter in ignorance, who safe-guards her from all touch with our 'fallen sister' as rank poison, yet, lavishes winning smiles upon the very man who may have been the First Cause of her fall; indeed, she is planning to trap him for her daughter, if he is otherwise suitable.

As a result of the man-made standard of morality, society divides its women into two classes; from one it demands purity, the other is put aside for the gratification

of the fleshly-lusts of its men, proclaiming the doctrine that debauchery is a "necessary evil," thus building a bridge over the great social gulf between "so-called" virtuous women and the sinful 'creature' who has fallen! Over this bridge, convention permits 'man' only to freely pass and re-pass.

Is prostitution the natural law of man?

Is monogamy the natural law of man?

Is man's nature radically opposed to monogamy? If so—condemn not woman alone outside of the marriage certificate, if she yields her body for man's polygamous gratifications, but take the social brand from the prostitute, allowing her to become an acknowledged member of society. In the words of August Bebel: "If prostitution is the complement of monogamic marriage on the one hand, adultery of wives and cuckoldom of husbands are its complements on the other."

Immorality breeds disease, taints the mind and character, thus bringing its own evil harvest. Unfortunately, the harvest for the seed sown in debauchery is not limited to the sower alone. The seeds sown in disease by a bachelor, who later marries, or a double-standard 'married' man, are generally paid for in their married lives, and the harvest is mostly reaped by their wives and children, who must share their Karma. Generally the wife's body is infected, the children's bodies and souls warped.

When will women learn the universal law of Karma? That it is this forced and fatal donation of our sister prostitute, this voluntary transfer of the serpent's poison, which envelops and devitalizes man, filling him full of serpent magnetism, depleting his vital-forces, sapping his brain-power. Under this influence strong men shrink to weakness, wise men wither into an emptiness, until they are sexually insane.

It is with this fatal gift that our sister-prostitute repays her 'virtuous-sister,' for the unmerciful scorn and contempt which she has piled upon her suffering soul, keeping *her down*. Not alone by some 'strange' irony of fate is

the husband made the bearer—the Pall-Bearer—of this serpent's poison, which he carries 'home' to his wife and family; but by the Justice of the Karmic-law is woman made to suffer, that she may learn thru her 'fallen sister'.

The awfulness of this disease is that it is not simply a poison; it is an infernal, infectious-magnetism, capable of endless reproduction.

Woman is an unexplored ocean of mystery.

Woman, in all ages, has held a certain occult-power over man. What thots of magic open here! The mysteries hidden in and under the human-form,—this shoreless ocean,—are endless. Only the surface is generally known or publicly-discovered. Woman's passion moves deep, in a silent, but strong felt under-tow. Woman draws man by her occult whirling composition, in her body; a form of hell; a form of heaven. She secretly enters thru his breasts, the deeper-interiors of man, filling him with her fiery-essence, snake-seed—her secret-chemical process, that she can throw out at will, that generates unto death, or unto life, till he weakens and is self-lost; or the time comes when he is Self-Wise.

These infernal-powers; this burning, poisonous magnetism that consumes and rolls like the sea, is everywhere in woman. Every woman, who is not awakened to the Higher-self, unconsciously breeds this poison, which continually flows into and bewitches man. The effects of this inflow from our 'fallen sister' on man are carried 'home' by the husband to the wife; and are likened unto a chronic plague-wave over her whole life; leaving traces like fire over the beautiful hillsides, or the trail of the serpent over the meadow-grasses; leaving wreckage of marital-hope and diseased children. Under the man-rule age, and the false social codes, which man promotes and supports, it is almost Impossible For Man to be Freed and Pure.

Dr. Prince Morrow declares:

"The infection of pure women in marriage is the crowning infamy of our social life. Statistics show that the majority of men who marry have contracted disease,

and that many are the bearers of contagion to the women they marry. We witness the effects in the women who suffer ill-health, sterility, mutilation of their bodies, and permanent invalidism. Society's only solicitude is that they suffer in silence. In addition, many of them are compelled to suffer the sight of their babies blinded at birth, children aborted or born with the mark of death upon them, or, if they survive, compelled to bear in their frail bodies the stigmata of degeneration and disease which are the heritage of the prostitute. . . . No one can deny that these facts, the saddest facts of human experience, are of common occurrence, and they will continue so long as society shuts its eyes to the existence of this danger to the family, and from a false sense of prudery or a fastidious nicety refuses to be enlightened.

The conditions created by the marriage relation render the wife a helpless and unresisting victim. The VIN-CULUM MATRIMONII is a chain which binds and fetters the woman completely, making her the passive recipient of the germs of any sexual disease her husband may harbour. On her wedding night she may, and often does, receive unsuspectingly the poison of a disease which may seriously affect her health and kill her children, or, by extinguishing her capacity for conception, may sweep away all the most cherished hopes and aspirations of married life. She is an innocent in every sense of the word. She is incapable of foreseeing, powerless to prevent, this injury. She often pays with her life for her blind confidence in the man who ignorantly or carelessly passes over to her a disease which he has received from a prostitute. The victims are for the most part young and virtuous women—the Idolized Daughters, the very flower of womanhood.

Who are responsible for the introduction of venereal diseases into marriage and the consequent wreckage of the lives of innocent wives and children? As a rule, men who have presented a fair exterior of regular and correct living—often the men of good business and social position—the men who, indulging in what they regard as the harmless dissipation of 'sowing their wild oats,' have entrapped the gonococci or the germs of syphilis. These *men*, believing themselves cured it may be, sometimes even *with the sanction of the physician*, marry innocent women,

and implant in them the seeds of disease destined to bear such fearful fruit."

It is further declared by Dr. Prince Morrow that men are ultimately responsible for from 50 to 75 per cent. of sterile marriages—that in 20 to 25 per cent. of such cases the disease has destroyed the husband's capacity for fatherhood, and in the others the husband has infected his wife, and thus robbed her of the power of maternity.

"Mothers and children pay the terrible price in a civilization so blind that admits prostitution as a 'necessary evil.' That which was instituted by a race of barbarous and ignorant-savages should have no place among enlightened-people. The Christian nations, who permit prostitution deny in toto that 'I and my Father are One;' 'Ye are the Temples of the Living God, that the Kingdom of Heaven is within you.' The Church and State that countenance prostitution are neither fit to teach spiritual things, nor have a seat in Government," says Lucy A. Rose Mallory.

Harriot Stanton Blatch declares:

"The opinion of people may differ as to the Social Evil. We can conceive that some good men and even some good women may feel that it is a necessary evil, but no good men or good women can hold two opinions in regards to forcing woman into commercialized vice—the Blackest Crime of the Age Against Womanhood. All the horrors and terrors of Serfdom and Slavery that the world has ever seen pale in comparison with the horrors which the government of men do nothing to prevent and little to punish." * Christ made searching analysis of the moral corruptness and spiritual hypocrisy of the man-made system when He said: "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye make clean the outside of the cup and of the platter, but within they are full of extortion and excess." What straighter blow could be struck? Finally declaring—"Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers! how can ye escape the damnation of hell?"

President Eliot of Harvard declares:

"We have got to remove this evil, or this country will

* Quoted from the "Invoice," published in Denver, Colo.

not be ruled by the race that is now here. The family life of the white race is at stake." There is little brotherly-love between the nations of the white race who are continually destroying one another, thus pointing to their own downfall, and to the predomination of the brown and yellow on the globe. The white man murdered his white brother to free the Negro-slave—giving the negro the ballot—and then took the negro's place as a slave. The white woman is still enslaved, crying for her freedom. Someone has prophesied that in some future day a Japanese and a Chinaman will shake dice for the last white woman on the planet. Again, a wise man has said: "The white man is a walking pestilence. He will one day vanish off the face of the earth. Woman having become self-sufficient for all things, including self-impregnation, will constitute the Androgynus Seventh Race."

The wise ones, too, teach: In the Absoluteness, woman is androgynus. Mother-Father, bi-sexual in One Supreme Body—the Dual One,—having Two Trees of Life—one in the Pelvic Cavity, one in the Cerebellum. In the Absoluteness all is Divine-Mother.

Is it not possible that men who have white-slaved, outraged and prostituted women's bodies in this life, will, according to the law of Karmic-connection,—of sowing and reaping,—re-incarnate as women in some future life, and be made to suffer the same tortures that they have inflicted on Woman here in this earth-life. Every cause has its effect which again re-acts upon its cause! "Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?" "As a dog returneth to his vomit, so a fool returneth to his folly."

We wonder how any one can be born to this and that. How do we know, but that we come thru re-birth on the same path, evolution leading us thru similar lessons to purification.

" Remember this, as you pass by,
As you are now, so once was I;
As I am now, so you shall be."

It is useless to say: "I wouldn't do this," "I wouldn't do that," unless one has been placed under similar conditions. It is folly to say we are masters of self, unless

we have been put to the test. No person is proof against the sinful acts of others until he is tried by the same temptations. "The sins thou dost condemn in thy fellow-creatures were once thine, and if thou shalt condemn the doer, may become thine again. That thou judgest, thou are not past danger of committing." Being tested and having no attraction to, or desire for, the evil, but being repulsed from it, indicates we have had this experience in some past earth-life; learned its lesson and out-grown it.

When our eternal memory thru a long evolution of incarnation becomes sensitive enough to remember past earth-lives, we will solve many a problem which our present views leave a mystery. We shall learn of those traits in ourselves we now despise in others, every soul experiencing,—clean and foul alike, bad and good; that we may try all things and eventually "hold fast to that which is good." Instead of despising or hating our 'fallen sister,' or throwing obstacles in her way, we should give her a helping hand. It is only by doing this that we prove we have evolved,—have gone a step farther than she. Then, no one would ever fall to the point where he feels entitled to "cast the First Stone." Ofttimes human-eyes be blind as to which is the Harlot or the Nun.

Experience is the only test and it has no substitute. She alone possesses this wisdom who has gone to the lowest pits of despair; has felt, suffered, under the serpent's bitter sting in all of its ugliness and pain, and then grown big enough to transmute the bitter into the sweet. We don't know anything we have not lived in this or other consciousness, in this or other earth-planes. All we know is what we have experienced. To those "who thot that they were righteous," Christ said: "The publicans and harlots go into the kingdom of God before you." Jesus chose the lowly people for His companions, rather than the priests and rulers, learning much about their sufferings and experiences, of their going down and trying to come out and up. The lowly people followed and worshipped Him;—"heard him gladly"—while the priests and rulers hated, seized and crucified Him.

"A Woman's virtue should be tested by the quality of

her experience rather than by the quality of her ignorance." Thus, must woman travail down thru the ages—up and back—transmuting and re-generating—proving her virginity and purity. The coming woman will be justly respected in proportion to the amount of spiritual-wisdom she expresses and will stand at all times for absolute knowledge gained only by her actual experience. She is the only woman who can wear the pearl of Great Price,—Virtue! From the 'perverted' Eve to Virgin Mary is the human-pilgrimage of Woman's Soul.

In root-searching deeper into the complexity of social and economic-conditions, of which prostitution is one of the most disastrous products, we find the highest medical testimony is that the prostitute is but the conveyer of the infection, giving to her male consort,—the Prostitute,—the infection she has received from another prostitute. It is found in the final-deduction, that the male factor is the Chief Malefactor. The primal cause, the CAUSA CAUSANS, of prostitution, is Masculine Unchastity—the polygamous tendencies and habits of the male,—leading him to seek the gratification of his sensual desires whenever and wherever he finds a consort.

Viola Mizell Kimmell declares:

"Our marriage laws and all the laws for and against prostitutes were made by men for men. The good of wife, children, nor prostitutes was not the motive, but their own convenience. The laws affecting the life of the prostitutes were made expressly for the secrecy and safety of men in the pursuit of sexual pleasure. Every first-class house of prostitution gives a daily guarantee to its patrons of not a single case of venereal disease. But does it require a written guarantee of a reputable physician that each patron has no such infection? No! All that it requires of its patrons is handsome fees, beautiful manners, refinement. The possibility of a patron's being infected is never so much as hinted at. But the next morning not only the possibility but the probability is looked after in a very practical way: the prostitute is examined to see if she has been infected. If so, out she goes. Neither mistress of 'The Mansion,' nor the patron who has made *her* a bad business proposition, nor the church, nor any

other institution, nor any individual, Cares a Rap about Where She Goes, nor what becomes of her. And these same good-paying patrons see to it that no prostitute, when she has lost her popularity, beauty, and health, can appear in any public place; she is not fit to be seen, and the bribed or well-tipped police see to it that she is not seen. Her arrest does not depend upon any misconduct on her part, but upon her Presence. Is it any wonder that our girls become prostitutes when they never see the last-days of a prostitute? Or that our boys and men make prostitutes when they never see any that are not as beautiful and well cared for as their Mothers and sisters?

The prostitute that is an inmate of a third, fourth or fifth-grade house, was not made a prostitute by the coarse, cruel men whom she now serves with her body, but by the 'best men of the community,' men who stand high in the social, political, and financial world; men who will not pollute their eyes with the sight of her when her failure to charm and satisfy them drives her from the houses that they patronize.

The laws affecting the wives were made to protect each man from the encroachments of all other men and to insure to him the Peaceable Possession Of The Woman He Claimed. In both the case of the prostitute and the wife, the passional gratification of man was the chief consideration. All our laws concerning both will have to be changed or largely modified before we can have a righteous civilization. Equal opportunities for the growth of every man, woman and child thru the activities of work, play, love, and worship—the things that we live by—must be the source of every law if it is to promote good.

What an unforgiveable-crime against the race is the law which 'forces the wife, the mother, she whose body enshrines the Creatory of the Human-Race, to submit her body to the sex embrace of him to whom the church-state ceremony has given her—not only after she has ceased to love and respect him, but after sin has made him hideous—hideous to her sight, her touch, her creative powers—that is, her ideals, intuitions and aspirations.'

Parents, the church, the state, physicians, all society tell her when she flees to them for respite and guidance, 'Go back to your husband, and submit; then all will be well.' All have united to enforce this law of fidelity to the husband and to insure to him his passional gratifica-

tion, regardless of the consequences to the Wife, the Children, or Society.

Is it any wonder that the whole world is upside down on the sex question? That it is sex-mad? That our infant mortality is so alarmingly high? That our class of physical, mental, and moral defectives is so large? That 50 per cent. more married women die than do those of like ages who are not married, and die of causes other than child-birth? If the hated Prostitute and the protected (?) Wife could only Get Together, compare notes, talk over their common problems, and be allowed to record their conclusions in law, the world would start to move in the direction of liberty, equality and fraternity, and move fast.

And in the words of a very great and good woman, I wish to say, that 'When men understand that all passionless, mechanical service is essentially masturbation. and when women learn that a willing or even loving giving of one's self, without desire, but for the sake of pleasing a dear companion, has nothing meritorious in it, but is doing him, as well as herself, a positive injury, both will be willing to wait for the still, sweet voice of mutual attraction to lead them in the way of love and equity.' She further says, and most truthfully: 'I am convinced that sexual abuses inhere, not so much in manner and method, as in lack of Reciprocity.' "

--" A Woman's Body At Auction?

She, too, is not only herself, she is the teeming Mother of Mothers,

She is the bearer of them that shall grow and be mates to the Mothers,

Have you ever loved the body of a Woman?

Have you ever loved the body of a Man?

Do you not see that these are exactly the same to all in all nations and times all over the earth?

If anything is sacred the Human-Body is Sacred,

And the glory and sweet of a Man is the token of manhood untainted,

And in Man or Woman a clean, strong, firm-fibred body, is more beautiful than the most beautiful face.

Have you seen the fool that corrupted his own live body? or the fool that corrupted her own live body?

For they do not conceal themselves, and cannot conceal themselves."

Walt Whitman.

Thru the ignorance of parents and public educators there has always been permitted a conspiracy of silence and secrecy on these vital problems. Man-made society frowns on all enlightenment. It unflinchingly shuts its eyes and ears to the dangers that infest the social body from the Twin-Sexual Plagues—Syphilis and Gonorrhea. Evil conditions, like most crimes, breed best in ignorance. Therein, man has lost the fine discrimination between good and evil. Should not every mother know that a man who has led an unclean-life is not a fit mate for her daughter?

“It's so nice for a man to have a Haven of rest to fly to. Some comfortable, virtuous woman's bosom to lay his weary head upon. Some kind listening ear in which to pour his woes. I repeat it's so nice! After he's gone to the bottom of every flesh pot in Egypt!” A man who has burned the candle to the devil and then flings the snuff in the face of a pure woman. The pig having done his wallowing in the mud, seeks some clean body to rub up against. “If I were man I would hide my face in shame to demand of woman for what he makes no pretense of having—purity. For shame! For lasting shame that any man should sanction such a code of morals! But Woman, Heaven Pity Her Blind Ignorance! She permits this evil, for she overlooks in man what she never overlooks in woman.”

The incurable syphilitic-infection which is an every day consequence of an immoral life, is the productive cause of endless diseases peculiar to women. A medical authority says, out of 1000 abdominal operations on women, 950 were the result of conditions due to gonorrhoea. Ignorance Never Protects the Innocence of youth; neither does it make one a good judge in the choice of a life-mate, or the father of a child.

Syphilis affects the blood and all parts of the body. Syphilitic husbands have the most disastrous effects upon pregnant woman, frequently causing abortion, especially by premature labor. If not disturbing the natural course

of gestation the poison of syphilis attacks the health of the babe at different-periods of its life. Born of syphilitic parents baby must necessarily suffer all the consequences. One finds on the various parts of baby's body, even upon the soles of its tiny feet and palms of its chubby-hands, numerous bladder-like skin diseases.

The social-dangers which follow the introduction of this criminal-disease into the marriage-bed are endless. The dangers are not limited alone to their effects on woman's conceptional capacity, but to the health and life of wife and mother. Pregnancy is the worst thing that can happen to woman with this disease, for she passes it on to her young, into the Endless Stream Of Generations. As baby passes thru the maternal passage it is forced to undergo—if the mother be tainted with syphilis—an actual-bath of active-poison. In the order of its passage the face of baby and especially its eyes, become infected by the mother's uterine or vaginal discharges. The moment the infant comes into the world its eyes open, sucking in these poisonous substances, producing inflammation of the eyes—ophthalmia or blindness of the new-born. Helen Keller declares:

“Ophthalmia Neonatorum is a specific poison communicated by the mother to the child at birth. Previous to the child's birth, she has unconsciously received it thru infection from her husband. In mercy let it be remembered, the father does not know that he has so foully destroyed the eyes of his child and handicapped him for life. It is the part of the bitter harvest of the wild oats he has sown. Society has smiled upon his ‘youthful recklessness,’ because society does not know that ‘They enslave their children's children who make compromise with sin.’ Society has yet to learn that the blind beggar at the street-corner, the epileptic child, the woman on the operating table, are wages of ‘youthful indiscretion.’ Today science is verifying what the Old Testament taught three thousand years ago, and the time has come when there is no longer the excuse of Ignorance. Knowledge has been given us; it is our part to apply it.”

It is estimated that of the 22,000,000 school children in America 3 out of every 4 need medical attention; that

33 per cent. of the deaths of children under six months are due to syphilitic-inheritance; and that 80 per cent. of the blindness of new-born infants, 25 per cent. of all blindness, 80 per cent. of the diseases peculiar to women, 75 per cent. of all surgical operations performed on women, and over 60 per cent. of the work done by specialists in diseases of women, are the result of sexual infection thus innocently contracted. That 80 per cent. of our young men who "sow their wild oats" become physically tainted and carriers of infection. Somewhere—There Is Something Wrong.

The tainted condition of the pregnant mother often conduces to Scrofulous ulcers or "the King's Evil."

Scrofula?

Let us learn to call it by the right name. Syphilitic ulceration!

S/ There are only two diseases in the human-race—Syco~~r~~is and Syphilis. Syco~~r~~is and Syphilis are the main branches of the Psora-Tree. Every disease known to man is a sprout of these two branches of the tree-Psora. Psora is the old ancient Itch. It came from the "Fall" of Adam and Eve. 5000 years ago were used the same remedies that Samuel Hahnemann used, and which may properly be used now. If these two diseases were eliminated, there would be, medically speaking, almost a perfectly healthy human-race on the globe. "The cure for the same" declares Christabel Pankhurst in "Plain Facts About A Great Evil"—"is Votes for Women and Chastity for Men. Anti-Suffragist-Woman, Wake Up!" /s

Hygiene and moral education are both essential for body and mind-building. Moral education is the higher order as it covers both and strikes at the root of the evil.

The First Function of the reproductive organs is to build and rebuild the body. Control of the mind is the thing most to be desired in life. Sex-control or self-mastery is the One Golden-Secret. Self-mastery in man is a mark of Godliness. The only master is the Divine-Self or God in Man. "Who controlleth himself is greater than he who taketh a city." Buddha taught: "One man

may conquer one thousand men one thousand times, but he who can conquer himself is the greatest conquerer!"

"Man born of God cannot sin, because his seed remaineth in him."

Dr. Keith said to a young man:

"When some doctor tells you, 'It is necessary to have intercourse or to spill your seed,' set that doctor down as very ignorant. Keep this seed in your body and fight down all passion as you would fight down some beast that was clawing at your vitals. This seed is marrow to your bones, food for your brains, oil for your joints and sweetness to your breath. And you, if you are a man, should never lose a drop of it until you are fully thirty years of age, and then only for the purpose of having a child, which shall be blessed from heaven and ready to become one of the inmates of the kingdom of heaven by being born again. Thousands of young men think they can 'spill their seed,' and then 'brace up,' 'settle down,' have a comfortable Home—a nice wife and a household, or even one or two good nice children. Bah! This is one of the devil's own lies. After a young man has thrown out his seed promiscuously and has wasted his substance, he is no more fitted to beget a good child than Satan would be fitted to manufacture angels for heaven. Such are the men we see who wonder why the doctor could not cure 'our little darling,' and all that sort of rot, and why this and why that, when, as a matter of fact, they have lived like the Turks, and have spilled their seed so much that they can never have a good child." Another man-doctor declares: "The secretion of the testicles is the hope of the future race, and yet if wrongfully used it is so potent that it may figuratively be classed with the secretions of the poison fangs of venomous reptiles."

An unchaste, loose life is the destroyer of mind and body, killing the soul. Those who practice illicit relations can never know the riches of Pure Love. After a husband has once been untrue to The Woman he calls wife—the woman of All women whom he cares most for, he can never again fully enjoy her, neither can he reverence himself. Reverence of one's self is next to religion, *the strongest* bridle of all vice. His Karma will never

allow him again to enjoy the deep, pure, undivided love, man's Higher-Self is so hungry for.

"How shall I pardon thee for this? thy children have forsaken me, and sworn by them that are no gods: when I had fed them to the full, then they committed adultery, and assembled themselves by troops in the harlots' houses. They were as fed horses in the morning: every one neighed after his neighbor's wife. Shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord: and shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this?"

Many men say to self: "I would give all I ever expect to be worth to enter into the deep and holy-moments of Pure-Love with my sweetheart-wife, but my perverted memory—my black Karma—comes in to poison these holy-moments and I suffer the tortures of hell." "Passion enjoyed as an end in itself," says Gulick, "is definitely Anti-Spiritual. It makes for coarseness of feeling, selfishness and the debasement of regard for women."

To evolve an ideal love—becoming the re-generate man-woman—is the highest and most uplifting thing in life. Out of its soil grows the richest fruits. Out of the continent life, conserving and transmuting the germinal life-forces, comes the pure-characters that make life worth while.

Declared the late William Acton, M. R. C. S.:

"The argument in favour of incontinence deserves special notice, as it purports to be founded on physiology. I have been consulted by persons who feared, or who professed to fear, that if the organs were not regularly exercised they would become atrophied, or that in some way impotence might be the result of chastity. There exists no greater error than this, or one more opposed to physiological truth. I may state that I have, after many years of experience, never seen an instance of atrophy of the generative organs from this cause. I have indeed met with the complaint: but in what class of cases does it occur? It arises in all instances from the exactly opposite cause—early abuse; the organs become worn out, and hence atrophy arises. Every year of voluntary chastity renders the task easier by the mere force of habit."

Clement Dukes, M. D., Physician of Rugby School, says:

"It is a frequent observation instilled into the young at all ages: 'I am told it is very bad for me to be continent; my health will suffer from it.' No greater lie was ever invented. It is simply a base invention to cover sin, and has no foundation in fact."

Sir Andrew Clarke said:

"Continence does not harm, does not interfere with development, it elevates the whole nature, increases energy, and Sharpens Insight."

Man's inmost nature is Godhood. The great and enduring motive-forces of life are Spiritual-Forces. Self-mastery is the complete domination of the body—the ordering of the five senses—living the life in which the Higher-Self controls and refines the lower-self.

Every Woman is a Representative of the Divine-Mother—the eternal and creative principle; an incarnation of the Divine-Mother—the counterpart of the Lord. "Of Thee is born everything of the universe." A man that does not reverence his mother, or respect and protect the Mother-Principle in her sex is void of All-Love. This eternal and creative principle is the Mother of all creation—the Mother of the universe—God, projecting thru all nature—beginningless, endless.

Some day mothers will teach their sons the true nature of man-woman; to reverence and honor All Women as the manifestation of the Eternal or Divine-Mother; that every woman is his mother—that he should worship in her the Divine-Mother Principle—conquering all lust and sense desires.

In this Golden-Day every man, save a woman's mate, will be her son, her pure, motherly love flowing out to all mankind. In this Golden-Day every woman, save a man's mate will be his mother, having outgrown all impure thots. In this Day-Blessed, there will be no need for a Master-Man to be sworn—taking obligations to protect the virtue of Woman—he, seeing Only In Every Woman his own Mother—his sister, his daughter, The Divine-Mother; seeing in every man his brother—the Great *White Brotherhood Of Man*.

Evolution will uncover man's moral corruption—cleansing the "inside of the cup," abolishing prostitution—demanding the social ostracism of the libertine, demanding from the man the same clean life—virginity—that is expected of woman. Evolution will reveal to woman the Life-Secrets of the race. She will cease to slay her sisters, and will seek Truth, unfolding the Sisterhood Of Woman. A Real Man is an Absolute Monogamist, Pure and Simple.

A MAN'S WORD FOR WOMAN

" By this we hold:—No man is wholly great,
Or wise, or just, or good,
Who will not dare his all, to Re-instate
Earth's trampled womanhood.

No Seer sees truly, save as he discerns
Her Crowned, Co-equal, right;
No lover loves divinely, till he burns
Against her foes to fight.

That Church is fallen, prone as Lucifer,
God's bolts that hath not hurled
Against the Tyrants who have outraged her,
The Priestess of the world.

That Press, whose minions, slavish and unjust,
Bid her in fetters die,
Tolls, in the base behalf of Pride and Lust,
To Consecrate a lie.

' Once it was Christ, whom Judas with a kiss
Betrayed,' the Spirit saith;
' But now, 'tis Woman's heart, inspired by His,
That man consigns to death.'

Each village hath its martyrs,—every street
Some house that is a hell;
Some woman's heart, celestial, pure, and sweet,
Breaks with each passing bell.

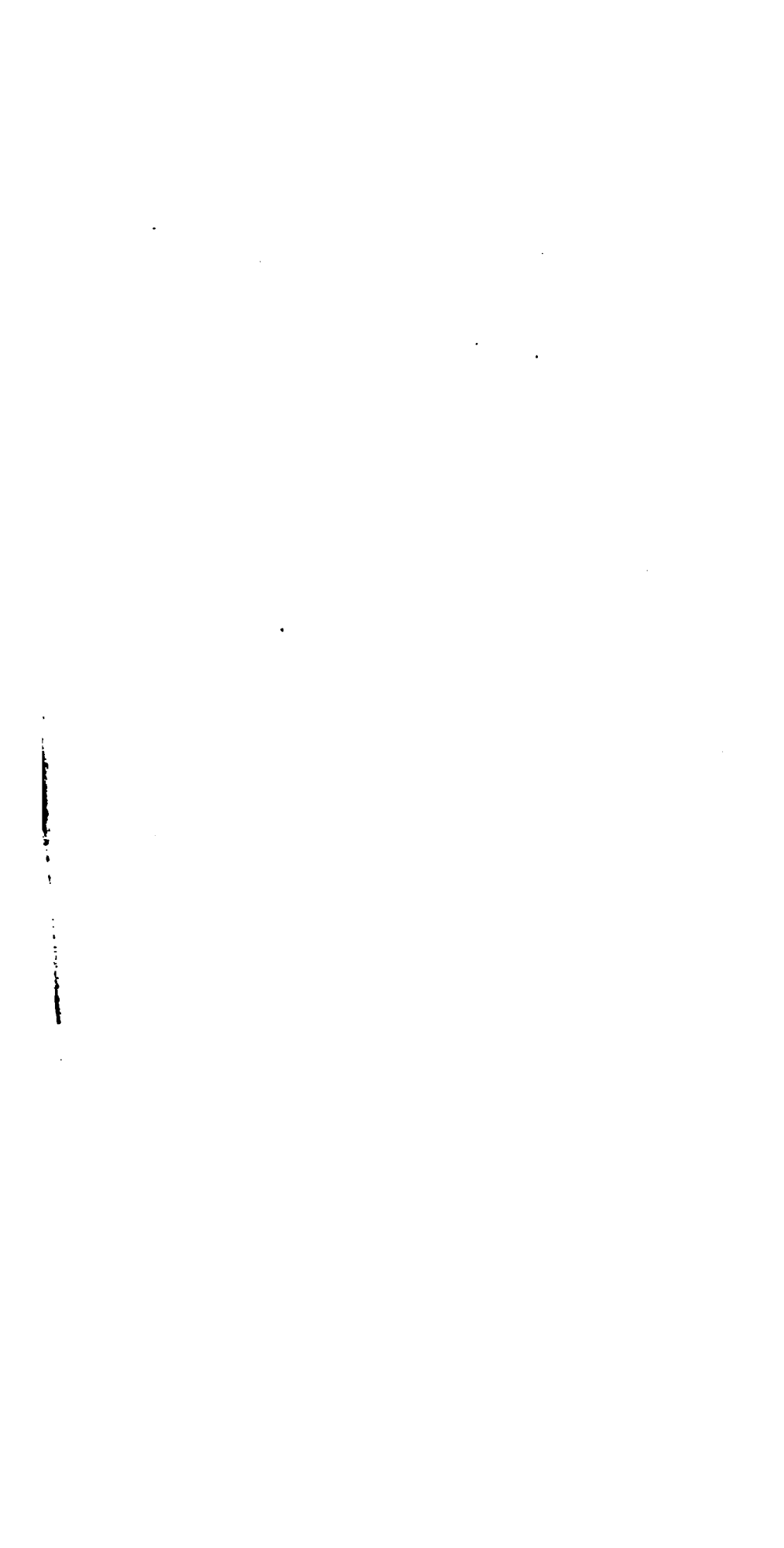
There are deep wrongs, too infinite for words,
Men dare not have revealed;
And in our midst, insane, barbaric hordes
Who make the Law their Shield.

THE HONEY-COMB

Rise then, O WOMAN! grasp the mighty Pen,
By Inspirations driven;
Scatter the sophistries of cruel men,
With voices fresh from Heaven.

Man, smiting thee, moves on from war to war;
All rights with thine decease.
Rise, 'throned with Christ, in His pure morning star,
And charm the world to Peace."

Thomas Lake Harris.



Along comes December
With her wintry ice and snow,
But—where is there a sunnier clime
Than where Christmas Home-fires glow?



ECEMBER is once more here.

Time glides along and the years fly fast. It is a happy month for almost everyone. With it comes dear old Christmas, Santa Claus, and a lot of good things. December is a month full of interest, with its joys, its sorrows, and its hopes. Even if the year has been cruel, we welcome the last month as it brings the farewell of the period, with the hope of a change for the new year. It is to the child that December is the happiest month in the year, as our chief joys are in anticipation. The small boy and girl are filled with joy during the three weeks before Christmas. To us grown-ups comes a quickening of our memories of sweet childhood days, filling us with regret that it is our common fate to be forced to grow up and cease being children.

With Christmas joy in the heart, the home,—and love in the air, in the streets, market-places and the great shops,—the faces of the multitude are all aglow with the spirit of Santa Claus. In all the Christian year there is no time when hearts glow with friendship, good will, messages from soul to soul, and charity as at Christmas time.

George Fitch, in his charming Christmas essay, says:

“Christmas is a season of great joy and phenomenal expense which begins about the middle of December, passes the crisis on the 25th and gradually tapers off to the first of the year, tho some of the scars do not disappear until much later.

Christmas celebration is one of the few good things not of American invention, tho even Christmas has been vastly enlarged and improved in this country. It was ‘made in Germany,’ where most of the Christmas toys are produced, and is celebrated wherever pine trees and mixed-

candy can be found. Originally, Christmas gifts were deposited in the stockings of the recipients, but the feet of the people have not grown as fast as their expectations, so trucks and piano boxes are now used instead.

Christmas means good will to men and we, therefore, celebrate it by sending dolls to our nieces, drums to our nephews, good books to our aunts, roses to our sweet-hearts and cigars to our neighbors. It is such a happy season that we can buy all of these things in crowded stores, pay for them, wrap them up and stand in line long hours at express offices with them without biting anyone; moreover, owing to the good feeling which prevails in this season, a bald-headed man can get up at six A. M., go down to the front door in his bare feet, pay 79 cents express charges and unwrap a beautiful celluloid box full of explosive hair brushes without suing the friend who sent it.

Christmas is full of delight for children and is also regarded with great pleasure by cab men, elevator boys, delivery boys, telegraph messengers, waiters, pin boys, and shoe-shiners, all of whom become beggars for 'one week only' with great success. But Christmas is very hard on fathers and clerks and expressman and letter carriers—especially the latter, who look like movable mountains as they stagger along the street delivering dolls, shoes, Turkish slippers, candy, flowers, Noah's Arks and books. There used to be a current belief that Santa Claus, a rosy old gent, with a vast wilderness of white whiskers, had charge of the delivery of Christmas presents. But the letter carrier is the modern Santa Claus and not being allowed reindeer by the postoffice department, he usually makes good from two days to two weeks late. The Christmas tree comes into bloom on Christmas morning and yields vast crops of woolly-dogs, tin horns and candy. Everybody is very glad when Christmas comes, especially fathers, who are so glad that they usually go down town and make up with their worst enemies. There are no quarrels, divorces, law-suits or gentlemen's agreements on the peaceful Christmas day, which makes it cheap at the price."

"Mother, what you got there?"

Mother has a hard time to hide the suspicious-looking

bundles and packages. Johnny wants to know why all the closets and bureau drawers are locked, and why he can't get into the front room and play the piano.

"Mother, what did that man want at the back door?"

Christmas, Merry Christmas, is really here again, with its bells, its joys and songs, its friends.

Under the sprig of mistletoe, which Cupid seems to have grown all for its own, we unconsciously step to get our Christmas-kiss, not knowing holly from mistletoe-bough in our Christmas joy and glee, while the glow of the Christmas logs in the dear old fire-place breathes laughter, light and love. The hallowed associations which entwine the Christmas season can never be wholly uprooted from the memory of those who have grown from infancy to age, the memory of the yearly and ancient celebration of the Yuletide season—the one season in which so many things of the nows and the yesterdays "come close to the quick of the human heart."

What prettier scene than the charming trinket-laden Christmas tree, with its wonderful symbols of the Christ-Child! A beautiful teaching youth should early learn. We are taught that the Christmas tree, with its lights and endless fruits, is the symbol of Christ, whose birth was the beginning of a new-life in the midst of the wintry darkness of ignorance and sin. The evergreen tree typifies Immortality. The candle-lights symbolize the teachings of Light and Truth,—the Light and Truth that came at the birth of the Christ-Child. The garland of golden-tinsel rope that always festoons the real Christmas tree stands for the golden-locks of the Christ-Child. The Wonder Star is the emblem of the Star in the East that guided the shepherds to the Divine-child in the manger.

If we stop to listen, in the cold and starry night, we hear the bells across the snow. Hark! Put your ear to the ground and you hear the jingle, jingle of Santa Claus' sleigh-bells, sweet sounds of good-will, bringing holy-gladness to everyone! "Hurry, sister, and get your stockings hung up. He's coming." "Good night, daddy, goodnight, mother, everybody goodnight!"

" Two little curly heads—golden and brown,
Nestle together on pillows of down,
Lying in childhood's exquisite grace,
With delicate gossamer curtains of lace
Encircling each innocent baby face.

Dear dimpled fingers and rosebud lips,
Eyes softly folded in slumber's eclipse,
All peaceful within, and silent without,
What are the precious ones dreaming about?
Of what Santa brings them tomorrow no doubt. "

" Mother, I can't go to sleep. " " Why, dear? "
" Cause I'm afraid I won't wake up in the morning. "

" 'Tis the night before Christmas, and all through the house
Not a creature is stirring—not even a mouse;
The stockings are hung by the chimney with care,
In the hope that Santa Claus soon will be here. "

Christ!

Christian!

Christmas!

Santa Claus!

Wonder Words!

Out of the invisible comes a voice saying, " Merry
Christmas! "

Santa Claus! Who doesn't love the face of Santa Claus? I do, you do, we all do. All of us grown-ups love Santa as much as the child does. Santa Claus is a myth of great revelation. Santa Claus is a shadow of a great Spiritual Reality. The Santa Claus spirit of gift-giving has its best expressions in good, thoughtful-giving,—in gift-giving from which there is no expected return, except that return which comes from the grateful heart for the goodness of a friend whose universal soul for mankind expresses itself for the unfortunate poor and suffering. Isn't this a revelation of Santa Claus? Let us express fully the Santa Claus spirit—the spirit of Christ,—which is love for all mankind. " Peace on earth, good will to men! " Isn't this a beautiful spirit to get and hold.

Yes, there is a Santa Claus! He lives and He lives *forever*. This teaching removes all doubt in the child,

giving children a Santa Claus always—giving us grown-ups, too, a Santa Claus always, which is Christ, the Santa Claus messenger of the human-race.

'Tis Christmas-day and all over the world we find keener joys and more sorrows than at any other season in the year. Our recollections are of contrast, like the scenes of our present life, reflecting joy and sadness, ease and poverty. Thots of child-time, youth-time, middle-age, old-age, fill our minds this Christmas-day. The pictures in memory's gallery are full of faces, many of which may be seen no more by earthly vision. We miss the warm clasp of vanished hands. At times we hear the sound of voices long ago stilled. Whether we will or no, we must twine the cypress with the holly. As we old and older grow there is an interwoven note of sadness in our glee, a breath of sorrow beneath our song of joy. There are parents who have lost their own little ones; there are children who have grown to manhood, to womanhood, and made their own homes. Many have gone from the home-circles that we recall when we were happy children. It seems but yesterday. Merry, joyous Christmas, that can carry us back to the delusions of our happy childish days; that can quicken and re-sweeten the memory of the old lonesome soldier and the pleasures of his youth, transporting the wanderer and sailor thousands of miles away. Happy Christmas, that can carry me back to the vision of my Mother and her love-lit home; of the old fireside and of the armchair; my mother who first taught me the humming lullabyes, the wonderful Christmas message of the birth of the Christ-Child that bids the world rejoice that Christ the Lord, the Prince of Peace, is born! The story to mankind that's transforming the world into love and mercy,—the story of the One who incarnates humanity's loftiest ideals;—the message of Divine-Love. Mother's lips and words were sweeter than strained honey, the well-spring of wisdom like a flowing brook, her tongue without an idle word, having never been the messenger of a lie.

I hear now the music in the great cathedral, ablaze with lights, fresh and fragrant with the evergreen pines, echoing with angelic-chant and celestial-harmonies—song celebrated above all songs: "For unto you is born this day in the City of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, Good will toward men, Amen."

Those little feet that patter, patter down the stairs on Christmas morn, some now walk in softer, sweeter paths, others walk where thousands of mothers cannot see! Home circles are broken, families are separated, loved ones are gone; sisters and brothers who used to come for Christmas, alas, they come no more! Heartaches! Some at school, some on storm-tossed seas, where waves beat upon the ice-bound ship; Some in snow-drifts on wind-swept plains; Some in the bloody-trenches murdering their brothers; Some in saloons, "filling up on" liquor, with reason and will gone, bragging about what they used to be—the good jobs they once had. Some in jail, with no one to cheer, some in padded cells hid away in shame.

Well for the Mother that she cannot see,
The Son who lingered at her knee.

We, perchance, too, are fathers and mothers to be, whose children's tiny hands shall in the future write letters to Santa Claus, and who shall come to us for the deathless story—the sweetest story ever told. Come in child-like faith; fall down at mother's knee; ask for, and listen, as from the lips of mother and father come the message of the Christ-babe, who came to Mary and, thru her, to all the sons and daughters of woman on that night on the Bethlehem hills! Came to us like a little child, like any other child!

Child-life is the most interesting in the phases of existence. Shall we not give thanks today—Christmas-Day, The Greatest Day in all the year,—for the holy Christ-child;—for the children who take us out of ourselves, out of the past, away from the sad-sweet recollections that bear us down; the children in whose lives we again live our youth, and in whose opening-lives we turn hopefully *to the future*? Rejoice, bless the Christmas-day, give

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thanks to God that in the lesser sense we may see in every child a portion of the whole of His spirit—another incarnation of Divinity, just as we thank Him for pouring it all upon the infant of the Manger!

There is no age, country, people, but that has produced its leader, its prophet. But who of them before came as a little child? What distinguished Christ from the rest of the world? That He came, not a mighty monarch, but as a "little child" to lead them. Think of this truth! We may not yet be fully ready for this lesson, but see thru the glass dimly. Evolution will gently lead us to the Star that sparkles in the East; the light that radiates from the Christ-birth. There is nothing that can take from mankind the spirit of Christ and the Christmas season. Try as we may, we cannot utterly and entirely crush out the Spirit that is in all of us that radiates and stands for good,—Peace on Earth, Good will Toward Men.

What would the world be without the Christ-child? Somehow we cannot get around a child. "A little child shall lead them" is the simplest and yet the greatest truth in the world. Think of Children on Christmas for This is Their Day Of Days. Christmas glorifies childhood, sanctifies motherhood and honors fatherhood, but what about the other days, of the rest of December and the other eleven months in the year? Why can't the Christmas spirit last all the year around? We grown-ups make a great deal of matters which concern only men and women and pay very little attention to the welfare of childhood. Governments of the people have been built for adults; our lawmakers have filled the statute books with laws wise and otherwise, mostly intended to regulate men, some few to protect women, and barely a scattering of statutes in the interest of children. Our Federal government, which for years has been providing for the welfare of cattle and hogs, potato plants and sugar beets, has only within the past few years actually come to the rescue of Babies, creating a Bureau of Child-life and Child-labor. This world is a pretty gloomy place when we view it from

the underside. In some states where investigations of child-labor have recently been pursued, shockingly barbaric conditions are revealed. Babies are stunted, enslaved, butchered. In the Eastern states, which have large populous cities with many poor immigrants, and many great factories competing to squeeze down the cost of labor to the lowest notch, it has been found easy to let the laws remain so that brutal-man may use child-labor because it is cheap. It has been found very difficult for men and women who love children and wish to give them a chance, to get labor-laws enacted and executed so as to protect the child or its mother. The parents are ignorant and poor; they are not responsible. Poverty is a hard task-master. Many of the rich owners of factories and the corrupt men that sell legislation are alone responsible. Many of the prosperous owners of canneries, mills, factories, mines and other employers of child-labor,—these hypocrites sing hymns in the churches on Sundays; listen to sermons telling of the rights of women and children; drop 'blood-money' into the collection plate, and between Sunday and Sunday, grind our boys and girls into dividends. Thousands of cases of children, working sixty hours a week—working the poor little things literally to death,—are unknown to exist.

We see all around us big automobiles laden with Christmas gifts. We see in our restaurants, hotels and wickedly-furnished homes, men with millions of unearned dollars. The man—the child exploiter,—who has turned the lives of children into money, dresses his wife and daughters with the product of the blood of other people's children. He has deprived poor, sickly little children of air, sunlight, hope and opportunity. Because of his lustful ambition these children have had no childhood, no frolic, no sunshine in their hearts; no hope in the future, but the dull drudgery of the factory which weakens them into a degeneracy and leads to neglected wife-hood, motherhood. A path that leads so swiftly, alas! to hell. As one says: "Let us strike from their unholy dollars the figure of Liberty, and stamp thereon the cross-bars and the skull!"

The Christmas season, which ought to mean happiness

for all, means suffering, fatigue, overwork, loss of sleep and injury to the health of thousands. "Child-labor is a symptom of social disease in America," declares Dr. Felix Adler, chairman of the National-Child-Labor-Committee. "There are 1,570,000 children under the age of fourteen working in the mills, shops and factories of this country," when they should be in school fitting themselves for independence, becoming good citizens. Man's intellect created and perfected machines to do the work of a thousand hands, which should have helped set men free, but instead, they have made slaves of little children. Our twenty and more million children are America's principal asset. The future of our nation, as everybody must know, depends upon the future of our children. Isn't young flesh and blood of the human-breed far more important than livestock, lands, wheat, forests and mines? What we are making of them now, determines what our country will be twenty to fifty years hence. Do we find our young colts, fillies and brood-mares in the harness, or plough-fields? No, but in the green, sweet pastures, browsing, resting, growing. No farmer will harness a young colt or overwork a mare in foal, or allow her colt to suckle when she is overheated. Shame on mankind! Disgraceful to humanity is the hideous picture that this country presents in the early morning and late afternoons, when our dear little children and drudging women go to and from the slave shops! "Is this civilization?" asks Edwin Markham, "Christian Civilization? we boast of in our Bible Sunday Schools. Then let civilization perish! Let the walls of the cities crumble; let the ancient deserts return!"

Speed the day when we shall have awakened to the condition of Woman-Mother—as life giver of the race, holding her as sacred under Christianity as she was held and worshipped among the Greeks and Romans. Man must take his own "curse" upon himself, granting Woman her natural freedom, that she and her young may be supplied with pure air and nourishing food. She must be exempt from these today hardships so chiefly her lot, under man-made laws. Look at these drudging women, human-slaves, beasts of burden; they do not grumble, neither do

they smile; they simply exist; slaving, eating and sleeping animals! The only liberty they know is liberty to work; to fall asleep is their only rest in this world. The state of a pig or a sheep is eternal Heaven, compared to their's, which is an eternal Hell. These are dark days for the poor women and children workers of the world. If Christ were here today! Does it not seem that the world has swung back into the darkest of the dark ages? Christ said to men, "Whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a mill-stone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea." There is a sense of failure; a feeling that after nearly twenty centuries of teaching we seem to have forgotten Him who sounded these words. "Good will toward men," is far from being fulfilled. As long as misery and poverty exist there is need for greater souls than have lived in the past. How long will it take the man-made government that forbids dog-fights and bull-fights and cruelty to other animals to forbid matching the strength of a delicate child against the speed of a machine, and wearing out the life that has hardly begun? It is a poor nation that will tolerate these child-labor outrages. Real-men would stop these conditions.

What will our Karma be? Stop and think!

Awake! Arise woman, thou who sleepest in the sense-mind and demand the ballot—woman's God-given Right! Come out of this dark-age, pull the cobwebs off thine eyes! Arouse thyself! Bestir thyself, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand. The Christ-child has come to teach. Understand and live the Christmas message, for the hour of women's reign is near. Stop these child-murders for worldly-gain. Make that which is Nobody's Business, Every-Woman's-Business!

Tommy: "I know who Santa Claus is."

Johnny: "Who?"

Tommy: "My papa; he's both Santa Claus
and the Stork, too."

I am so sad this Christmas day. We have no baby of our own, to make glad this Child's-day. Suppose, baby dear, you'd die and are not here next Christmas. What would I do?

No!

Next Christmas you will be here. We'll have a great big Christmas tree, and all kinds of Santa Claus gifts for you, and you'll wonder and look, and coo and blink, and listen when you hear the jingle, jingle of Santa Claus' reindeer; and we'll invite some little boys and girls to come, who have no papa and mamma and Santa. Dreams, dreams, Golden Christmas-dreams!

How you've grown this month, dear, three inches more. You almost weigh three pounds! Wish you'd hurry up. It seems so long I can hardly wait to see my precious-lamb!

"The loneliest and saddest day I ever saw. I could cry my eyes out." Wave-thots, like this, come to us from all over the world. The air is pregnant with these messages. There are thousands and thousands of grown-ups who have no children, or grand-children, to gather about a family Christmas-tree, or to hang up their stockings for Santa. The Childless homes where husband and wife have only the dog and goldfish to love! Then there are lonely souls, both old and young, imprisoned in so-called homes, boarding-houses, apartment-houses, clubs, hotel-lobbies! "Mr. Lonesome," the isolated bachelor, in his hall-bedroom, with his little old 'funny bottle' of hair-oil; the discouraged shop-girl, who exists in a little room 8x10 in some dingy rooming-house, and cooks her food on a gas jet or a coal-oil stove; the "Business Woman" in her self-earned, but lonely apartment, are some of the Christmas-pictures we see and don't see. Who can know the thots in these lonely hearts, when twilight dims the harbor and the Christmas-lights of our endless homes begin to shed their Christmas-cheer thruout the night,—of the

sad minds of those who are within eye-sight and sound of the Christmas homes? Should we wonder they get desperate in their loneliness, and do things to break the awful monotony of their lives?

There are thousands of men and women, young and old, with throbbing, sorrowing hearts—the city dwellers! City? Yes, the loneliest place on earth, the most pathetic, one that is mighty real to thousands of worthy souls, souls of large culture, broad-minds, deep intuitions, who on this Holy Christmas-day are actually pining away! Soul starved! Think of it! Souls slowly dying by inches for human-sympathy, human-love! for lack of opportunity, for fellowship, because the system of society is wrong! Society should use every endeavor to encourage fellowshiping of all that is good, beautiful, charitable and noble,—intermingling, browsing together as the animals of the fields, for the true human-pleasure experience. None should be mateless on this Glad-Day.

“I would marry to-morrow if I could find one adapted to myself; but prefer loneliness to companionship with anyone of the few I know,” is often said by the unmarried and lonely. We need a judiciously conducted, international bureau of fellowship, friendly intercourse, established in every big city, with an educational department of astrology, chemical-affinity, and the vital meanings of Life. Such a bureau would fill a much-needed want in the affectional-world; a need which the shops, bazaars and market-places fill in the commercial. The farmer needs the city man, the city man Must Have the farmer. This world is give-and-take. We are all traders and beggars. We are trade-rats. Whatever we do we inwardly-expect a return. We are traders in thot, action, deed, friendship and Life. Alas! In love and marriage we also are traders. Everybody has an axe to grind, even the babe at its mother’s breast.

These bureaus, in the hands of an organization, semi-public in nature, open to investigation, above suspicion of seeking to plunder the people, and subject to legislative *supervision*, could be made promotive only of good. Just *because* courtship and marriage, as they are today, consti-

tute the biggest fraud in the world; just because they embrace the most sensitively selfish interests, is the reason why Light should be poured upon them, and their study put upon a scientific basis.

The old Quaker's following colloquy means much.
How many parents are in the same boat?

"But is this idea so inherently ridiculous after all? It is precisely what I have long needed. I have seven daughters. Able and willing, I gave them an education far above that of the young men of our village, who, fearing their deficient education would cause their rejection, have kept aloof, till every one has grown up uncourted, save one, who accepted a proffer from a city coxcomb, and has been miserable ever since. Knowing no young men educated like themselves they remain on my hands for life, suffering for want of companions, while there are unmarried men in abundance just adapted to make them the best of husbands, and they the best of wives, provided they had but been once introduced. Now such a bureau conducted with intelligence and truth, and in every way reliable, would have enabled me, by consulting its records, to have introduced my daughters one after another, till just the right one for each was found, and these daughters, instead of, as now, being doomed to die old maids, would have been happy as wives and mothers, and made others happy, and blessed the world with families of children."

We are all misplaced,—a most harmonious disorder. In time order will not take pains to formally introduce; we'll be drawn together as by gravitation. Like attracts like. Walt Whitman stout-heartedly challenges:

"Stranger, if you passing meet and desire to speak to me,

Why should you not speak to me?

And why should I not speak to you?"

Evolution will not much longer allow so urgent a human-need to go unprovided.

Clang! Clang! "Mother, here comes a patrol-wagon, they're takin' that drunken man over there, across the street."

"Son, say intoxicated, not drunk."

"Intoxicated? What does that mean, mother? Mother, do you think they'll put him in the jail today? Christmas-Day?"

The lessons of the Christmastide are many. The appeals that now may be made to humanity crowd to the lips from full-minds, and fuller hearts.

Liquor—"The King of Demons!" Christmas-time when many of our fathers, husbands and sons are in liquor! We are told whiskey is the cause of ninety-seven per cent. of all the crime, poverty, want and misery in the country, forty-six per cent. of domestic-unhappiness. Go past any saloon, especially the Christmas holiday-week, look at the men lined up at the bar, with one foot on the brass-rail, in company with friends, treating. Into a saloon six friends go in a bunch. The first man says:

"Come along boys, have a drink."

They all drink.

The second man treats.

They all drink to "Merry Christmas."

The third fellow orders the glasses filled.

They drink.

"Six drinks," calls the fourth man.

Again they drink.

The fifth man to the bartender says, "The same all around."

For the fifth time they drink.

Then comes the sixth man's treat.

They drink.

These thirty-six glasses of liquor are strictly in accord with the law of treating, and that nothing of in America. But suppose six women should enter a drug store and drink thirty-six glasses of soda water? Nine out of every ten men are wage-earners, salaried men. The tenth is a bum, a loafer, a procurer, or a wrecked soul down and out thru some misfortune. The dimes and dollars of these wage earners support the saloon.

Picture the many good, true women, who are chained to the habitual-drunkard, gross and vulgar, with reason gone, who are traveling with child this sad Christmas,

looking, sighing for the prospective-father to come home with Santa Claus. He doesn't even know the hour of the day or night, spending his last dollar over the bar, celebrating the birth of Christ. Think of our fathers and sons full of liquor. Whiskey! Snakes! Rattlesnakes in the Temple Of The Living God, destroying reason, leaving the victim neither man nor boy, worse than a moron.

Many people in the lower walks of life are compelled to live in congested quarters, with dark and poorly ventilated rooms. Expectant mothers are forced to breathe the poisonous odors of drink and tobacco; to lend their ear to abuse and insults from intoxicated husbands, who have never been taught, by their own mothers, that a woman with child is exceedingly sensitive and impressionable. Many mothers, too, there be in the higher walks who are secretly suffering from prospective-fathers, who are called cultured-men, the same treatment and indifference, known as refined or "mental-abuse." These men are of high standing socially, the grade of man who takes great delight during courting-days to recite to his sweetheart—"I refer you to my banker, as to who I am," assuming a bank account to be the standard of man's character.

"Liquor selling is one of the most criminal methods of assassination, for money, ever adopted by the bravos of any age or country." Ruskin.

"Oh, that men should put an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains! That we should with joy, revel, pleasure and applause transform ourselves into beasts." Shakespeare.

Alcohol is not a necessary part of man's diet. It is a stimulant. It is no more food than nitro-glycerine is fuel. We need no stimulants, but fertilizers only. Whiskey is not a man's drink, but on the contrary a drug, a narcotic, a paralyzer, one of the most far-reaching and subtle poisons known, and should be handled as such. And our man-made government licenses the same for revenue, destroying our fathers, husbands and sons. Has not Congress said we must have the revenue to run our government? Robbing our nation of its grand and noble asset,

Manhood—killing about 680,000 of our people every year; government-made drunkards. Many of them become murderers. Then the man-made laws take these government-made murderers and sentence them for life, or to death—"Capital Punishment."

We are all offenders—criminals, tho we are not all branded as such in the eyes of the man-made law. You've been caught and I haven't, that is the only difference. We may be in different wards, but All are in the same hospital. We are all products of the same economic-system. Our today criminals are our tomorrow Teachers, our Saviours of the Race. "A scoundrel is often but an incomplete philosopher and a ruffian, but an unfinished hero."

" In men whom men condemn as ill
I find so much of goodness still;
In men whom men pronounce divine
I find so much of sin and blot;
I hesitate to draw the line
Between the two, where God has not."

Joaquin Miller.

Wisdom-Religion teaches: We have all been "young souls"—green rose-buds—during the earlier stages of our evolution, offenders against The Law, criminals in all sorts of actions, seeking soul-growth in every phase of life, thru every school of experience, struggling and battling with earthly vibrations, on and on thru many incarnations. Each victory is stored up as character, each struggle a part of the necessary work to perfect soul-growth, to unfold harmonious vibrations—the Higher-Self. "Life is the gift of the Supreme to all creatures, by which they may suffer and obtain purification, and seek union with the Life-Giver."

Drunkenness is a disease and should be treated as such. Abolish our jails and penitentiaries—"the stripes." Why take the vote away from an offender against the Law? Why rob a man of the responsibility of his family? Why rob him of his undeveloped manhood? Let society replace jails and prisons with self-supporting, psychological-institutions situated in the country, established in each

state where every offender may be placed, and humanely kept—where every day is “inspection day”—until he does unfold to constructive thinking; where he can be restored to health of mind as well as body and lovingly taught the Law of Self-Government—thus working out his own Karma for the good of Self and society. To punish an offender, instead of removing his ignorance,—the cause of his crime,—is in itself a crime. Man-made laws cannot check crime; only by educating all the people—by giving them an understanding of the Karmic-Law will wrong doing cease. “Great criminals are always men of greatness, misdirected.”

“The other persons that are punished by performance of such an official act are the judge, the jurors, and the executioner, together with those that sanctify the infliction of ‘Capital Punishment,’ and the degree in which they punish themselves will depend on whether they are thus sinning consciously or unconsciously, and whether or not they are aware of the true nature of ‘Capital Punishment’ and its consequences. This is explained by the action of the law of Karma, a law which every Lawyer and Judge Ought To Know, above all, as it is the Supreme Law for administering Justice in the Universe. It teaches that the universe is a whole, and that no individual can inflict the slightest injury upon any other individual without experiencing himself the full effect of his act. The law of Karma is the law of Justice and Retribution, by which the harmony in the universe, which has been broken, is restored. It is a law which is administered by nobody—neither by a God nor by a man—and its action therefore is not to be avoided or thwarted, neither by bribes nor by prayers or arguments. It is The Law itself, and administers itself without partiality, its effects being in exact accordance with the causes that produced them. There is, therefore, an adequate punishment for every sin, and there is no necessity that any mortal man should presume to put himself in the place of the Law and judge over the destiny of the soul of another human being. All that a man has a right and a duty in regard to criminals is to teach and instruct them, to edu-

cate and aid them to get rid of their own evil inclinations; for it ought to be kept in mind that as long as a man has no perfect Self-knowledge of the Law of Karma, his will cannot be perfectly free."

Has the government the moral right to license brain-destroying agents and then punish the man unfortunate enough to fall a victim to these agents? "A drinking man is drunk when he's sober," declares Sarah Matilda Ely. "Liquor has drowned more men than the sea."

A Saloonless-Nation is the ideal in the present stage of evolution. "The saloon is a heavy debtor to humanity. It blesses nowhere, it curses everywhere." Saloons are supported by their patrons and their families who pay their license fees, and all their other expenses, while their paupers, criminals, crooks and insane are supported by the tax-payers. Nations, led by women, should stop the manufacture of whiskey, gin, and the distribution of Habit-Forming Drugs. That woman may do this work, let our other half—the men of awakened-conscience,—unite with us—to get for women the national-ballot,—the World-Ballot. Thus, thru education, strike at the root of the evil. Evolution is wiping liquor off the face of the earth. What moral-right has man even to enter a licensed saloon and "tank up," with poisonous liquor, excite his mind with vile stories and jests, dishonoring to woman—to The Woman he calls Mother; to woman in her most sacred relations;—then to go 'home,' go in unto his wife, and beget feeble-minded, defective children, filling our police and criminal courts, our penitentiaries and asylums, wrecking our homes, and all that's good and pure?

We are laboring under a delusion that everything good comes thru legislation. We cannot force or legislate Truth. We cannot force or legislate the Golden-Rule. We have to Educate the Race unto the Golden-Rule. We cannot legislate anything out as long as the general public want it in. Thots come first. Everything external is the effect of that which is internal—Thot. Thots form the unseen, or subjective-world, the aircastles. The subjective becomes the objective or seen. Thot is the cause; *the object is the effect*—Karma. To change effects we

must change causes or thot-forces, thru education. Man-made or statute laws cannot educate the mass-mind, they may only assist the Karmic-law. The statute laws may be the servant, never the master of the Karmic-law. This was the basis of Thomas Jefferson's democracy. The work must come thru the individual. The understanding of the Karmic-law must be realized by each one, then man becomes The Law Unto Self—the Golden Rule. We have to suffer and grow Truth. All things work by natural-law, nothing suddenly becomes. To try by force to hasten the evolution of humanity works dangerous results. Evolution, or continued change under natural law, unfolds safely and surely only at its own speed. It is useless to dictate to our brother that he shall wear a green necktie and live in a brown house. The undeveloped-man—the self-indulgent fool—the hurricane, will not listen. One might as well try to teach a herd of oxen.

Man-made laws are disorderly and cannot stop drunkenness. Education—the purification of mind and heart with suffering and experience, is the only thing that will eliminate drunkenness from the hearts and minds of men. The Coming Avatar Of the Races Is Wisdom. As a philosopher says: "We must go thru hell to reach heaven, or we only reach heaven thru hell."

"Behold! a mystery I tell: the path to heaven goes straight through hell;

In passing through to bliss above, the fire of hell burns
all but love;

But when at length you're fairly through,
Henceforth hell hath no harm for you,
And you'll enjoy, cleansed from all curse,
The freedom of God's universe."

When General Phillip Sheridan was asked which one of the temptations he most feared for his little son, he replied, "Strong drink," and then said: "I would rather see my little son die today, than to see him carried to his mother drunk!" United States Senator Merriam of South Carolina said: "I have never drunk nor meddled with liquor, I have seldom used it in my family as a medi-

cine, and yet it has meddled with me, it has made my son a wandering vagabond, has broken my wife's heart, yes, when I was asleep thinking him at home in bed, he was being made a drunkard in the bar-room of Raleigh."

THE SALOON BAR.

" A bar to Heaven, a door to Hell—
 Whoever named it, named it well!
 A bar to manliness and wealth,
 A door to want and broken health.
 A bar to honor, pride and fame,
 A door to sin and grief and shame,
 A bar to hope, a bar to prayer,
 A door to darkness and despair.
 A bar to honored, useful life,
 A door to sin and grief and strife.
 A bar to all that is true and brave,
 A door to every drunkard's grave.
 A bar to joy that Home imparts,
 A door to tears and aching hearts,
 A bar to Heaven, a door to Hell—
 Whoever named it, named it well! "

About the only thing whiskey is fit for, is to fill a man up just ONCE before a woman marries him to see how much cave-man there-really-is-left-in-him. " Wine in, secrets out. "

There is a bitter and inborn hatred of liquor in the heart of Woman. Yes, Woman has a right to be heard on the liquor subject. It is a medical, social and economic-question, of public morals and righteousness. Woman has ever been the sufferer. The liquor-traffic destroys Homes, changing kindness into brutality, making ragged and shamed-faced children, breaking hearts, severing bonds, ruining lives. It is the hellish-traffic behind the destruction of virtue in Womanhood. We have seen the bodies and souls of sons and daughters ruined by liquor. Woman's hatred for it has become inherent in the race. It is the mother's instinct to defend her home and children. Woman has inalienable rights concerning temperance reform which she must assert and will continue to claim until her demands shall be recognized.

Chemists teach that alcohol is immediately absorbed by the blood without chemical change; while it momentarily *exhilarates*, the blood and brain are poisoned. The phys-

ical powers and finer emotions gradually degenerate.

Whiskey and tobacco are Twin-devils.

Nicotine is the alkaloid and active principle in tobacco, one of the most intentional poisons known to the school of chemistry. One grain of nicotine thrown into the blood will produce death almost instantly.

Who can realize the awful waste caused by these poisons. Approximately, 178,833,799 gallons of distilled spirits were made in the United States in the year 1918. Who drank it all? It demanded \$186,265,928 in internal revenue tax, \$443,839,544 on alcoholic beverages. Our drink bill was over \$1,500,000,000. In the same year were manufactured in the United States 8,527,119,269 cigars, 35,355,860,177 cigarettes. Who smoked them all? Dr. C. G. Davis of Chicago, said some years ago, "Western civilization is gradually but surely drifting into a condition of degeneracy. Out of our army of degenerates come the vicious, the criminal and the insane. Practically speaking, mankind is becoming alcohol and tobacco mad. The nervous system is crumbling, owing to saturation with alcohol and nicotine."

Dr. D. H. Kress declares: "The people of the United States are now spending annually one and one-half billion dollars for tobacco. This is twice as much as we spend for bread, three times as much as we spend for education, and five times as much as we spend for Christianity. Our tobacco money would buy all our dry-goods, including boots and shoes, and have a surplus large enough to pay all expenses of our army and navy. Our tobacco bill amounts to about \$50 per second, night and day. It is not possible for a nation that persists in this reckless manner to poison itself, long to survive."

This amount is squandered every year while hundreds of women and children are left slowly to die of neglect and starvation; while thousands of our children are sacrificed in the fields and manufactories of our tobacco industry. Enough wealth is squandered in these forms of human destruction to free Child-Labor and educate every child to capable maturity. Somewhere—There Is Something Wrong.

Cigarettes and whiskey are producing cancer in America at an alarming rate. In a few years the prevalence of this disease in this country will attract the attention of the entire medical-world, says one of our noted surgeons. The habitual use of tobacco in some form has reached the greater portion of our boys and men. No one who can think, who is concerned for the welfare of humanity, can afford to ignore and be indifferent to the revelation that ninety per cent. of our city boys in public and juvenile schools are addicted to the cigarette habit. Then how serious becomes the duty of the parent and the nation to remove such ruinous influences from child-life—to "Save The Boy!" It is claimed "there are born over 1,000,000 boy babies in the United States each year. It is safe to say seventy-five per cent. of those which survive will form the tobacco habit and will begin with the cigarette."

Victor Hugo says: "A soul is full of darkness and sin is committed. He is not the guilty one who commits the sin, but he who permits the darkness." The country yearly spends thousands of dollars on its juvenile-courts, probation officers and reformatories to care for boys after they have become violators of the law; but how much does it spend—for education—to abolish these twin-evils that create nearly all juvenile delinquency? In fact the existence of these evils depends upon the patronage of the boys and young men, for whose subsequent offenses they are mainly responsible. There is no plainer illustration of this fact than that found in the manufacture, sale and use of cigarettes.

The American people are cigarette users; in fact, we are the biggest-cigarette-smoking-nation-in-the-world, according to the published statistics by the United States Tobacco Journal. More than 17,000,000,000 cigarettes were manufactured and sold in the United States in the year 1915, without counting several billion more that were tax-exempt because rolled by the smokers themselves.

Dr. Kress again declares:

"We are rapidly becoming a nation of smoke inhalers, and the number which we now produce, including imported and hand-rolled cigarettes, amounts to about one hun-

dred million a day. Tobacco has crept upon us so stealthily that we are apparently ignorant of its terrible evil, while it collects in the United States alone a tax of \$170,000 an hour, night and day, which money value is only a hint of the Real cost by which it must be measured as it mows down an ever increasing multitude of lives, depreciating the vitality of those who survive, and decreasing the efficiency of every helpful institution of our land."

The boy who has become a confirmed user of tobacco, especially in cigarette form, making of himself a dope fiend, becomes so addicted to the habit that frequently, if he cannot get his cigarettes any other way, he will pick up the stubs in the streets. Such a boy develops in himself traits of delinquency and degeneracy, which present a more serious problem than the boy who is a highway robber. On one occasion when being handcuffed by an officer for offending the law, and in waiting for the Patrol Wagon a lad twisted and struggled to get into his coat pocket, in order that he might get out "the makin's" of a cigarette. He said he didn't care about going to jail, if they would only let him keep his cigarettes. The man who is a long-established cigarette-smoker, is slothful in his heart, and a brother to him that is a failure.

The late E. H. Harriman is reported to have said, that it would be as sensible and feasible to run a railroad system with lunatics from an asylum as by confirmed cigarette smokers.

Surgeon General Rixey, of the United States Navy, attributes many of the cases of pulmonary tuberculosis that occur among that body of men to the smoking of cigarettes. Most significant is this statement when compared with the fact that the ratio of men suffering from lung trouble in our navy is greater than in the navies of Germany or England.

Dr. J. H. Kellogg declares: "The smoker's lungs must do more work to eliminate nicotine than is required for both digestion and intellectual work." Science further declares:

The non-smoker, by test, can shoot straighter than the user.

He can march farther in a day, withstand more punishment and fatigue.

He will hang on with more bull-dog persistence and surrender less willingly.

He will endure longer when wounded and his wounds will heal much quicker.

That cigarette-weakened hearts are responsible for many of the deaths ascribed to tuberculosis, typhoid-fever, pneumonia and other acute febrile diseases is well known to physicians. He will pull thru with pneumonia, typhoid, and other maladies when the user would die of 'heart failure.'

Our lack of knowledge of the evil results of cigarette smoking is a typical-national characteristic. We are long on ignorance, short on wisdom, long on cure, short on prevention. Teachers! Educators! Ministers! Physicians! Club-women! Newspapermen! Let us rise in righteous indignation and demand thru education that this curse shall be destroyed.

The enormous increase in the production of cigarettes is due in great part to the growing use among boys, and, alas, "to the growing use among women. Women—causing the big increase in cigarette smoking!" Does the Real-Man want to see his mother, sister, sweetheart-wife smoke? Woman means too much to man to debase herself by the fumes of the poisonous weed. The Real-Man loves Woman for what she represents—The Divine-Mother. Woman cannot radiate the spiritual and altogether-lovely with a foul-smelling cigarette between her lips.

The essential-oil of tobacco is nicotine. It is the most violent poison known to the school of chemistry, with one exception. Prussic Acid stands first and oil of nicotine, second. There are three to four hundred grains or drops of nicotine in every pound of ordinary tobacco. Damaging 'dopes' are added to the cigarette, but deadly poison is in the tobacco itself. This deadly poison enters the system, the blood, thru the lungs, by the smoke breathed in, thru the stomach, by saliva swallowed after being poisoned,—often giving "acute nicotine poisoning."

Pure Blood gives Pure-Power.

It is generally admitted that in the formative-age of youths, the moderate use of tobacco stunts the natural-growth of the body and mind, causing certain nervous or mental disasters later in life. "Tobacco is a more or less dangerous narcotic to the senses and the higher brain activities, and no person can be in complete possession of his faculties and power of control and exercise the highest efficiency possible who uses tobacco," says our celebrated Doctor T. D. Crothers. Above all, the blood must be purified and kept pure, cleansed from its poisonous alkalis, acids in excess, tuned and kept up to concert pitch, if we ever expect to be able to enjoy the best in Life. Tobacco, like Alcohol, is nothing but a form of Opium, the quality matters little, so long as it produces the abnormal-stupor of intoxication which most men like. This nicotine-and-alcohol-poisoned blood is causing "Racial Degeneration."

Hudson Maxim, the great inventor, declares:

"If all boys were taught to know that with every breath of cigarette smoke they inhale feeble-mindedness and exhale manhood; that they are tapping their arteries as surely, and letting their life's blood out as truly, as tho their veins and arteries were severed; and that the cigarette is a maker of invalids, criminals and fools—not men—it ought to restrain them. The yellow-finger stain is an emblem of deeper degradation and enslavement than the ball and chain." Hudson Maxim further states: "The numbers of our young men killed and the numbers injured by all the poisonous gases of the Germans will be far fewer than those who will be killed and injured by the poisonous gases of cigarette smoke which our hypersentimentality is inflicting upon them, while the after effects will be even worse. I do not for one minute mean to imply that cigarette smoke is as virulent a poison as the gases employed against our troops by the Germans, but I do mean that cigarette smoke will be responsible for lasting injury to many more of our men and be responsible for a larger number of deaths than the poisonous gases of the Germans, and I claim that the permanent effects of cigarette poison are even worse than the after-effects of the poison gases of the Germans, because while the Ger-

man gases affect the body, they do not, like the cigarette, impair the mind."

It is claimed: Take a smoker's old pipe; put a few drops of water in the bowl; let the water run thru the stem of the pipe, absorbing the nicotine; allow it to drop on a cat's tongue;—immediately the cat goes into convulsions and dies.

The Secret Damages of Alcohol and Tobacco are many and far-reaching. Thru the use of alcohol and tobacco the semen of man—"the life fluid"—loses its fecundating property, tends to poison and paralyze the generative organs of both sexes and often kills the seed which should be elaborated in the testicles. Testicles? The little witnesses of manhood, in the seminal reservoirs of man. Should not all men, young and old, be informed of the causes of this serious degeneration of their manhood, causes which greatly lessen the ability to give and receive that bliss which is the root of domestic happiness. It is a law of animal-economy that no part of the system can be stimulated or abused, without an expense or tax being placed on the remaining organs. The exhilaration or narcotizing of brain and nerve by the use of alcohol and tobacco are gained at the terrible cost of the loss of sexual powers.

The semen is not, as some imagine, a vile excretion, but is the purest and most vital-fluid of the body. In its healthy state it is rose-pearl in color. In re-generate man it is Purification Universale. The semen of man is the "Holy-Seed," the true "Oil of Gold," or Christed-Substance—the Primal-element in Al-chemy, and may be said to contain the soul of the husband. It is the Most Precious Elixir. The true woman longs to receive this Pure Fire-Stream from the inner life of Her Real-Mate, feeling a want, a hunger—the supreme climax—of earthly bliss supplied.

It is generally believed that because the impregnating germ given by the father-parent, is so very tiny and minute, said to be $1/8,000,000$ th part of the Embryo-baby, it matters not what its qualities or character may be. This *belief is contrary* to all the evidence of both vegetable and

animal kingdoms. The power of forces, or spiritual elements, are by no means measured by the physical size of their vehicle. What a man thinks, eats, drinks, smokes and breathes into his body is secreted in his blood. Certainly, Woman, in her Wonderful Laboratory, does much to chemicalize and modify the good or bad traits of her husband's—the father's seed. Nevertheless, the father furnishes a kind of underlying-foundation substances of character, which is impossible of erasement. Hence, in human-culture, as in agriculture, good seed is equally as important as good soil. Tobacco introduces rank poison into the system. The glands are peculiarly sympathetic with all other parts of the body, and all become poisoned, the testicle glands particularly, because of their peculiar sensitiveness. "Nicotine destroys the function of the inhibitory nerve that controls the heart action, also destroying the function of the brain-cells. The cellular tissue is saturated with nicotine appearing in forms of little stationary knots in the tissue, often producing a tobacco heart. The spermatozoa being so impressed with the predisposition to a condition, further producing a tobacco heart in Father's Offspring." It is well known that nursing mothers who work in tobacco factories lose nearly twice as many babies as other mothers.

The Physical Body Is A Chemical-Laboratory. The food we send into the stomach passes thru various changes in the al-chemic process of digestion: first becoming chyle, then blood, from which is secreted its most powerful principle by the generative organs—the human seed or semen. The nicotine poison not only corrupts the semen and injures its products, but leaves the deadly poison in the sexual-center of woman to be absorbed. Most sensitive and delicate is the mucous membrane of the vagina and womb. These organs are the tenderest of woman's body. The womb is the Holy of Holies—the Temple Of Divine Motherhood. All poisons of the male semen in contact with pure woman are both offensive and destructive. In turn, the wife draws in thru her absorptive-glands, the dangerously penetrative poisons into her entire cell-system; consequently her flesh throws off an odor as from an in-

ward taint of decay. Few are the women who are not tainted from birth, impregnated with alcohol and tobacco-poisons—reflecting them in her very face and every feature. Then husband wonders why ‘my wife doesn’t care for married life any more.’ Wonders if there is another man in her life? Wonders why she has so little desire, so little strength?

Liquor and tobacco poisons in man’s semen, when sent into woman’s vagina and womb, harden and paralyze the finer sensibilities of these organs, often causing ‘little ulcers,’ the polite name for cancer of the womb. The average time is two years for man and wife to live together until these organs become paralyzed. Yet the world wonders why so many divorces. Man who will smoke, chew and habitually-drink can not help thus poisoning Woman’s Life-Center.

Why do Doctors send so many wives away from their husbands? For a change—‘the fashionable rest cure’—Why? As a general rule we women do not know, or care to know much about physiology—whose eternal laws are so important in our evolution. We shut our ears and minds to reason, to Truth. It does not interest woman except one here and there. Women, en masse, are only interested in how short the latest skirt should be, how long the latest corset, and how much did Mrs. Jones’ limousine cost. Sacred authority teaches: The devil took Christ “up into an exceeding high mountain, and sheweth Him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them; And saith unto Him, All these things will I give Thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me. Then saith Jesus unto him, Get thee hence, Satan: for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve. Then the devil leaveth Him, and, behold, angels came and ministered unto Him.”

Woman refuses to come down to the actual facts of Life, consequently we suffer most. Woman does not seem to seek Inward Beauty and Truth. On the path leading to Spiritual-beauties, most of us have on smoked *glasses*, not a few fall off the cliff. Truth seldom is popu-

lar; it can never become so while old Satan reigns. "Fools are plentier than philosophers because there is more demand for them," they grow without watering. Then, too, declared Mark Twain: "It is a perfectly impolite thing to inject a fact into a conversation." Strange Creation!

If woman gets sick, she runs to the Doctor. The Doctor thinks as she is a 'female' she must be 'examined,'—generally a financial examination of her husband's pocket-book follows. "If I can examine her, I'll get her more under my influence"—a fatter fee. The next step is to submit to a fashionable operation, after which she is seldom well, often becoming a chronic sufferer—often unsexed.

Woman is ignorant of the laws which God gave her to live by. The big corrupt-powers like to have women without brains, preferring to have our "heads empty for the devil to dance in." Most of our medical men, ignorant or conscienceless, constricted in their narrow lines of commercial ethics, believing there are no higher ethics than their own, which demand the keeping of the mass-mind in ignorance, will probably laugh at these statements of facts, as utterly beyond their slow-growing-chemistry.

"What!"

"What does this mean?" we ask in a whisper of false modesty, pretentiously shocking the hypocrite—pleasing the Truth-seeker. Woman has not learned these vital lessons in spite of her long suffering and abuse. The closeted skeletons in family-life, are ever near, tho hidden away in ignorant secrecy, like ulcers destroying life or making it a thing of sorrow and black crime. These are problems for the human race, not problems to be solved alone in the closets of the profession, and then commercialized, but given out freely to the public. Real-Doctors are our teachers—Deliverers From Ignorance, taking their patients into their confidence, helping them to help themselves. One refers to these abuses as: "The secret ethics of a professional code that should have died a natural

death thousands of years ago,—these secret-ethics, the gist of which was forcibly expressed some years ago in the statement of one of the ultra-conservatives, ‘ ’Tis none of the public’s damned business what we do.’ ” Thus the proud, arrogant physician would keep the people in ignorance and compel them to accept—without understanding—all that the profession says is right. We need today as much as ever to follow the words of Benjamin Rush: “ Medical-Freedom is as important as Religious Freedom and should be as carefully guarded by the American People. ”

The fundamental-principle of the leading school of medicine is that the drug administered shall produce an evil effect that will fight the disease combated, and thus alleviate or cure it. Such doctors deal in Effects, not with the real Causes, of maladies. In other words, they cure us of one disease by giving us another. They have not yet—even after 2,000 years—grasped the significance of the important words of Plato: “ The great error of our day in the treatment of the human body, is that physicians separate the soul from the body. ” “ Medicine signifies the Truth Of Faith which preserves from falsities and evil. ” Evolution will force the medical profession to know the psychology—the occult facts—of medicine as well as the physiology of the body.

If a woman has one of these alcohol-tobacco men for a husband,—these semen-poisoners—rest assured she will be poisoned by conceiving and having a child to carry nine months. She will be poisoned and her child will be a “ transgressor from the womb. ” There is a world of truth in the saying of an old philosopher, Dr. Keith: “ Every alcohol-tobacco user is a thief, a swindler and a robber of the wife who bears the children for him, and is a swindler of the children who will be born into existence from seed generated in his nasty, poisoned, alcohol-tobacco-soaked testicles. ” After our babes are born there is no chance, physically, to change or make them over. *Wishing will not change our children, nor transform them*

into something different. Nature never inserts after birth. If the children of fathers and mothers were born right, there would never be another congenital cripple or idiot on earth.

Not long ago there stood a man in his office, idly rolling a cigarette, boasting—"I'm a man, I'm six feet, two inches tall and weigh one hundred and ninety-five pounds. I am a man." Eh! Hugeness alone is not enough to make a man, or the bull would outrun the hare, neither do "seven-tailors make a man."

The root-meaning of the word Man is Mind—"the Thinker,"—which distinguishes man from mere animal. As Truth gives stature and perfection, as impersonal-love gives grace and fragrance to the soul, so the quality, standard and stature of the Mind, Measures Man, not a foul-scented poisonous piece of beef, six feet two inches tall. As Watts said, when he was rebuked by a lady friend for his short stature:

"If I could reach from pole to pole
And grasp creation in my span
I must be measured by my soul—
The Mind Is The Standard Of The Man."

Innately, woman craves to suckle her own child; yet, intuitively, she must know it is wrong to bring forth in this corrupt-age; but she knows not why. "Woe to them that are with child in these days."

Are liquor and tobacco worth the price men pay for them? A billy-goat wouldn't smoke, chew or drink the stuff, making a smoke-stack and tank of himself. Sister, what man is fit to be the father of your child? My child? Is my soil fit? Is your soil fit? Where can Woman find good-seed, when 80 per cent. of men have contracted gonorrhoea, and are full of nicotine and alcoholic-poisons. If Woman does not want to be the Mother of degenerates, we must see that the fathers of our babes have a clean body and a clean ancestry. Can one blame the awakened woman for not bringing forth in this corrupt-age? As Hamlet exclaimed: "Get thee to a nunnery. Why would'st thou be a breeder of sinners?" The man,

too, of awakened-consciousness, will possibly say as did Von Humboldt: "I am not built to become the father of a family. Moreover, I consider marriage a sin, the begetting of children a crime." Are we not taught God chose the Holy Spirit to impregnate the Virgin Mary instead of man?

The Big-woman is the woman who realizes the disorder of the human-race and refuses to bear or suckle in this age. Her strongest urge is Universal-Motherhood, regenerating the human race, knowing the world is not what it should be, but the result of woman's past subjection—thru Ignorance and Fear—to man, giving birth to-the-past-sorrows-and-wickedness while in bondage.

Blessed is she who lives the re-generate life, the one who is the Impersonal-Mother—"the Great Elect"—the one who is big enough to forego and inwardly suffer the denial of the purest happiness of earth—that of being a physical-mother—knowing with what her physical-child has to be poisoned, if born into this corrupt-age, giving her unselfish life to suffering humanity.

Blessed is the woman who shall uplift and purify the race, working for unborn-generations. Many Divinely-conscious women refuse to reproduce, being now sub-consciously-conscious of having brought forth defectives in past earth-lives. No doubt many of us are elbowing with our grandchildren here on this earth-plane, peopled with unwelcome-children, the results of our ignorance in past-lives, refusing to bring forth in this corrupt incarnation, but spiritually preparing our Higher-Selves, for the bringing forth of the Christ-Child in some future re-incarnation.

Woman, under the Adamic-age, has never been allowed to Think, she has been taught she was a "female" animal for slaving and breeding-purposes-only,—made to replenish the earth by force of unwilling maternity,—a de-humanized, conquered slave,—constantly sacrificing herself in endless ways, risking her life, health and comfort to please an indifferent and unappreciative-man. Did you ever Think of this, Brother? Man, in this undeveloped-state, 'thinks' that a woman should submit 'to any old

thing' and ask no questions; that she should serve his selfish ends untiringly; do all "that the man wills," constantly yield her body to him; produce a human-being at intervals; do all kinds of drudge-work and take care of him between whiles. She is his brood-mare, his "Cow of plenty," yielding every physical desire to the "Cock-of-the-walk." All she knows is to stay 'home;' make a rice-pudding, and ignorantly grow unwanted-babies, violating All that makes marriage Sacred. Frederick the Great brutally expressed in a letter penned to Voltaire: "I consider men as a herd of deer in the deer-park of some great lord, having no other task but to populate the park."

A boastful grandfather said the other day: "I always like to have a young baby about. I wouldn't have a cow that wouldn't have a calf every year," thus putting his wife in the same class as his live-stock. Poor woman! sexed to death, on the merciless-cross of generation. Too busy bearing unwanted babies to have one silent moment really to Think anything out for herself! Is it any wonder woman is so stupid, "brainless" and mentally dead?

Woman—The High Priestess of God's Creation—The Womb-Temple. Of all the female-kingdom, woman is the most cruelly misused and abused.

Herbert Spencer declares:

"In the history of humanity as written, the saddest part concerns the treatment of women; and had we before us its unwritten-history we should find this part sadder still. I say the saddest part because, tho there have been many things more conspicuously dreadful—cannibalism, the torturing of prisoners, the sacrificing of victims to ghosts and gods—these have been occasional; whereas the brutal treatment of women has been universal and constant—almost beyond imagination."

We are taught: Man is the only animal who desecrates the Embryonic-Temple of the unborn except The Goat; and the God-taught Israelites showed their symbolic-conception of the goat by putting the sins of the people on

its head, sending him off into the wilderness as a "Vile Thing."

The moment a woman marries, all her goods and chattels, in fact, everything she possesses, becomes the property of her husband, for him to do with as he sees fit, she to be fed upon the crumbs of his charity as he thinks best.

"With all my worldly-goods, I thee endow."

Man endows woman with a commission to live with him, save his money, with no personal-interest in what he has while he lives. Man endows woman with "The choice between the key to a man's bedroom and the key of a cell in a Nunnery." Man endows women with a commission to breed and raise his children,—more often, the price of lust, than "children of the spirit,"—generally destroying her health and shape, making her charmless—valueless for any other man. She has served her day of usefulness; "turn the old mare out into the pasture" to graze and wait to die. As long as Woman is in lustful-generation, she is doomed to the yoke of man. Many good-looking, healthy-widows, meeting men in the business and social-world, could testify to these facts. Man's first question when he finds out a woman is widowed is: "Any children?" If her reply be: "No, Santa Claus never brought any," he at once pricks up his ears and Hope begins to work. Pray that every woman re-incarnates as "The Widow-Wise."

Man thinks Woman is to him as one-little-measly rib to his entire skeleton. The question of selfish man is, not whether Woman shall have advantages of the higher-culture—her freedom to express her individuality—but—"does she please me, suit my convenience, and add to my selfish enjoyment, for I am the one who pays for her food and clothes?"

A woman tells of her grandmother's incarceration in the Insane Asylum, having been put there by her husband, an Orthodox minister, she being the mother of six children and an unbeliever in the damnation of infants. Not believing in this doctrine, she refused to teach it in her Sunday-school class in her husband's church. For this

disbelief, he had her put in the insane asylum without a trial. She was, by his order, kept there for three years, half of that time confined with the raving maniacs. In that period she wrote books on the subject of Insane Asylums and eventually got herself released. Her books ultimately netted her \$50,000. She was the originator of the Bills passed in the Senate of her State that persons should be tried as to their sanity before being put away in an asylum.

Women, as a class, are today as defenseless as men were about 1,000 years ago, altho man's extravagant self-love and egotism will not permit him to acknowledge it. Woman's ignorance is a greater curse to the race than all the immorality of the world, for immorality could not exist were woman psychologically educated.

Men have made wonderful progress for men. They have worked and sought for self-power. They have ignored the rights of woman, the one who brings man into the world and helps him comfortably to pass out. He leaves her to shift for herself; to carry the big load up the hill after all his promises to her, after he consumes her youth, her health, and burdens her with abnormal-children.

Observe the white man, he shows a great devotion in public—"the street-angel"—taking woman by the elbow and aiding her up and down the promenades, disturbing her balance, pretending a manly devotion by offering attentions she is more graceful without. But, oh, at 'home,' he is the same old cave-man of a thousand years ago. A favorite remark of these belated cave-men: "What do women know about business and politics; I make the money, and I'm the Boss." A gentleman said the other day: "Haven't I heard Dad tell Ma when I was a boy—'You women have got no sense.' When little girls grow up, they feel, too, they've got no sense; early training from Dad."

The time is passing when "In Infancy, the father should guard her, in Youth, her husband, in Old Age, her children, for at no time is a Woman proper to be trusted with liberty." It might be wise for this brand of wise-

acres, who dislike the idea of mental and spiritual-culture for Woman; who fear she'll be something more than a prayer-book and darning-needle, a mouse-like kind of creature; these men so thoroly unconscious of their own smallness; so thoroly in love with their own self-importance that they dread the intellectual-woman, who makes them feel microscopic,—indeed it might behoove these anti-suffragists-men to begin to be companionable with their mothers, sisters, wives and daughters, and teach them 'political-economy.' In fact they might well consider all womankind. The time is fast coming when Woman will cast the deciding vote, putting and keeping man where he belongs. Men are fast losing their Trowel.

If, "men and women are natural enemies," as one says, being separated by Selfishness in man, Fear and Ignorance in woman, no doubt we were put upon this Karmic-cycle to chemicalize these sins by Love-Divine—thus becoming the Two-in-One.

Many of our big-souled men are proud to say: "I voted with my wife, daughter and son today; my whole family is interested in World-Democracy."

The number and the power of those who would treat women as rabbits or breeding-machines are diminishing. The number of those who realize that woman must, in this age, solve her problems, as men have solved their problems with the ballot, is fortunately increasing.

"It is an antiquated and withering idea that the only place for woman is in the home; that dish-washing, bed-making, and getting meals is her regular vocation; and maternity her avocation; that she is fit for nothing else and ought to be satisfied with that as her portion. The new evolution will unfold an absolute equality of opportunity for boys and girls, and for fairness and freedom in the walks of life to men and women alike. Where women have the opportunity to study and practice they prove their ability to achieve as well as men. They work out their own salvation from the near-slavery of dependence. They acquire both fame and fortune as well as

their brothers. Nowhere on earth is there more co-education and co-operation for both sexes than in California. Our laws and our customs are modifying, giving a fairer chance to womankind. The growing generation will have many advantages which the passing generation lacked. Examples of success of our glorious California women, our 'civic wide-awakers' as illustrations, will be an inspiration to all young women and food for pride among women, young or old. What California women have done in art and science, in law and letters, in business and politics, and in every domain which they have entered, stands as proof of greater things possible to be done by virtue of widened opportunities."

A great place is waiting in history for the

First Nation Of Women,—

women that shall grow unto Truth and dare the World to Educate and Enforce Justice and Righteous dealings as the foundation of National-Existence. No nation, no church, no state is at present strong enough in Truth to live and enforce Justice, altho they all, more or less, profess to be Christian. Plain to be seen in the continual Warring of Nations, that Christendom,—the organized churches, combined with capitalism—is frankly based on world self-interest and not in God.

With wide-open-eyes, let us sanely look over the world today. Do we not see the forces of evil, the forces of good, lining up for the greatest battle this world has ever seen, the battle that calls forth the highest type of Spiritual-manhood, of Spiritual-Womanhood. This battle will call upon those who have no fears, those to whom Life is eternal and indestructible, and if they are true to "the inner voice" the victory is won.

Continual warring of selfishness reaps for the human race only a bitter heritage of revenge—sowing a Black Karma to again dig up the hatchet, reaping more Black Karma.

The Human Race Is a Unit. Unity of Brotherhood, Unity of God. We are all one big family. Scripturally

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taught—we are all hereditary criminals, born in sin, shaped in iniquity, inheriting a legacy of racial crime. By Father Adam's disobedience, sin passed upon his entire race. This legacy in our hearts has been out on compound interest until it has grown and consumed us in powerful sin. But we are all alike—made with the same hopes, fears, the same vices, virtues, the same passions, good and evil, the same joys, sorrows, and the same mis-givings,—One Same Humanity! The only difference between any of our human-brothers and sisters lies in the fact that each is in his own stage of growth, each in his own evolutionary school-class.

We, the people of the United States, call ourselves a Democracy.

Democracy means a rule by or of the people—Unity.

The discovery of America, the history of the United States, are unfolding to mankind that the direct result was to make both Man and Woman Free!

America, the country carrying the Lighted Torch of Liberty to the Nations Of The World—the country of Freedom. Freedom of thought, freedom of speech, of press, of person, freedom from despotic rule! Free in one's religious opinions, manifesting the True Principle Within!

"Mankind since the Adamic-age has believed that the male was superior to the female, and the female has accepted the position without protest. At one time in the world's history she was considered only as a chattel. When the United States was born as a nation there was also a Birth given in national form to the principle of Sex Equality. The principle is embodied in these words of the constitution: 'All men are created equal.' The term 'men' is a contradiction if it does not include women. In that declaration the human mind responded affirmatively to the Deific command, 'Let us make man in our image.'"

America, the Birth-place of Woman's Freedom!

Let us not forget it was a woman, when man faltered

and quibbled and failed, who plucked the jewels from her bosom and with their proceeds, aided Columbus to Find America—The New-World. "To the generous decision of a female mind, we owe the discovery of America," declared Belknap. To woman is due many of the new-issues tending to make man free.

Some one has said:

"The Constitution of the United States is an almost Infinitely higher ideal of Human-Liberty and Justice than was the Mosaic Code."

"With the discovery of the Western Continent and the birth of the United States, there disappeared further necessities for withholding the truth from mankind. It is not difficult to see why the church and the secret-orders should lose their virtue. We have but to consider the Selfishness, Fear and Ignorance of Mankind to receive an answer. Spiritual, as well as material-progress, moves in cycles and waves. Centuries of time are required in many instances for the return and fruition of a single-law. It was necessary that spirituality sink to its lowest-ebb that it should rise to the highest-pinnacle in another direction. The pendulum of Truth, Fraternity and Virtue is swinging toward the other extreme. Truth regarding Nature's Karmic-laws,—those laws of man's own salvation is being slowly, but surely revealed to him. It may cost the lives and existence of nations, but the Law of the Lord is perfect and Will be fulfilled.

The sacred trust and power confided to the church and fraternities have been shamefully abused; under pretense of giving religion and knowledge, the people have been intentionally misled; but Nature will right all her wrongs.

Previous to the establishment of the United States, there was no country where man could worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. All public learning and knowledge were colored and twisted to suit the purposes of the politician and priest. The politician, working thru Fraternal orders, determined the destiny of the nation. His chief ally has ever been the people's spiritual adviser. Indeed, these two have always worked

hand in hand; not, indeed, for the dissemination of Truth, but to conceal it. They knew full well that when wisdom and virtue filled office and directed the affairs of man, they would be forced to Abdicate. Knowing their claims to virtue and knowledge were false, they would not and could not unmask themselves. Not having the Truth, they could not reveal it. The office and power of politician and priest depended upon the ignorance and credulity of the people; hence, to keep the people in ignorance, substitute knowledge was given. It was the work of the Priest or so-called spiritual-teacher to keep the People in Ignorance, while the Politician levied assessments, collected taxes and administered affairs of government. Of course, governmental-affairs were administered first in the interest of the politician, and then the church. Between these two the people have been prevented from knowing the Truth. If, by the operations of the Laws of God and the universe, a soul should be born which knew the Truth and had the courage to express it, they cried with One voice: 'Crucify him, crucify him!' Whenever a soul has ventured into the realm of Truth and has dared to make known his discoveries, the earth seemingly has opened and swallowed him."

A clever woman has writ: "Officially the title of our country is The United States of America, which vibrates to the pivotal number of the soul, the free vibration of 9 in the Trinity of Body, Soul and Spirit, the country where free expression in its highest form should come forth into objective-life. The soul-home for all classes of people, who flock to our shores with limited and unlimited development."

Evolution is unfolding from "us," for US, to U. S. We are a people who are growing unto the law of equality. Evolution is compelling America to Take Her Place among the powers of this dark planet-world as Peace-Maker. Evolution is unfolding in the peoples of the "United States Of The World" the unconscious dreams and hopes of the hidden-meaning of the "United States Of Mind"—the Golden-Age.

America is the Blessed Land of the Coming New-Race,

—especially so is Southern California, said by many to be The Garden of the New Golden-Age. While America is a new country, peopled with child-like souls, yet, it has also been said, the race is not made up entirely of new souls. Many of the oldest and most advanced souls; souls as old as Time, experienced in many, many past incarnations; souls with the secret-wisdoms of the past, extracting from each the superior part in which it transcends the others; Oriental-souls that have lived in all other parts of the Old World; emancipated-souls; souls free from misery; souls sent out in the days of Atlantis, who are continually seeking re-birth in occidental environment, have been re-birthed in glorious-America, the country of undiscovered, sleeping forces, the country full of elemental and astral-forces that as yet man dreams not of.

Some controlling and directing power, with its mighty vibrations, is now afloat in our earth, moving upon the heaven-kissed organism of Woman, inspiring her onward, upward, into every vocation of human-activity. What is it? From whence comes this mighty-wave—this inspiration of Woman? For “the Lord hath created a new thing in the earth. A Woman shall compass a man.”

Government is the perfecting of the human-family,—Organized-Wisdom. “Government only exists for the good of the governed.” Under the Divine-Law Woman is the Natural-ruler. The work of true-religion and regeneration in the future will come thru the Federated-Woman.

The First-Step in the new-evolution of woman, is the fact that Each Woman must stand For All Women. All Women for Each Woman, the Esoteric Masonic-Sisterhood of Woman—the “lost-wisdom.” A free-masonry as it were, woman unfolding unto that sanity and wisdom, which come from thinking and working together, understanding each other—naked soul to naked soul—having a silent-speech together—even as two men of understanding. The firm, close, solid-federation of woman, the Unity Of Will, in the meaning of Christian-Democracy

among Woman, is the Secret-Power that will bring about the Heaven-World.

Woman is the Soul of the Race.

Thru her re-generate unfoldment only, can the race journey back from protoplasm to God be made; never thru her lower sex-tricks of selfishness, jealousy, envy, hatred and curiosity. These sins are the worms of darkness. These sins are the hiss of the serpent—the common-enemies of woman—making her accursed in her lower-sex—"the She-Scorpion"—a species of sex-maniac. Jealousy, envy and curiosity generate and throw out a poison, poisoning the elixir of Life, a warning to all who know, consuming all that is pure and Holy in Woman. Not until woman conquers the lower-self, until she ceases living in self, forgetting personalities, becoming clear-visioned and living in the Heart of Humanity, will "the Key" be Placed In Woman's Hand.

Evolution is unfolding in American-Woman an order of wisdom unlike anything yet reached by humanity; an awakening unto the guiding force of Divine Motherhood: women fearless and willing to face existing facts; women worthy to continue the race; women fit to be mothers of Gods and Goddesses. Let us Pray American-Woman, the Descendant Of All the Peoples Of The Earth, shall be the First-Nation Of Women, rising from the Ashes of Bondage, becoming Clothed in Spiritual-Unity, out-growing creeds and political parties; shall become the first nation of women who shall give up our worldly desires, our social toys,—as we are scripturally taught, "the giving up of our whoredom—the worshipping of our false gods," and choosing as Mary did—"that good part, which shall not be taken away from her," turning our faces heavenward; seeking Spiritual Freedom; paying off our Black Karma, and becoming Freed Souls. Otherwise, if we heed not the Solidarity of the Human Race, we shall, as a nation, be dashed to pieces as a kitchen-maid doth dash in pieces a broken glass.

American-Woman shall be the First Nation Of Women, "the Light Bearers," carrying the banner of Love, Truth and Wisdom—the Universal-Flag—dethroning

Nationalism, carrying the Flag of One Humanity—of World Democracy—the United Humanity Of The Races.

If there is One Thing that Woman Should Control In Life, it is Motherhood, Motherhood in Freedom. "Oh, God! Give me freedom. I am sick of all bondage." Give woman freedom or else the race dies out. Freedom of thot, freedom of activity, freedom in Truth!—the only thing worth living for.

Freedom in Truth, not license, is woman's Holy-state, the highest reward bestowed upon Spiritual-Culture. True, freedom comes to us only as we master the lower-self. No one is free who does not control self. "He is the Freeman whom the Truth Makes Free!" No woman can say she is free who cannot choose the father of her own child; when and how she wants her child. The Whole Cause lies buried in the Dense Ignorance Of Woman. The whole adjustment and betterment, relief and evolution, lie in woman's claiming her God-given inheritance. "Until woman is emancipated, the earth will remain a Hell," says one of America's greatest savants. Not alone freedom from the intellectual and moral decline of woman, from the prostitution of woman in shop and factory, in public courts, in the 'chamber of justice;' not alone thru men granting woman the ballot, is the emancipation of woman affected, but in and thru the Home, the family—the marriage-bed—by giving woman the full right to control and conserve her Life-forces. Woman must be freed as the sensual object of man—her debauching-lord.

Woman, under the man-rule age, is merely a parasite, securing her food and clothes by flattering man, feeding upon the body of man. Yet, Woman is the Saver of the Home and Nation, she carries their fate in the secret folds of her mantle. If the World is Ever Re-constructed, it Must Come Thru Awakened-Woman.

It isn't a lot of Rabbits and Rats we need to have running about, but a few Lions and Lionesses roaming about.

Stop the cry for more babies! Instead, demand fewer babies, and better babies. What the world most needs now is Quality, not Quantity. The Race-Question is not the low-one of how many children are born; but how well they are pre-natally bred and born, largely depending upon a general psychological knowledge of Life—Womanhood—Motherhood. The psychological training of youth preparatory to parenthood is far more important than all the after-training of the child by the Blundering Baby-Makers—called Parents.

“ I Am A Woman Free.

Singing the song of joy,
Strong and radiant-limbed,
I advance toward the work which waits for me,
The joyful work out in my Home—the world;
And toward the man who is my mate.
Oh I am strong and magnetic—
I have not wasted myself in sensuality;
And equally strong and magnetic
Is the man who is my mate.

For the glory of Motherhood
I have conserved my strength.
And for the glory of Fatherhood
He has conserved his strength.
I have passed by the lovers
Who passionately called to me in the name of love,
But whose lips were only hot with lust.
I have remained true to my own soul
And to the souls which are enfolded within me.
And no man shall mingle his body with mine
Who is not pure.

I am the Free-Woman,
No longer a slave to man,
Or anything in all the universe—
Not even to myself.
I am the free-woman.
I hold and seek that which is mine:
Strength is mine and purity;
World-work and cosmic-love;
The glory and the joy of Motherhood.

I am not strong and clean for myself alone,
But for All people;
My work and my love are for All people;
And I shall not be the mother of one child,
But of All children—
For I myself am the daughter
Of All women and men."

Ruth Le Prade.

The nation which teaches the farmer how to breed and take care of the new-born pig, should psychologically school the child in the science of sex—the Mother-Father Principle, pre-natal culture, the highest human office and responsibility in Life—constantly producing an advanced type of humanity and a more and more perfect social-condition. The quality of human parenthood is far more important than merely supplying the seed and furnishing a physical organism for the mysterious in-dwelling of the embryo-baby.

We are a fallen race. Sex is in disorder, few if any from the high ground of mental-substance, are fitted to be parents. "What child hath not reason to weep over its parents?" Until we grow to the high ideal of marriage; until the whole mind is charged with the consciousness of the sacredness of Bridal-Love; we remain a fallen race. We must grow back into the lost innocence, lost reverence for the body—Divine-Motherhood. Man-Woman needs to be purified before bringing forth. Corrupt wombs are a poor soil for the coming generations. The mental state of mortals must greatly unfold to advance the human-race. The fundamental conduct of marriage is Spiritual-unity.

If the re-generation of a higher human species is absolutely necessary to reach the ideal, then physical co-habitation can only be permitted for the purpose of physical offspring. The embryo-baby must be kept mentally pure and the nine-months have the Holiness of Virginity.

When the new-evolution of marriage is reached, the whole problem of Life is solved. The problem of sex-love belongs to woman's kingdom. She is Supreme in this realm. She will direct man's comings and goings.

She will lead, he will follow—in the Divine-order of Life.

The animal has a divine instinct that prevents it degrading its sex life; the animal, in this regard, is far superior to "fallen man,"—who in his sex-life exists only by a furious appetite void of wisdom and love.

Man in this age lusts after woman, therefore, he does not hold her everlastingly in the arms of his protection as he would delight to do if he were in the ideal state. Man is an octave higher than the animal. He should be in a higher state of mating than the animal. He should move in the realm of angelic idealities, radiant joys and devotions. Man should be in a higher consciousness; but he has let go of the Higher-world of duty and beauty and has sunken into the carnal-plane, prostituting his soul. "Sex on this planet is a thing so monstrous that no words can convey its hideous proportions." The degradation of sex, the loss of all sense of the sacredness of sex, this is the root, the supreme evil of the world. The right of every coming child to be born of physically, mentally and spiritually developed-parents, that its existence be a blessing to itself and society, should be the highest purpose of the Home, our educational system and government. Which is more valuable to society, good animals or goodly bred human-beings? In cattle, dogs and poultry exhibitions, specimens are the results of careful mating and breeding. How vastly more important is pre-natal child-culture. We are over-populated with a cargo of semi-idiots running at large, scape-goats of legalized adultery conceived under the bonds of marriage. The world today has far too many unwanted, and unloved-children. The nation, and the successful individual in it, owe duties to the children as well as do their physical-parents.

There are many sociological and economic-reasons for limiting the birth-rate in this age of high-cost of living and the struggle for existence. We, the People as a unit, Have in our Power the Making of a Better World. We are co-workers with the forces of Nature. We can, by Understanding The Law, assist Nature, or we can hold it back. What shall we do?

When we look around and see the swarms of degener-

ate human beings, we are sickened unto disgust and pity with the Ignorance of Parenthood. To be a mere breeding machine, with no forethought of quality, will never improve the race. It is a crime to bear unwanted children, only to have their little lives starved out in infancy, because their mothers, while carrying them, are unnourished, forced to work in the factories or mills, many unable to nurse them or buy them pure-milk. Think of the neglected mothers of the neglected 21,000 suckling-babies who are put in the day-nurseries every week-day in our big cities, while their drudging, nursing mothers go out and slave for something to eat, to keep soul and body together. Think of the enslaved mentality that the child nurses thru its mother's milk; the Quality of Human-Beings the Present Economic System is Producing. Somewhere—There Is Something Wrong.

"Evolution works thru nutriment. It is dependent on the food supply. Insufficiency or impurity of food arrests development. If the mother's milk is poisonous, her babe becomes syphilitic or psoric or scorbutic: all its life it is hunted by the wolves of disease. Men whose greatness is assured in bodily-vigor come from mothers of a nobler-type; they grow up as calves of the stall, not as starvelings of the moors." Is it not true that 85 per cent. of the underworld come from poor families? And that 10,000 feeble-minded girls live in prostitution in New York?

Woman does not want babies born into the world under such criminal conditions. Woman is not a mere breeding-machine, a human-rabbit, and she doesn't propose to be treated as such forever. It is not "Drafted-Motherhood," it is not Quantity we need, but Quality. This is the First Consideration. "We are going to have the right kind of life born, we are going to take care of it when it is born," says Caroline French Benton.

A Mother's standard is measured, not by the number of children she has borne, but by the Quality of the children, the discipline and culture she has given them. We continually hear: "The rich woman should be 'made' to have children." Why should she be made to have an unwanted-child any more than any other woman? Be-

cause she is contracted to a rich man? Under the present economic system the average woman is taught from childhood 'to trap' the best money-catch she can; then why carry and pre-natally mark and bring forth another unloved-child under the immoral-system? Woman must be economically free and independent of man, state and church to redeem the race. "There is but One Hope. Science must make woman the Owner, the Mistress of Herself. This is the Solution of the Whole Question."

There is nothing in experience to support the theory that quantity in birth-rate is a sign of prosperity and progress to a nation. Science teaches the higher the intelligence of a people the lower will be their birth rate. Quantity, or over-population, breeds confusion, disasters, and forces Bloody-Wars. "It is quite understandable that Generals on horse-back who need more 'cannon fodder,' and 'Captains of Industry' who need child-labor, should preach the theory of large families and keep the Masses In Dense Ignorance, but why other intelligent people, whose eyes are open to conditions in this wicked age, should continue to do so, is a mystery, with our criminal child-labor, our prisons, reformatories and bread-lines filled to overflowing."

Declares Professor Thomas Nixon Carver, of Harvard University:

"Foxes think large families among the rabbits highly commendable. Employers who want large supplies of cheap labor; priests who want large numbers of parishioners; military-leaders who want plenty of cheap food for gun-powder; and politicians who want plenty of voters;—all agree in commending large families and rapid multiplication among the poor classes." *

Is it not high-time that we should rather aim at a scientific preventative than an increase of the birth-rate? "All the arms-bearing professional soldiers belong to the working class the world over, and when they are called to go to war they are asked to murder one another in the interest of the rich." 'Tis the rich man's war, the poor man's fight. "The blood of the soldier maketh the glory of the General."

* From *Essays in Social Justice*.

Is not longevity more frequent in countries of low birth-rate? The higher-type of animal up to the human produces only few or one at birth. Quality not Quantity should be our Pride. A couple had better have two superior children than thirteen half-made degenerate ones.

Does not the Lioness say, in answer to the boast of the bitch-fox as to the number of young in her litter compared with that of the Lioness: "Yes, but look, Behold what I have done, My Young are Lions!"

Research in long-lost knowledge has revealed secrets which fully show that Woman was Originally and Naturally the Primal-Priest On Earth in the social, political and religious schemes as well as Ruler in the Home. She was as free as the Lioness, and a Lioness is never dictated to, nor browbeaten by her mate. He never hands her the leavings after he has been satisfied. Since man has begun to own and traffic in Woman, repress and suppress her, conditions have produced the frightful racial deterioration that now exists.

Study the Lion, the King of Beasts, a majestic-animal of great interest and curiosity. He is always yielding to the judgment of his mate, always eager to do her bidding—as a lover before the "magic words" are pronounced; as the cupid courts the Virgin! Study his movements, the male-lion has no "Rights," he has 'privileges' only. If he needs discipline, he gets what's due him—gracefully accepting it. If he ever attempts to presume that he can force or demand, he is instantly reminded of his mission here on earth. The reason for this is—the Divine-plan teaches the Lioness that her Body is Sacred—that it feeds her young, that it is the instrument thru which the maternal instinct comes—the Only Hope of continuing Lionhood. She knows this and it gives her a strength, a pride, that makes her Unconquerable. The male-lion can be frightened by a mouse; but be cautious how you toy with the Mother of lions; not even an elephant pauses to chop logic with a Lioness; she, too, never stops to reason. She Already Knows. She is kind-hearted and affectionate until wronged and imposed upon; then she flings herself like a cyclone upon her enemy, no matter how dangerous

he may be. She is the keeper of her race. The female in the animal-world is Mistress Of Her Family And Body, because she is not dependent upon the male for her maintenance; therefore, she can bring forth her young uncontaminated and of high quality.

As All Womanhood was once the Supreme Worship in Nature, so it Must Be again. The man who has enslaved his wife can produce only pre-destined slaves as children. How can a Slave-Woman give birth to a Free Man? The coming man-woman will refuse to breed human-chattels. Being over-populated now with inferior-offspring, does it not seem that the time is fast coming when the earth will have more human weaklings than it can justly care for? See the vast numbers of the consumptive, scrofulous, insane, idiotic, blind, deaf and dumb; the paupers, generating swarms of paupers, begging at every front and back door; filling the bread- and soup-house lines; the criminal and highwaymen, accidentally re-producing new broods of their kind. Such offspring is the unwelcome-accident of lust, begotten when the parents should have been asleep, naturally the child is born tired and world-weary to start life with. "If government knew how, I should like to see it check, not multiply, the population," said Ralph Waldo Emerson.

We spend millions annually on our "defectives," criminals, jails, hospitals, which could be saved by a constructive plan, establishing special departments in all our schools and colleges in the psychological-training of youth for Parenthood and protection of Motherhood. A statistician states that crime costs the United States \$6,000,000,000 a year, or three times the cost of Our National Government, an average of \$60 for each man, woman and child. Alas, the soul-filth of these corrupted-wombs! Their begettall has taken place in the dark of the Moon, giving them neither a sound body nor a clean mind, "Children of transgression and a seed of falsehood,"—the great "multitude born in vain." A clear visioned woman says: "If reproduction were the sole purpose of woman, Nature has certainly wasted time."

Motherhood should be woman's problem—a matter of

personal decision. It is her's and Her's Only to say If she bear a child. Every woman has the inalienable-right to say when, how, and by whom she shall have her children, and she is the One who alone has the right to determine the number of her children. This implies psychological knowledge. Yet church and state combine to deny it to her. Monstrous! If She Has Not the right to this knowledge—WHO HAS? She needs no advice from either the parasitical-priesthood or Judge on the bench.

Mary Teats says: "May the great God forgive those who would prostitute the holy and sacred office of motherhood to the low level of merchandise by offering medals or rewards for large families. Such a procedure is an insult to every true woman. No woman, worthy the name of Mother, in the highest sense of that sacred word, but would scorn to accept a 'medal' no matter what its intrinsic value, for the privilege, and it is a privilege under the right conditions of wearing the priceless diadem of motherhood."

Teach all married people a scientific preventative, until they develop Will-Power. Will-power, thru the wisdom of the law of re-generation, is the only God-appointed-method of controlling the number of children. Thus, bringing only children of desire and love into the world—dismissing the Abortionist-Broker. Until man-woman learns the law of Self-mastery or Sex-Control—Birth-Control,—until we learn the blessedness of Life Re-generated,—rising up in Conscious Mastery of the lower-self, putting the Moon under our feet, becoming clothed in the Sun, we will remain in the wilderness. "Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin; for his seed remaineth in him."

Criminals and suicides are often the result of a mother's attempt at self-abortion. The mass-mind should be taught that pre-natal influence is a very important part of child-bearing. Men and women are bred and born either honest or criminals. Both father and mother are morally responsible for what their children become. The expectant mother who tries pre-natal murder or self-abortion without success, brings forth a murderer or suicide. She trans-

mits to the foetus in development the spirit of murder. Her offspring cannot help it. One cannot beat out of the body what is born of the spirit. When woman attempts self-abortion she is deliberately ordering, Willing that her child shall be a murderer or a suicide. This is the psychological law. It must be so. In these cases, "What a Woman Wills, God Wills." Not alone is woman to blame; more often it is the fault of the human-brute, who calls himself man, husband. The average woman is often the passive instrument in man's hands. When the 'love act,' or a child, is not desired by Woman, it is the most outrageous violation of the marriage-bed for man to compel woman's obedience, thus prostituting her finer and holier sensibilities,—all the marriage certificates on earth to the contrary. We cannot prevent the birds from flying above our heads; but we can prevent them from building nests in our hair. May it not be possible that the sexual-embrace, indulged in midway of woman's lunar period—her periodic soul-season—is primarily an expression of magnetic attraction, a soul-blending, and that children should come only as desired by both parents?

It is claimed there are 250,000 abortions performed annually in the United States; that there are 15,000 deaths of women from abortions, in spite of a possible penalty of years in the State Prison for the Abortionist Broker.

Daughter, Diantha, never run the risk of conception except you be physically, mentally and spiritually-prepared. If you don't want corn, dear, don't plant corn. Allow no man to plant a seed in your matrix and expect you to uproot it. If you feel you have outgrown physical-motherhood, seek your life-companionship with the re-generate man, preferably the widower. No woman has a right to marry a bachelor, disappoint and leave him unsatisfied by not bearing him child. The egotism of the man-bachelor, inwardly-cries for the reproduction of self and must see himself copied sometime, somewhere, somehow. The man who has never experienced marriage, birth and death has never fully lived. As a rule he is cold, his heart is as a mechanical blood-pump.

WHAT WOMAN WILLS—GOD WILLS 387

" I want no callow youth in mine
Whose love is easily sprained;
I prefer a man who's in his prime.
Some woman's coached until he's fine—
Give me the man who's trained! "

The ideal-husband is the widower who has personally suffered in these three individual experiences, building into his character patience and tenderness, which he bestows upon the second wife as an expression of the repentance he secretly feels for the mistakes he made in his first marriage.

UNSATISFIED.

" The bird flies home to its young;
The flower folds its leaves about an opening bud;
And in my neighbor's house there is the cry of a child;
I close my window that I need not hear.

She is mine and she is very beautiful;
And in her heart there is no evil thought.
There is even love in her heart,
Love of life, love of joy, love of fair world
And love of me (or love of my love for her);
Yet she will never consent to bear me a child.
And when I speak of it, she weeps;
Always she weeps, saying:
' Do I not bring joy enough into your life?
Are you not satisfied with me and my love
As I am satisfied with you?
Never would I urge you to some great peril
To please my whim; yet ever so you urge me;
Urge me to risk my happiness, yea life itself,
So lightly do you hold me.' And then she weeps,
Always she weeps until I kiss away her tears
And soothe her with sweet lies, saying I am content.
Then she goes singing through the house like some bright bird,
Preening her wings, making herself all beautiful,
Perching upon my knee and pecking at my lips
With little kisses. So again Love's ship
Goes sailing forth upon a portless sea
From nowhere into nowhere; and it takes
Or brings no cargoes to enrich the world.

The years

Are passing by us. We will yet be old
Who now are young. And all the man in me

Cries for the reproduction of myself
 Through her I love. Why? Love and youth like ours
 Could populate with gods and goddesses
 This great green earth, and give the race new types
 Were it made fruitful. Often I can see,
 As in a vision, desolate old age
 And loneliness descending on us two,
 And nowhere in the world, nowhere beyond the earth,
 Fruit of my loins and of her womb to feed
 Our hungry hearts. To me it seems
 More sorrowful than sitting by small graves
 And wetting sad-eyed pansies with our tears.

The bird flies home to its young;
 The flower folds its leaves about an opening bud;
 And in my neighbor's house there is the cry of a child;
 I close my window that I need not hear."

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

"Man in begetting a child without regard to the wishes and conditions of his wife, heedless of the physical well being of his offspring, commits the Greatest Outrage any human being can perpetrate on another." Balzac says: "He who begins with his wife by a rape is a Lost Man." It is claimed that whom a woman blesses or curses when her Moon is on her, stays blessed or cursed until that same moon removes it. This is one of the silent powers of woman. When will man learn?

Woman Holds the Reins Of the World In Her Hands, if she but knew how to use them. She is Ruler of the Creative World and is master of every organ of her body. Every part of her body is responsive to soul-power. The same law which impregnates woman can be used to prevent impregnation, thru polarizing the Will, for the most precious elixir of human generation has another use to perform than that of mere physical impregnation.

We are taught that the human-Will, next to Love, is the most powerful-inherent-quality of immortal-man. Fixed Will is the tap-root of all magical powers, the only avenue to the deep secrets of Life. Just as we choose thru

Will to close or open our eyes, bladder, bowels, hands, lips; so we can in time, thru practice, control the muscles of the womb. Woman! Woman! Learn to control The Nine Gates Of The Sacred-Temple. Our internal organs are most vital to our health and happiness; we pay little or no attention to them and they could be made as responsive to our Will as our hands and feet. We must first learn that Mind governs the body, without Mind, the body is a lifeless clod. Our powers come from Within. Any muscle can be called into action by power of Mind and Will. The muscles are instruments used for handling the Life-forces. Yet, there is a Higher-power beyond these, which is a Mystical-Gift Peculiar to Woman's Higher or Al-chemical Nature, which, by consecration and prayerful thot, Woman Re-generate, will come to know. Some day woman will grow and set free her Will-Power and when she sees fit to keep her womb closed, no other power in earth or heaven, but Her Own, can defeat her Will. We were born to master Nature, not follow it.

Woman's Will Is Creative—the Absoluteness, both in the seen and unseen worlds. When Woman becomes a Conscious Creator, nothing can come between her and her Divine Creator. She will have the power to create whatever she Wills, al-chemically-preparing her own special matrix for the Divine incarnation, projecting Gods and Goddesses, Spiritualizing the World. In the words of Dr. A. S. Raleigh: "This tremendous power of the awakened woman is dimly sensed by man, and for that reason he does all in his power to keep her in bondage to the family life, knowing full well that when she is awakened and knows how to use her Will, he is as clay in the Potter's hands before her."

The highest human attainment woman can reach is the understanding of her soul-power. "Know Thy Self,"—the golden-maxim of the ancient Greeks. When you know self, you know all. Govern yourself, then you may rule a kingdom and unfold the God in your mate, thus re-discovering the Oriental Secret which is the Golden-secret of the Divine-Marriage, that lies hidden in Woman's

Treasure-Trove, the God-given power, To or Not To. This Golden-Secret every woman would know if her intuitions were not so dulled by external-things. It rests alone upon the Divine Responsibility of woman to stop the generation of evil and death by learning The Law. As Nature perfects, she orders Quality, not Quantity. Evolution will force the human-race to respect this law.

Doesn't the world's census show 100,000,000 babies born a year, of which one-half, 50,000,000, are abnormally doomed to premature and agonizing death?

Over 4,000,000 a month?

About 140,000 a day?

Little less than 6,000 an hour?

Little less than 100 a Minute?

Man has allowed thousands of babies to die by the social system he has created; 300,000 babies die from poverty every year in the United States. Many of them never see their first birthday. Why? Who or what killed them?

Our cities, our highways, are crowded with half-made deformed men, women and children, undesirable characters. Why?

Our hospitals, insane asylums are jammed full of the demented and idiotic. Why?

Our jails, penitentiaries, poor-farms and other penal institutions are full to overflowing. Why?

Our graveyards are full of short graves. Why? Why? WHY? Somewhere—There Is Something Wrong.

As long as woman is satisfied to spawn these little brats, the tragedy of peopling the earth with degenerate humanity will continue, so long the world will never be conscious of the possibilities of human life,—conscious of the Love-Child, the Divine Projection.

" Come Forth, O God! Though great thy thought and good
In shaping woman for true Motherhood,
Lord, speak again; she has Not understood.

The centuries pass; the cycles roll along—
The earth is peopled with a mighty throng;
Yet men are fighting and the world goes wrong.

Lord speak again ere yet it be too late;
Unloved, unwanted souls come through earth's gate;
The unborn child is given a dower of hate.

The world progresses in all ways save One
In Motherhood for which it was begun,—
Lord, Lord, behold how little has been done!

Children are spawned like fishes in the sand,
With Ignorance and crime they fill the land,
Lord speak again, till mothers understand.

True Motherhood is not alone to breed
The human race; it is to know and heed
Its Holiest purpose and its highest need.

Lord speak again, so woman shall be stirred
With the full meaning of that mighty word,
True Motherhood. She has Not rightly heard."

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

The unborn Christ is waiting in the unseen ante-room of Life. Endless Egos of Power, Love and Wisdom are waiting to find the holy-channel thru which to re-incarnate, waiting for the spiritually-prepared Woman to conceive and bring them forth, as Saviours of the Race. All women should be ready to be the Virgin-Mother;—but because of our Black Karma these blessed and blessing egos are denied the gift of life.

Wasn't it Solomon, who, tho he possessed secret and occult powers that have bewildered many of the world's greatest thinkers—who, tho he possessed one thousand wives and concubines, was yet unable to find among these chosen physically beautiful women One Woman, "the Woman"—his counterpart—who was consciously and spiritually prepared to bring forth a Christ-Child to bless humanity and glorify him? Alas, as woman was then so is she now, unprepared, unspiritual, indifferent to Her High Calling. Yet she is not alone to blame. Under the man-rule age woman's mental enlightenment has been retarded; she is not consciously awakened to the God-given promises made to her in the beginning. Solomon—like most men—was eventually led "astray from the fold"—to seek new pastures—by strange women, with whom he

transgressed the law. It is he of whom it was recorded: "Thou didst bow thy loins unto women, and by thy body was brought into subjection. Thou didst stain thy honor, and pollute thy seed; so that thou broughtest wrath upon thy children, and wast grieved for thy folly."

When women learn The Law, that the defects of men will be re-produced in their children, that men of immoral thots and habits can only re-produce degenerates, they will refuse to marry such. A new-born babe should be as lively as a chick; think, walk, talk and sing at birth. We are told that Noah talked at birth; that Zoroaster sang divinely. Every cell, every part of the man and woman should be conscious-spirit,—the flesh, bones, blood, brain, mind and soul should be spirit—because Spirit is God, All in All. What else could woman produce but godlike children, if she were a goddess?

The obstruction is in the body; the body and soul are separated. The physical organs and faculties should be one instrument attuned for the transmitting of the Divine Spirit. But in this age because our souls do not properly ripen, our physical forms early decay. Woman grows older sooner and quicker than man, because, being sentimental, yet vital, ignorant rather than intellectual, decay steals in and consumes her. Woman has been kept in ignorance of the wisdom secrets governing immortality—the One-secret of universal or Immortal-Love, which gives Immortal Youth. For universal or impersonal-love is life, and Life is Love and Beauty. Never can woman have immortal-youth until she becomes conscious spirit and lives in Universal-Love. The Beauty Ego must unfold from Within. Christ promised us a Golden-Time when these secret-mysteries would be revealed, saying: "These things have I spoken to you in parables, but the time cometh when I shall no more speak unto you in parables, but I shall show you plainly of the Father." "For nothing is secret that shall not be made manifest; neither anything hid that shall not be known and come abroad."

The perfect human being is the three-fold life, a perfect triangle; mentally, physically and spiritually-complete. *From each of these three-fold planes woman must work*

to grow these Beauty effects—mind discipline, body training, and soul-culture.

The mental woman must continually search for knowledge that she may escape the lesser, lower-self, to the larger, Higher-Self. The Physical body is the abode of the spirit, and woman should keep it well nourished and groomed, using at all times her best common sense and scientific skill to preserve the Sacred-Temple, by changing her thots and habits, by transforming herself into a radiant, mental and physical personality. We get old by sticking to old ways, thinking old thots, and living in the past. Thus the golden-secret of Eternal Beauty is the woman well poised in the three-fold life; conscious spirit living in universal-love, which is One with the Eternal Now. The Everlasting Now is the only Eternity we will ever know. "On the great clock of time there is but one word—Now."

Diana of Poitiers, the wondrous, the most beautiful and learned-woman, the enchantress, the bewitching widow of eternal-youth, seems to have known the Golden-Secret. It is said that at the age of 67 she was so beautiful that the most insensible person could not gaze upon her without emotion. In the divine-order of life this world goes on until man becomes Immortal. Only thru the sexual-mystery—the Bridal Mystery—is man Immortal. In all Nature, each growing plant, flower and tree is more beautiful than the other. Since it was God's plan to make beautiful this earth-paradise for the visible eye, improving in all His succeeding works, surely His design, to accord with His evolutionary-law, must be to make man-woman perfect in His own image and likeness.

Ugliness in woman is a crime. Woman owes it to herself, the world and all she is, to be both physically and spiritually-beautiful. It is her primal-duty. There is a wonderful power in the face of a spiritually-beautiful woman, which inspires and stimulates human efforts. Every woman should be a beauty-mirror, to the eyes of her Home-coming mate. Observe how a child studies and admires its beautiful mother—a rare exception—to it she is a joy forever. Johnnie says to Tommy: "I wish

my mother was pretty like your mother. " There Is Only One Psychological Sin In The World—That Every Woman Is Not Born A Goddess.

Imagine the earth one garden of Eden—as in the Golden-Age; every woman lovely in all her embodiment of intense spiritual-beauty and freedom, so charged with the Divine-inflow, that her aura is a vivid radiation of Divine Fire. Our dear old grandmothers, could they have attained a spiritual-consciousness, at One with their physical-beauty, would have charmed the world with a transcendent revelation of woman's mystical-state, bringing forth only Gods and Goddesses. While this has not yet come to pass here on earth, we are led by the law of evolutionary-logic to look forward to it, as the condition into which Woman will evolve unto the Golden-Age.

This body is the Home of the spirit. The spirit is the soul of the body. Mystic-rapture must come down into our every-day labor. The mystic-rapture must not make us neglect clothes-washing, pot-cleaning, garden-digging. In doing these things we are helping to make the world clean, useful, beautiful,—developing the Higher. We cannot separate mystic-rapture from pot-cleaning. Unfortunately, now we separate pot-cleaning from mystic-rapture. Be ye balanced. Our business in the world is to materialize the spiritual, to spiritualize the material. Christ spiritualized His material body and presented it to His companions at the breakfast banquet. As we go up into the spiritual, we must descend into the material; as we descend into the material, we must ascend into the spiritual. The higher the branches of the tree go into the blue sky, the stronger must be the roots in the earth.

The greatest mistake of the world is that we live the half-life. The material live only on the sensual-plane, forgetting the stars above, whereas the mere-mystic lives in the higher realms—"up in the Big Dipper"—forgetting to come down, forgetting the good, green earth under *his feet*. Most of us crawl out on a limb of a tree and *cut the limb off*. Both are lopsided. The teeter-board

must balance. Temperance is the quality that masters the soul. Temperance is the Universal Charm String running thru all Nature.

Yes, boys smoke and drink for the same reason that little girls dress up in their mother's long skirts and pretty clothes; that is, to imitate their supposed superiors—father and mother. Children are imitators. Therefore, if we women ever expect to have clean children, we must be mentally clean ourselves and demand of our mates mental, spiritual, and bodily-cleanliness, before we will make them Fathers. Woman must say: "I will not be responsible for bringing more degenerates into this wicked world, reproducing for a man who is not fit to be the father of My Child." No hope for a better race until women wake-up. What good are we women to humanity if we don't uplift and purify our husbands and sons?

The American boy of today is our sweetheart-husband and Father of tomorrow. The man who is addicted to liquor and tobacco is so infected and poisoned that his finer-sense of smell for the most wonderful and thrilling of all odors, earth's most delicious perfume—the female aura—the sexual perfume,—is absolutely destroyed.

Odors belong to most things, the index to their different conditions. Sexual states have their different odors, each fruit and flower its own. We know flowers with their essential oils and aromas are sweet-smelling. Their flowering-process is their sexual intercourse. It is not flowers alone that send forth an aura. This is only one among millions of illustrations that all sexual states breathe out corresponding odors. All kingdoms,—animal, vegetable and mineral,—have an odor peculiar to each. In all animals this odor is very strong, making known their whereabouts and 'sexual desires.' The beautiful doe wherever she roams, leaves a faint fragrance, clinging to the dead leaves, far too faint for the human-nose to scent, yet strong enough for the majestic buck to pursue.

There is a collective aura peculiar to villages, cities, nations, shops, factories, homes, which may be felt as well as smelled. A similar aura is felt among trees, rocks, gems, tho in all these cases it is less powerful than that of the personal-aura of man, especially of woman, which is the private and transportable property of her peculiar self. The aura of woman's body is as great as is the mystery of her soul.

Aura, dear, is the finest invisible essence or fluid—the electro vital fluid—that flows forth continually from both human and animal bodies and even things.

Aura, in its transliterated form, means the spokes of a wheel,—radiating life-shoots from the center. The center, quality, and color of our aura is our mind—Thot-force—an electro mental-magnet, the radiance of which permeates and envelopes the body, thrown out like heat from fire. The action of the mind creates and throws around us the color of our mental atmosphere.

Auras and atmospheres are generated from Within, never from without. As one says: "We may compare a person's aura to a spider's web, rather than to any purchasable article of clothing. The aura is really spun out of the body of him who generates it; out of the inner-body rather than the outer, as truly as the silk-worm evolves the silk, and the spider the floating, filmy cobweb." This aura is sexed as much as voice, form, face, walk, posture, making the odor of each sex strangely fascinating to the opposite sex when both are in sexual health. When the mind is pure and clean, the body is in a state of healthy, normal function; the natural perfume of the flesh is refined, delicate, penetrating, and ethereal.

Observe! the sex-starved woman carries an offensive odor, the male reprobate a terrible stench. Every person gives out an individual aura; no two persons have the same scent; the healthier the mind, the more distinct, yet subtle and sweet, the aura. Every thot and action colors and shapes our aura. A woman of intense and vital personalities—one who does not dissipate her forces,—with that purity of atmosphere, of unfolded spiritual-charm, free from mental and physical taint, gives out and radi-

ates a powerful, magnetic and purple-aura. She is an Infinite channel—the inflow—thru which she draws the sweetest flavors from life,—as the warmth of the Sun draws from the hidden chemistries the sexual-perfumes from the growing plants,—as the honey-bee extracts the honey sweet from life's blossoms. Sweeter than the costliest colognes, French and other aromatics,—extracting the best of everything—is Woman Divine. With the purple-aura unfolded woman possesses the mystical-power of magical-healing. These holy-powers are her "materia medica." Her love-aura fills the room—all space. All become immersed in the indescribable fragrance of her spiritual purity and sex-blend—'the bouquet of the wine.' Her very presence and touch are like healing balm, constantly radiating strength and vitality on those who come within her atmosphere. "And when she had passed, 'twas like the ceasing of exquisite music."

Wasn't it Count Peter who, while at the ball, became enraptured with Princess Helena's aura, and suddenly decided to marry her? The world-of-clean-men scent and feed upon this heavenly fragrance, as a ripe and moving power in humanity. Let Woman return to the cultivation of her human flower-garden, that the love-thots of man may be re-born to blend with hers in delightful bouquet. We are great-workshops-of-The-Chemist-Universale, giving off in magnetism what we inwardly are, attracting and repelling, choosing our friends, making our enemies. When will woman, man, grow to understand the value of these eternal laws? Sex-wisdom,—what it means, what it brings? The lost-art of the human-race! The Stone the Builders Rejected, must sooner or later become the head of the corner, the Fairest Among Ten Thousand, the Altogether-Lovely.

"Mother, Santa Claus brought Richard a gun and a cannon, and a whole lot of soldiers in red and blue, he didn't bring me any. Why didn't he, mother?"

Many wonder why so many children are crazy for war toys. For years Santa has been bringing whole troops of toy soldiers in uniform to children who have thus been taught to play soldiers and learn to kill human beings when they grow up. These thot-impressions of war—gendered, strange to say, by what should be, and is certainly intended to be a love-gift on the part of the parent, thus handed down from parent to child, are deeply impressed on the immortal-mind, the eternal register of man and are there to stay, becoming part of the character. These impressions work as maggots in the blood, giving evil, diseased form to thot and purpose.

Thotless women, who call themselves Mothers, delight in making soldiers of their young sons, implanting a military spirit in their minds. One of these mothers became highly enraged when a stranger objected to her young son walking up to her, on the Fourth of July, with a toy-gun in his hand and thrusting it in her face. As the stranger gently objected, she angrily exclaimed: "Go ahead, son, don't let anybody keep you from being a man." Father teaches son to fight, "Jump on him, William, lick him, or I'll lick you when you get home." Then we wonder why we have war. All these warlike thots are like trumpets, awakening these imps that slumber in the breast of the child. They come forth and grow, soaking the world in human-blood. All these toys poison the child's mind with war-like auto-suggestion, for What? For "Patriotism." "National Jealousies," "Our National Honor," "Patriotic Politicians," "My Country, right or wrong." These symbolic sentiments are beautiful and soul-inspiring when esoterically understood, transmuted and lived, but as exoterically regarded and lived in this unexplained, but pre-determined, brutal age, are the fruitage of a narrow-minded hatred of other peoples and countries, a mind poisoned with a false, patriotic braggadocio, made selfish and cruel by geographical boundaries.

"A patriot is a fool in every age," says Alexander Pope. "O Patriotism, how many crimes are committed in thy name."

Patriotism, like all manifested life, is dual in its creation.

Exoteric-patriotism and murder are but two words meaning the same thing—the anti-Christ doctrine—the work of Satan. “I love my country and hate all others,” as demonstrated by Alexander the Great, Napoleon, the Kaiser Wilhelm, and all supporters of aggressive militarism.

Esoteric-patriotism means love my country.

“Love?”

“My country?”

Love is universal and knows no country, no divisibility.

“The world is my country, to do good is my religion,” declared the great world-lover, Thomas Paine. Yes, the world is my country, to do good is my Life-work, losing personal-self in Universal-Self.

Real or esoteric-patriotism is not “our country”—America—or any special earth-spot. While it includes “our country,” it includes All mankind in “my country”—Universal-Self.

In the fine analysis, Real or esoteric-patriotism is, in the words of Fenelon: “I prefer my family to myself, my city to my family, my country to my city, and mankind to my country.”

The esoteric-discovery, birth and history of the United States of America is only the chosen symbol or earth-spot wherein mankind first discovered—in this “iron age”—the Christ principle within Self—the principle of Universal-Brotherhood or Christian-Democracy, the Infinite Principle, that the soul of the world is now fighting for—“With malice towards none, with charity for all.”

For the first time in history, our president, Woodrow Wilson, as the head of a nation, has dared enunciate the esoteric-principle of patriotism, or Universal-Brotherhood. By reason of this principle he stood first in the hearts of every nation and during his faithfulness to this principle, he will remain the world-leader,—the Man Amalgamate. While it cannot be denied that many Americans, for political aggression, urged our participation in the world-war, many who are now openly crying the loudest for

Democracy are secretly in favor of world-autocracy, by invisibly controlling the value of world-money, by invisibly controlling the credits and industrial systems of the world. Yet it is equally true that the great potential-urge in the aroused soul of the nation responded to the Divine call of World-Democracy—the principle for which America, her discovery and constitutional laws stand for. A nation whose men were willing to go forth, their lives in their hands, to fight, not for aggression, not for money, but, for a Righteous Cause, for World-Liberty, to help free Germany from her obsession, to free the war-cursed nations of Europe, as well as the smaller nations, they who for countless centuries have been so cruelly and mercilessly oppressed. Hence race-pride, with its iron-fetters,—that sinful thot which has kept alive the selfish jealousy of nations, that has caused all of the bloody wars of history—should we not condemn and limit rather than guard and multiply?

“ We give our children drums to beat
 Before they stand upon their feet;
 We give them swords and soldiers gay,
 And at the game of war they play.
 We bend the twig of humankind,
 Yet marvel if the tree's inclined.”

Legislate war-toys out of existence. Breed children who shall be constructive soldiers; sons that shall be taught how to think constructive thots, to walk properly, to inhale, exhale, breathe and live helpful, universal thots, instead of man-made government-trained man-slayers. By all means let them be taught to work, to obey their superiors, to be disciplined and temperate in all things; trained in the psychological power of constructive thot-force—The Brotherhood Of Mankind.

What makes War?

What causes its spread? Its continuous growth? Listen to the “inner-voice.” It answers: “Because of the over-indulgence of the physical-man and its generation.” Because of a world as yet—on the whole—so blinded by lust for selfish power and gold and soaked in selfish indulgence! This is the day for self-examination, if not already too late. As long as women conceive children in

lust, envy and hate; children born and educated in an atmosphere of relentless greed; nursed upon mother's milk poisoned by envy-breeding thots; educated to enter the conscientiousless race for financial gain; taught to believe in the superior value of worldly-things; lured to think war-thots from babyhood by the gift of Christmas war-toys; hypnotized with the idea that the killing of their brothers in war, is a glorified sport; to fight for the War-Gods, the "All-Highest;" taught to settle their disputes with lead-and-iron, filling the world with cripples, widows, and orphans; worshipping at the shrine of Mars instead of God, we shall continue to have Wars and Bigger Wars.

The present day watch-word is "GET THE DOLLAR NO MATTER HOW YOU GET IT." Says Professor Edward A. Ross, writing upon this subject: "Warfare has become a capitalistic enterprise and fighting a skilled occupation. The men of Mars set the pace for the rest of the world—the present prospect is one of the blackest humanity has ever faced." *

In the words of Dr. John Haynes Holmes:

"War is in open and utter violation of Christianity. If war is right, then Christianity is wrong, false, a lie. If Christianity is right, then war is wrong, false, a lie. The God revealed by Jesus, and by every spiritual leader of the race, is no God of battles. He lifts no sword—He asks no sacrifice of human blood. His spirit is love, His rule is peace, His method of persuasion is forgiveness. His law, as interpreted and promulgated by the Nazarene, is 'love one another,' 'resist not evil with evil,' 'forgive seventy times seven,' 'overcome evil with good,' 'love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you.' Such a God and such a law, others may reconcile with war, if they can. I cannot; and what I cannot do, I will not profess to do. But I must go farther—I must speak not only of war in general, but of this war in particular. Most persons are quite ready to agree, especially in the piping times of peace, that war is wrong. But let a war cloud no bigger than a man's hand appear on the horizon of the nation's life, and they straightway begin to qualify their judg-

* From "War as a Determiner," Vol. 10 (1915), Publications of America Sociological Society.

ment; and if the war cloud grows until it covers all the heavens, they finally reverse it.

In its ultimate causes, this war is the natural product of our Unchristian Civilization. Its armed men are grown from the dragon's teeth of secret diplomacy, imperialistic ambition, dynastic pride, greedy commercialism, economic exploitation at home and abroad. In the sowing of these teeth, America has had her part; and it is therefore only proper, perhaps, that she should have her part also in the reaping of the dreadful Harvest. In its more immediate causes, this war is the direct result of unwarrantable, cruel, but none the less inevitable interferences with our commercial relations with one group of the belligerents. Our participation in the war, therefore, like the war itself, is political and economic, not ethical, in its character. Any honor, dignity, or beauty which there may be in our impending action, is to be found in the impulses, pure and undefiled, which are actuating many patriotic hearts to-day, and not at all in the real facts of the situation. The war itself is wrong. Its prosecution will be a crime. There is not a question raised, an issue involved, a cause at stake, which is worth the life of one blue-jacket on the sea or one khaki-coat in the trenches. "

Under these dark-forces of the blood-sucking leeches of war, men are too low to live. Karmically, the universal war is cleansing and purifying un-regenerated man. Man has tried every thing crooked on the calendar, if he knew anything else he would try it. Satan is the God of this planet-world. This world is the enemy of Christ. It was said of the French Revolution, " France got drunk on blood to vomit crime. "

This planet-world has gone war-mad by " the spirits of devils. "

This planet-world is known as one of selfishness and sin.

The history of this "iron-age" is one long record of bloody-wars.

" Upon this planet-world the people know how to take life, but have no conception of how to give Life. Every human being here is a murderer at heart; for he believes in death, not only to his fellow animals, but to himself, *as well!* "

" *If I should ask you to give life to a rabbit you would*

be powerless; but on the other hand should I ask you to take its life a score of methods would occur to you at once."

"What right has man to take what he cannot give?"

It is time a new note of righteousness was struck.

Will nothing but suffering teach and purify man?

Will nothing but the baptism of bloody-wars re-awaken the God-man?

When man gets as corrupt as he is now, the law of Karma re-acts, steps in with war to keep down the over-indulgence of the lustful-man, all because of the selfishness of mankind, the sin-shame of the race.

War-makers are murderers.

Murder is the same before the Law—God,—whether it be done to a nation or to a man, by a nation, or by an individual.

Life Is The Supreme Gift.

Man shall not take what he cannot give. By no man shall man's blood be shed. Vengeance is mine, saith the Lords Of Karma.

The day has come when the ripeness of corruption is upon the people and upon the land. The coming of Truth is now dawning upon the world. The stupid sensualism of the political and worldly-powers, the brutal ignorance of the masses,—“man's inhumanity to man,”—must yield to God's Karmic law. We have been taught, in these days and nights of war-horror—the world judgment—to forsake our wickedness and seek righteousness. The prophets foretold that it should come suddenly and unlooked-for upon all the earth; that the Lord would shake the world as a city is shaken by an earthquake; that men would fall down upon their knees and pray for mountains to fall upon them.

“Then said Jesus unto them, Nation shall rise against Nation and kingdom against kingdom, and there shall be famine and pestilence and earthquakes (symbolical revolution) in divers places. All these are the beginning of sorrow.” In fact, that everything false and selfish, in the social, financial, religious and political-world, shall be shaken, tested, tried, “weighed in the balances,” and only

those things shall remain which are in harmony with the Divine-Law, or Universal-Self.

Again, men will hide themselves in holes and caves of the earth, as the earth will shake and tremble with their sins, causing a rain-fire of chemical-change, upon the man-form of the earth that doeth evil. "He taketh the wise in their own craftiness." Rivers, with a mighty roar, will leave their beds and fall thru parched crevices in the earth; mountains will become as plains; while suffering and death will go thru the land; wild beasts will go roaring madly thru the wilderness in search of peace.

"The tongue of the suckling child cleaveth to the roof of his mouth for thirst: the young children ask for bread, and no man breaketh it unto them. The sword is without and the famine within; he that is in the field, shall die with the sword; and he that is in the city, famine and pestilence shall devour him, for all hands shall be feeble and all knees shall be weak as water."

The law of Karma is just in all its dealings; those—whether individuals or nations—who have selfishly lived; the wicked and unfit for the survival, will, by this chemical rain-fire, become as a sprinkle of dust. Those who have unselfishly lived the Universal-Self—the fulfilling of the law for the purpose of a preparatory readiness—keeping their golden-lamps filled and burning—will be preserved by the same Karmic-law which destroys; will, by the rain-fire of chemical change, become purified in proportion to each soul's evolution.

Why should you, Why should I, fear "the end of the world?"

What is there to live for in this present-day-evil-world? This man-made world—where crime-filled men sit in earth's loftiest places? This is the state of mind of millions who agonizingly ask the question,—this is what a corrupt so-called Christian Church has brought the present-day thinker. "Two hundred thousand professed ministers of God and of Christ are standing before the world today telling the legends of the Dark-Ages and seeking

to hinder the people from coming to a knowledge of the Truth, meanwhile receiving the people's money and reverence. Does not such hypocrisy, such blasphemy against God, such deception of the people, such keeping of them in darkness, deserve a great punishment, and is it not nigh?"

Yes, in this present-day-evil-world it would be a joy to pass out in this chemical-fire, to free our soul of this corrupt earth-bound body.

Fire.

Fire! All hail to the fire! the purest of all the elements! The Symbol of Purity.

O, Thou Great Angel of the Eternal Fire, we hail Thee.

O, Spirit of the Eternal Fire, we hail thy presence! The glories of thy splendor are ever manifest in the Mighty Suns that burn forever in the firmament. Thou hast lifted the mighty continents of earth for our abode. Thou has raised the waters of the deep that they might go forth and caress the land with gentle showers. Thou has lighted our lives thru the dark pilgrimage of earth. Thou has pierced the dark clouds that enshrouded us and tempered the North Winds, bringing us warmth and sunshine. Thou has consumed the deadly poisons which lurk in the shadows of earth's darkest abodes. Thou art the Candles upon the Altars of our Temples, leading us to Pure thots, pure deeds, pure lives and loftier aspirations. May the Spirit of Eternal-Truth forever burn within our hearts, a deathless flame, which shall be a constant light unto our feet, and a purification unto our souls.

All reverence to the Fire, the Holy-Fire.

Agni, the God of Fire. The Blessed Fire that separates the out-grown earth-body from the soul, setting it free, that it may quickly go forth unto larger duties, larger problems, larger lives, on, on to Self-Perfection.

"Cremation!" One of the most comforting facts.

Cremation was Nature's method from the creation of the world. The dead remained in the air and Sun, and these purifiers of God soon scattered the ashes to re-fertilize the earth. Today—owing to the congested condition of our cities, artificial cremation is observed.

Does it not seem wrong to waste acres and acres of our useful land upon graveyards for the storing of dead bodies? From one end of the country to the other we see endless acres of cemeteries staring us in the face—suggesting all kinds of gloomy thots. When a reasoning being looks on these sights, they suggest an unspoken comment—"What a senseless custom,"—a useless waste of earth's intended purpose. The very thot of being placed away in the cold, damp, dark earth, with tons of heavy immovable earth bearing you down, lying there flat on your back, with all kinds of worms working thru, breaking and eating to pieces the slowly decaying flesh, stripping the skeleton clean, while our living loved ones continually visit, sit near, and mourn over our tombs and graves, is certainly too horrible to think of,—a relic of the darkest days of ignorance. Some one has said: "Cemeteries are vast storehouses and nurseries of disease, and as the magnet attracts the ore, so they, like lodestones, draw the living to eternal companionship with the dead." Then again, the uncomfortable imagination of one in deep sorrow,—to be awakened in the night by strong winds, thunder, and lightning, and a pouring rain-storm, with the thot of our loved-ones buried in the cold, dark earth,—is almost unbearable. Were it possible to preserve and make imperishable the face and form of our loved ones, there would be some sense and sentiment in erecting these suggestive tombs of sorrow in which to place our dead.

Then again, the Wise-Ones of ancient time warn us of the premature burial, cremation and embalming—the putting away of our loved-ones by these different methods, before three and a half days after suspended animation or real physical-death has taken place—before the "silver cord" is broken naturally, which frees the spirit or individual-ego from the physical-body, when it goes on with *its Higher-life*. These different post mortem disposals of

the physical-body are all felt by the in-dwelling spirit before the "silver cord" has broken naturally. Is there any truth "that a person is really and not apparently dead except when the beginning of a certain stage of putrefaction sets in?"

Again we see moneyed-kings and people have themselves embalmed, buried in coffins of metal, set in solid blocks of concrete, trying to cheat Nature of her fertilizer. But Nature never worries; she gets her fertilizer in time. The metal disappears and the concrete crumbles, while She patiently waits. The phosphates and the nitrogen, the lime and the other fertilizing qualities that compose the human-body, go back to the bosom of Mother-Earth for the nourishment of the plants.

Many nations in the past,—many individuals of today,—believe that cremation is the cleanest, most pleasant to contemplate, and therefore the most desirable method of reducing the body to the elements of which it is composed. No, not even by burning the body can we cheat Nature or Mother-Earth of the fertilizing power that our bodies represent, for the smoke, the flame and ashes go back into the air and soil, and the plants absorb them. The nitrogen goes into the air, but the clover and the alfalfa have the power to take the nitrogen and bring it back to earth; in turn, the Honey-Bee works and hives the honey out of the sweet clover, for the re-building of the human-body.

Since "dust to dust" is the final of the lower principles of man—the end of the cast-off physical garment—the body, the deserted tenement-house, the process of the swift and purifying element—Fire—cremation, seems the logical means to that end. That the ashes may be returned to the realm of use—Mother-Earth,—that they may be scattered over lawns, flower-gardens, fields of growing grain. That they may soon re-appear as parts of the millions of beautiful flowers; parts of vegetables; parts of the pure air and parts of all the elements of earth from which they originally come, and, in time, be used by Nature again for the formation of new human-bodies. How much better, wiser, cleaner is this, than being self-ishly locked away in tombs, embalmed in an idle attempt

to save from decay the human-instrument which has finished its purpose, has accomplished the mission here on earth for which it was organized as a human-form. When we learn the story of what happened to the body of Roger Williams—eaten up, flesh, bone, hair, teeth, skeleton and all by an apple-tree—it will teach us the uselessness of trying to cheat Mother-Nature by our childish, not to say idiotic, burial-customs. Cremation is the only sane and sanitary process of disposing of dead-bodies, human or animal; just as it is the only sane method of disposing of garbage. Then, too, our loved ones seem, thru the process of the purification by fire, much less 'dead,' much more spiritual—the soul separated and risen from the germ-laden body—than those whose bodies lie buried in the earth.

There are those whose comfort is their belief in the resurrection of the individual body, who oppose cremation, because it might make resurrection impossible. But nothing is impossible to the All-Powerful. It would be no more difficult to collect John Brown and his various atoms from the atmosphere to which the fire has sent him, than to collect the same John Brown from the area of soil thruout which the worms and the plants have scattered him.

Dean Hodges of the Episcopal Theologic Schools says: "Cremation is in accordance with true religion, especially in two particulars: it agrees with the right idea of the resurrection of the body and it symbolizes the supremacy of the soul."

Nothing is lost in Nature. Matter and Force are indestructible. Science proves that. The Spirit of man which controls force and acts upon matter is also indestructible, common sense proves that. Yet—this is a Big and dear-old world with plenty of plans—with a chance for everyone to believe what he likes, think what he likes, and do pretty nearly as he likes—as he allows others to believe, think and do. Why should differences in religion and politics make men and women hate each other? We shall gradually outgrow sectarianism and bigotry, *transmuting our differences of opinion into universal-tolerance*

and universal-acceptance. "As the many streams have their sources in different places, all roll down, crooked or straight, and at last flow and mingle their water into the sea, so, all the various creeds and religions which men take thru different stand-points or tendencies, various tho they appear, crooked or straight, All Lead To Thee."

Let those who wish it, choose the Immaculate Fire which consumes and purifies the deadly poisons that linger in our cast-away bodies. Let those who like to think that daisies and sweet violets will grow out of their graves and the song-birds twitter where they lie 'sleeping' also have their way.

One writer has aptly and comfortably expressed it:

WHERE YOUR BODY CAME FROM

"Let It Be Scattered as It Was Gathered.

Did you ever think about the construction of the body which you inhabit? Did it ever occur to you that your shoulders and hands and chest and legs and lungs are made of contributions from widely different parts of the earth? Your brain, a wonderful complex machine, the seat of thot and of the Will, is packed away in darkness in the bony skull. The heart, working forever, pumps the blood that feeds the brain and makes possible its work. The eyes, with the aid of the nerves that perceive light, guide you. The ears, with the nerves that interpret sound-waves tell their story. Like a central operator with a million wires leading to him, your INDIVIDUALITY, a wonderful mystery without form, matter or name, sits in your brain guiding the body. Where did the body come from?

Part of it came from potatoes grown on Long Island, and part of it from spices grown in Ceylon.

In your nerves there is the extract of tea leaves gathered by a Chinese girl on the other side of the world. Your blood is purified and made red by the wind that blew across the Rocky Mountains only a few hours ago. That current of oxygen has helped build up your strength.

A month ago an ox was eating grass in Texas.

Many millions of years ago the pollen of huge fern trees was falling to the earth in the carboniferous era and making coal.

Today part of the backbone of the ox from Texas with

the meat attached is laid on the fire of coal made by those fern trees, and the Texas ox and the fern pollen combined help to build up your body. That same body is three-quarters water, and of that water part was once the Pacific Ocean, part, perhaps, was drunk up by a whale before it reached it, and part floated in clouds over the Southern Sea.

That is enough of detail regarding the construction of your body. Your own imagination can carry the picture as far as it will—to the fisherman catching your sardines in the North and the dark man gathering your oranges in the South or your dates in some oasis. We want to suggest this idea to you: Since the body is gathered from all parts of the world, from all corners of our little speck of the material universe, should it not be scattered, at death, as it was gathered during life? Is not the disposition of the body by fire far better than the hideous-burial in the earth? The body that fire consumes goes back to Nature, instantly reduced to its original elements. Is not such disposition of the body more in accord with Nature's laws and with greater respect for the dead than our present custom? Would it not be pleasanter to think that One we cared for had gone back to the air, with only a handful of ashes remaining, than to think of the dark, close, lonesome grave far below the sunlight, clogging and uselessly occupying part of the earth, which should be devoted to growth and cheerfulness?"

Yes, we are forced to ask ourselves—What is there to live for in this Present-Day-Wicked-World of constant strife and bloody-wars?

Would that every Woman on the face of this planet-world had the wisdom of the gods to close up her womb to the seed of the wicked, close it up for twenty-five years, become self-barren, putting the "Moon under her feet, becoming clothed in the Sun," refusing to bring forth any more "cannon-fodder" for the selfish powers and for lust, until she grows unto the understanding of Divine Motherhood, bringing forth Only Love-Children—the greatest blessing that could come to any age.

The biggest indictment against our 'civilization' is the fact that Woman—the Womb Of Man—is not sacredly

recognized, but is placed low in the social scale where oft she has to sell her body for a mere existence. The One who surrenders herself to continue the race, the One who perpetuates man's name, the One who suffers the pains of childbirth, the One who dies that man may live, is treated as a mere chattel, instead of being recognized as the most Sacred Manifestation of Nature—the Divine-Mother, thru which alone, the "hidden mystery of generation, the wondrous secret of propagated life is committed to the trust of Woman."

Woman is that part of humanity upon which the great labor, care and burden of re-production of the race is placed. Yes, and evolution will place in her hands the opportunity to escape from the crime-making powers, from the corrupt, adulterous husband. Woman! pray for these God-given powers to keep woman's body a Holy-Temple for its Divine-human uses, over which as Priestess, She Alone Possesses Control.

Is it any wonder thinking women are beginning to rebel against child-bearing? Too long we have patiently borne this unequal, unjust affliction. Why should God penalize Woman from birth, laying the over-load and long-suffering upon the 'weaker sex,' instead of upon man, the 'stronger?'

Why not have man birth the first child, woman the second? Then four in number—husband, wife, daughter, son—our families guaranteed would be. Hardly out of childhood into sweet girlhood, before this life-long humiliation is forced upon Woman, physically exhausting her, tormenting her young brain, crushing her youthful spirits and filling her with horrible dread of more woe to come. It is a pretty bit of poetry from a man—the Psalmist—the joyful song of the Bridegroom coming, "rejoicing out of his chamber." But how like a man to forget that the woman who gives herself unto his keeping at the marriage-altar may be receiving her death-sentence when she hears the words that declare them man and wife. Great does she love, little does he analyze. "A loving woman finds heaven or hell on the day she becomes a bride." If she safely bears a child to her husband, she is but as one

whose sentence has been reprieved for a time, for what assurance has she that this death-sentence may not be carried out in her next child. And there is still another form in which this death-sentence may come. She may find it full upon the child of whom she is safely delivered. Think of the mothers of those who are executed as criminals, sent to prison as forgers, burglars and the like! Did not these mothers suffer the death-sentence to all that was sweet and beautiful in their lives? From the cradle to the grave, the days of child-bearing woman are but rounds of sadness of mind, torture of body; travail with child; tortured with dreads that she may never live to see the face of the babe for whose sake her labor in child-birth is borne. Let us put a stop to this criminality!

As in effect, says one of the protecting woman characters in Coulson Kernahan's "A World Without A Child: "

"Wives we will be, if so it pleases us, but mothers we will be no more. We, too, are human beings with a soul, body and feelings. We, too, no less than man have our individual-lives to live and to build. Too long we have been robbed of our individuality. We have other vocations, larger and nobler to follow, than the breeding of more Unwelcome-Children at the will of man and a Corrupt System.

Of the two who are responsible for the coming of a child, one,—and that one the strong and sturdy, goes free,—while the pain and long-suffering in their entirety are imposed upon patient woman, delicate of frame and exquisitely sensitive to pain of body and fear of mind. If God, as men assert, be responsible for all of this and for more than this,—for if it happens that a child be born out of wedlock,—once again it is the woman who suffers; once again the man goes free; while it is upon woman under the man-made laws who haply is more sinned against than sinning, that the direct and most cruel consequences fall. If God, as men declare, wills all of this, is it not high-time that Woman dethrone in her heart the unjust Judge and Dishonest Apportioneer of Life's Good and Evil, either refusing to believe in a God at all, *or setting up in His stead a Just God, One of her Own to Worship?*"

Man-made Bibles and Religions interpreted by Priestcraft, teach that the means of peopling the earth is maculate or impure, insulting the mother who gave us birth. They libel the sex shamefully and cast discredit on the methods of the Creator. Says the Bible, as quoted in the New England Primer in the long-ago days when women were tied to the tail of a cart and publicly whipped in Massachusetts, for some petty offense: "In sin did my mother conceive me." Has motherhood ever had any other view in the eyes of Bible teaching? Is it not high-time we prohibit the peopling of the earth, with the impure child: conceived and born in iniquity?

Again to quote Coulson Kernahan:

"If the Christ blessed this cowardly, cruel and iniquitous scheme, then say we to the Christ: By this we know Thou wast but a man, with all man's injustice to Woman, and tho Thou dost claim to have shared with Thy fellow-man all that a man may endure of human-suffering, yet, have we women no part in Thee, for tho Thou hast shared all else, at least Thou has never shared the overload and pains of a woman's lot—the mystery of woman's suffering."

Woman, the moulder of Thee. Thee, a part of woman. We owe no obligations to a Deity—be he God or be he Christ—who has doomed unprotected, powerless woman to such a life. The presuming right of such a power to sit in judgment upon Woman, to sentence and make us outcasts, unheard, untried, into such dungeons of despair, to such humiliations—to eat his humble apple-pie—yea, from this time forward, forever we disown and outgrow!

Are we not seeing hundreds of millions multiplying because of the over-indulgence of the lustful-man and his generations,—children of the flesh and corruption, not of the Spirit. "But woe to them that are with child, and to them that give suck in those days! For in those days shall be affliction such as was not from the beginning of Creation." Whole nations thru bloody-wars are forced to destruction, disease and brutality; whole nations rot, corrupting the planet.

When man, or any kind of life, gets so diseased and sinful—too corrupt to live—Nature provides a source of extermination.

What are the causes of War, Pestilence, the "Flu," and other killing epidemics?

It is stated the 1918-19 Influenza pestilence claimed 12,000,000 souls in less than one year; 10,000,000 souls constituted the war's casualties during a period of four and one-half years.

We are scripturally told that visitations of Bubonic Plagues in the different forms of a "human louse-born disease," "Burning Itch," Small-pox, Cholera, "Black Death," "Black Leprosy," "Sleeping Plague" follow nearly all bloody-wars. These serious epidemics of disease affect all life, noticeably the vegetables, the cattle and hog kingdoms, climaxing in the human-race.

It is foretold a greater pestilence will yet sweep the earth, claiming many victims and bringing great affliction upon her peoples.

"And it shall come to pass, that in all the land, saith the Lord, two parts therein shall be cut off, and die; but the third shall be left therein. And I will bring the third part thru the fire and will refine them as silver is refined, and will try them as gold is tried; they shall call on my name, and I will hear them; I will say, It is my people: and they shall say, The Lord is my God."

Many of our today doctors claim these outbreaks of Influenza are the result of starvation, misery, and enfeeblement of the population. But what is the Root-Cause of these "starvations, miseries and enfeeblements?"

"Influenza?"

Influence?

Influence of what?

"Spanish Influenza?"

"German Influenza?"

No!

The "Flu" is the in-flowing of a mental-condition, or *Black-Karma*, the influence of selfish or Ignorant-Thots

sent out over the world before and during the world-war, climaxing in an epidemic. Sacred-Authority teaches: The "Flu" is an influence of the astral or invisible-regions that surround our globe, the ethereal-counterpart or shadow of man. The astral is a subtle-Essence visible only to a clairvoyant-eye, sometimes called the great-Serpent from which radiates on humanity every evil-influence. The Astral-Light or influence "gives out nothing but what it has received; that it is the great terrestrial crucible, in which the vile-emanations of the earth (moral and physical) upon which the Astral-Light is fed, are all converted into their subtlest essence, and radiated back intensified, thus becoming epidemics—moral, psychic and physical."

In fine the "Flu" is a selfish or commercial epidemic, the harvest of a general state of righteous or spiritual-pauperism, or prostration of the human-family. Black-Karma is the root-cause of the "Flu." Thots Are Things! When Will Woman Learn, if man won't?

Think of the pre-natal influence of women's thot-force on child during these bloody-wars, of the many destructive Napoleons, Alexanders the Great and Kaisers it will re-produce. "War Babies!" Think of the crippled, disfigured bodies and souls of the mis-born children who always follow in the wake of the bloody and wholesale butchereries called war. Oh! Why do men persist in this injustice and pre-meditated murder? Men who profess to believe in a God—a Supreme Power? The so-called 'Christian' nations, who blaspheme by their Black-Karmic deeds the sacred trust they claim and steal? Why will the masses of men, the armed-hosts, be led by Selfish Powers? Why do men allow these Military-Leaders to kill and murder their brothers? Why cannot Universal Brotherhood be lived thruout the world, the Spiritual light which fills us with Peace and Love?

G. Stanley Hall declares:

"The Church is a cult and no longer stands for the highest culture. The Church today is a body almost without a soul. It has become an idolator of symbols, and lost the Holy passion to penetrate even deeper into their

significance. It has lost control of, and often all vital-touch with the Leaders of Mankind. Two millennia under the Prince of Peace have not prevented this colossal and atrocious war, and the Church of Christ cannot fail to suffer a great increase of neglect and reproach unless it can have a radical re-incarnation.

It should take the psychology that deals with the deeper-things of humanity to its very heart of hearts, instead of maintaining its attitude of suspicion and exclusion, and should help to show forth the new sense in which our Scriptures are being revealed as the World's Chief Text-Book of Psychology."

In the words of George Bernard Shaw:

"War ought to be made a crime. But it has not been made one. On the contrary, it has been glorified for centuries as the noblest of human activities and not one of the Belligerents has even yet renounced the right to make it." Again one knows "In the quiet reason, with the mind poised, we know that it is as devilish to create the hell of war, as to create any other hell the imagination may paint with wrath reveling thru the wreck. In the loving reason, war is an inexcusable horror from which we shrink as we would from the murder of a child. In the light of the Christ-life, war cannot be glorious but is abhorrent. If the Fatherhood of God is a reality in the heart, in that heart, the Brotherhood Of Man is a reality. In such Reality, one is as powerless to injure a brother as a violet is powerless to stab a child to death. To think of Jesus murdering a child or killing men in battle is either unthinkable or blasphemous. And yet in the insanity of war the killers of their fellows pray for the blessing of the Christ upon their bloody-work and thank Him for their bloody-victories, such is the strange insanity with which war afflicts the 'Christian' world. We have so deluded ourselves in thinking that war is honorable that a wise Japanese said of us, 'My nation had art and literature and religion, but was called uncivilized. Now we have waged successful war, killing thousands of our fellows, and therefore, we are welcomed into the ranks of civilization.'"

Take the power to declare war out of the hands of Mili-

tary Leaders, Kings, Kaisers, Czars, Parliaments and Congress; place it Not In the Hands of the People—but, in the Hands Of Woman! Woman innately stands for arbitration, never for brutalities, never for mere intellectualities. She believes and lives that morality and spirituality are the highest good, not intellectuality. Woman is the one who pays the freight. Do we hear anything of the heartaches and deaths of the World's-Mothers? Their wounds that no medicine or time can heal. Mothers who silently give their sons in bloody-wars, for those who live by blood and the right of physical-force and might? Mothers who are unknown in life and soon forgotten in death? This man-made military age has made of world-woman a joke. We are comic in our struggling fear and ignorant-seriousness. Woman! the Child-Bearer of the Race! Producer of men! Woman is the one who holds the gift of life in her hands. Woman, the Real Giver, she should say what should be done with this Gift Of Life—Our Babies. Woman is the one who really carries on the war. "Only a mother knows what a man costs—and mothers have no voice in 'councils of war.'"

Some day the world will learn to think.

Some day woman-man will learn that Life is the Supreme Gift. The race is not yet conscious, "else," as Upton Sinclair asserts, "how could it be that women, who bore the race with so much pain and sorrow, should be drudges and slaves, or the ornaments and playthings of men? Else how could it be that life, which cost such a fearful price, should be so cheap upon the earth? For every man that lived and walked alive, some woman has had to bear this agony; and yet men were pent up in mines and sweatshops, they were ground up in accidents in factories and mills—nay, worse than that, were dressed up in gaudy uniforms, and armed with rifles and machine-guns, and marched out to slaughter each other by tens and hundreds of thousands!"

As voices Robert D. Towne:

"What is the main business of a woman in the earth? My first answer is that it is not merely to breed the human species. And my second answer is that it is not to stand by

and see her children shattered by cannon fire after she has borne them. And my third answer is that if it is worth while to be the mother of children it is worth while to be the mother of Good Ones. And if it is worth while to devote so much time, to sink to such depths of pain, to go down to the gates of death, in order to bring good children into the world, surely it must be worth while to secure to them a useful and a happy-life after they are brought forth. I am sure the mothers of men will answer this question of the use and worth of life with a richer volume of devout affirmation than has been the custom with our men. And now, you Mothers Of The Race, you are to have the vote. You are to have power and a voice in the great and controlling affairs. You are to have your say about War, about poverty, about the depravities of business and politics. You are to have in your hands something besides the strings of your apron. Your hands are to reach up and seize the sovereign power which shapes the destiny of your sons and daughters. You are to go on bringing children into the world; but hereafter you are not to turn them over wholly to the juggernaut will of your masterful partner. You are to sit with him upon the throne."

Love of One's Country? The world is our country, all mankind our brethren, to do good our Life-work. The Power Of Peace can come only from the realization of Man being part of the Whole.

The human family is a unit. The universe is One; each man is to it as a drop of blood in a man's body; then how can we separate self from that of which we are a part? From that from which we breathe and live? When I injure you, I injure myself and create an evil Karma for us both. The tiniest portion, one atom, of this universe cannot move without changing and drawing the whole world with it. "Humanity, being a unit, the condition of the whole is responsible for the condition of Each Single Individual, and that unit being made up of individuals, each individual is responsible for the conditions which affect the whole, and the responsibility of *either* is in exact proportion to its capacity to teach and

enlighten the other." When we awake to a conscious realization of our identity, to the Universal-Self, we can never go back into the lower, or personal-self. The very thot would smother and strangle us. "Therefore, instead of killing one another, we shall aid each other in coming to life, for no one can be said to be truly alive as long as he does not know his own Divine-Self, and that true Self embraces and includes the whole of creation, in which God is, and thru and above All."

Do we, as parents, inspire with universal-love, and teach our children these vital truths, The Law of Self-government, or Karma? That thots are things. That every love-thot, every hate-thot sent into space, every act, word and deed we sow, we reap.

War-lunacy cannot cease so long as men and women are content to believe it a Christian duty to shoot, murder and destroy their neighbors, who live across the imaginary boundary-line. We must grow to think of the world as a whole, One-Big-Human-Family; to think and feel internationally. "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for Brethren to Dwell together In Unity."

We talk of a World-Peace that shall be lasting, a League Of Nations to enforce it. An alliance or combination of two or more nations, parties or persons, can not Enforce a lasting World Peace. Peace cannot be enforced. A lasting peace can come Only thru the unfoldment of the Universal-Self in the personal-self. To come individually into harmony with The Law of Cause and Effect, to universalize the Karmic-law,—is to come then into league and co-operate in conjunction with World-Peace.

Nothing but the knowledge of Wisdom-Religion and the individual-living of the Karmic-law, worshipping it as a religion—will ever check the periodical slaughtering of nations; nations forced to murder each other by millions to protect themselves from one another. All is Universal Law, all is cause and effect. This Universal Karmic-Law must be obeyed if we would live in Peace, else all Peace Agreements are periodical lulls—"mere scraps of paper." Wisdom-Religion proves that Truth lives forever, that

evil is self-destructive, not only to the Individual, but to the Home or the Nation that tries to perpetuate it. The principles of selfishness and sin create a poison in the system of the Individual, the Home or the Nation, that ultimately will destroy it. No Individual or Nation can legalize these or any other evils away, without individually or collectively settling with The Karmic-Law, Cause and Effect.

The blessed Law of Karma, which never fails to operate,—makes it impossible to benefit self by injuring others, individually or universally. The immutable law of cause and effect is hourly and daily settling with all, who either ignorantly, or with intent and malice aforethought, are in any way responsible for the sin cursed-world.

“ He who would rid the world of sin,
Can find some work to do who looks within.”

And, forever, so long as man remains upon the earth, should he violate the precepts of Universal-Love, the Karmic-Law will again be invoked, and the wrath of God poured out upon him as during these awful war-times. “ Re-incarnation offers as many lives as are needed by the most sluggish learner.” We are all sailing under sealed orders. For this ignorance Sacred-Authority teaches: “ Humanity must tread the weary seven hundred and seventy-seven incarnations, the time of slow and painful progress and uncertainty, until awakened into the Re-generate-Life which is the second great important turning point in evolution. The task is difficult; disappointments and failures heap up like mountains, but to him who perseveres victory is absolutely a scientific certainty, however many times he seems to fail. No number of failures can daunt those who know of the Higher-Laws.”

Our great world-war was the effect of the belief in right and wrong. This may be a hard doctrine to swallow but it is true. The different nations were praying for guidance instead of reasoning and living from the one principle of Self-government, or Karma, that what they sowed, they should reap; that if they sowed political aggression and theft, cruelty and murder, they would, by

the Karmic-Law, be compelled to reap the same. Why will men and nations wilfully persist in ignoring The Law of Cause and Effect, when they know it never fails in its operation? "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens, under her wings, and ye would not!"

All wars have been caused by differences of beliefs. Belief is an acknowledgment of ignorance. Ignorance of Life's Karmic-Law is the cause of all misery. Mankind could never have another war if we were of One Mind on the Karmic-Law, as mankind is of One Mind in mathematics. The Karmic-Law, not chance, governs each individual, each nation, the World. True, we may not be big enough today to live The Law, but, let us hold clear the vision, that leads us out of Selfishness unto Selflessness. Whatever the difficulties or Unseen-Causes the practical situation may compel in the midst of ignorance and Unchristianized Public-Opinion, we must hold steadfast to the fixed and eternal Karmic-Law, for only by individual thinking and living The Law, does the progress of the race come to pass. We quicken the evolution of Universal-Brotherhood by thinking and talking of Universal-Love, by setting in motion our thought-forces and speech against war. We quicken the evolution of Universal-Brotherhood by holding positive Faith that thru the education and unfoldment of Self-Government, or the Karmic-Law in the individual Home and Nations can we only hope for World-Peace. As we must now teach lower-self that fighting in personal quarrels in the Home, and out of the home is wrong and sinful—being wars on a small scale, eventually bringing about larger outside wars, so must we teach our physical and universal-children the same about world-wars. By and by thru the unfoldment of Self-Government—the one compelling grandeur—the Ideal shall be Actualized, the rank and file of nations cannot be persuaded to fight, each soul becoming The Law Unto Self, each for all and All for Each. We must be stirred to higher resolves and stronger deeds. The

social consciousness of man needs to be quickened unto Christian-Democracy.

Regardless of race, color, flag, or speech, we are all One Life, One Law, rich and poor, strong and weak, we are One-Big-Human-Family, we fall and rise together. "All men have my blood and I have all men's. The heart in thee is the heart of all; not a valve, not a wall, not an intersection is there anywhere in Nature, but One blood rolls un-interruptedly in endless circulation thru all men, as the water of the globe is all One sea, and truly seen, its tide is One," teaches our immortal-Emerson.

All great men, great Women, in all ages, have recognized The Law of Universal-Brotherhood. Is it not a Self-evident proposition that if God be the Father of all men, all men are brothers. Universal-Fatherhood implies Universal-Brotherhood. John Wesley said: "All the world is my parish." President Wilson, in his immortal-message, voiced the same thing in different words, and Glory to God in the Highest, the great heart of America, the soul of Democracy, has responded with a loud, triumphant, and world-resounding Amen! With such a God-given awakening shall we fall back again into the self-destruction of national-selfishness—the limited patriotism that prays God for ourselves alone? "Yes, this is the Judgment-Day for many souls. Gabriel is 'tooting' his horn; therefore, stand upright (squarely upon your feet of understanding) and to yourself give an account of yourself."

Evolution will force the white, yellow and brown races to blend and amalgamate in God's great crucible, for He, the Great-Al-Chemist, "hath made out of one blood All Nations Of Men." We are our brother's keeper, be he brown, red or black. We cannot ignore the law of evolution, which is God's plan working out His will in orderly succession. If God is our Father-Mother every man must be our brother.

"I am a child of the world.

*I owe allegiance to no country more than another country;
To no flag more than another flag;*

The boundary of no nation hems me in.
And I love no race of people more than another race of people.
All humanity to me is sacred
And all humanity is One.

Oh, a man is a man,
He is sacred and marvelous.
It matters not where he was born;
Or the language that he speaks.
His blood is precious.
His flesh is wonderful.
He is the Child of God.

I refuse to be robbed of my sanity.
I refuse to murder my brother—who is part of myself.
I extend my hand to him, saying,
' You are my comrade and I love you. ' "

Ruth Le Prade.

Selfishness and Familyism are the curse of the race; selfish devotion to one's family instead of unselfish devotion to humanity of which man is a part. Selfishness on the part of the average individual is retarding the unfoldment of the human-race. We live in the midst of a people who are on the whole light-hearted, kind and good to their immediate families; but in all their relations to the Universal-Whole are criminally selfish. "I always thought if I could make enough for me and my family to live on comfortably, I'd be satisfied," is the one limited-ideal of the ordinary-man. The money-mad maniac lives as if the world were made altogether for him, and not he for the world; to graft everything and part with nothing. As the old orthodox brother prayed, "O, Lord bless me, my wife, my son John, his wife, we four and no more. Amen."

It is in being One-Big-Family,—in the co-operation and unity of the human-race, that great powers are developed. Now we are only weak and frail creatures, because we are separated into warring fragments. If we were united into One-Love, the world would be filled with young gods and goddesses. Humanity is like a dismembered body,

its members torn apart, scattered as if blown up by dynamite. The dynamite of selfishness has dismembered the race.

We are a fallen-race, the world is unsettled and disorganized—a mad-house. We have lost our balance, ever struggling to get back to equipoise. Our age is controlled by the Black-Karmic laws, the Satanic invisible-powers, acting thru our supposed friends. These evil powers are between us and our God. We are in a hypnotic condition, consequently cannot see Truth. This world of organized-corruption is on the brink of universal-insanity—a hideous nightmare. This planet-world, with its mournful scenes and sounds, its cruel prison-houses, noisome dungeons, suffering hospitals, dram-shops, child-labor, anemic factory-girls, desolate homes and bloody battle-fields, is a mass of organized sin! Think of it! One-big-insane-asylum-running-at-large, the insane trying to govern the insane—"the world."

The masses are unsane, a few insane, once in a while we find One partly sane. The maddest condition that ever existed! There is actually no person on earth absolutely sane on everything—the trail of the serpent is over us all. The 'sane' and 'insane' declare the other fellow insane. We have wandered away from Divine-order into the "valley of pain," into darkness and lust, into false-doctrines. We are half-born, half-mortal, half-spiritual, we are a reflection of the warring forces of the universe. Many of our most learned physicians and specialists declare that the world is on the verge of collapse; that crime and insanity are increasing at an alarming rate; that the special-courts show an increase in the feeble-minded, the idiot, the imbecile and moron. Three per cent. of all our school-children are imbeciles; and at the present-rate of increase there will not, in a hundred and sixty years, be enough sane people in the world to care for the insane.

Col. Francis H. Buzzacott declares:

"Of its own accord, even the present human race, when left to its own resources, shows signs of physical-decay. Statistics show that the present average life of *man* is but 30 years; that man is growing weaker, not

stronger, smaller not larger, less immune to death and disease, more and more subject to decrease of vitality. The highest medico-logical authorities cite instances of this universal retrogression, giving statistics which prove that disease of some sort, hereditary or otherwise, affect 90 per cent. of the present human race. Old age is the exception, not the rule; physical and mental decay asserts itself at an earlier period than ever before. If these are the facts, what are the conclusions, except it be that we are living the Life of the Artificial which, like a Serpent, Charms Before it Fatally Stings."

"The best and purest of human-beings are filled and loaded with ancestral-diseases, both moral and physical."

"The body is an open-sore, thru which there is an incessant oozing and trickling, as if from a kettle of fat."

"Man, in his present condition, is little better than a Walking-Corpse."

They tell us that various diseases are increasing so rapidly as to endanger the race in a very short time; and that this is so, notwithstanding the fact that all the precautions of science, hygiene, doctors, Christian Science, New Thot, and all kinds of thots in opposition to disease, are increasing almost twofold. Three-fourths vice to one-fourth virtue.

Some one has said:

"Civilized Society is to me another name for hell. Its mob of peasants and shop-keepers, of bankers and presidents, of spendthrifts and spend-nothings, is but one savage horde."

Everything pure and holy is commercialized, prostituted for the vulgar-dollar. Sex today is part of the false. Sex commercialism, trade commercialism, church commercialism. The pecuniary interest, the bread-hook of the Doctor, is in the dis-eases of mankind; of the Lawyer, in the quarrelsomeness of the human-family; of the Priest in the Sex-life,—the marriage system,—of mankind. The Priesthood—the so-called 'Christian Fathers' of the religions, is corrupt. Their calling is based on the fears of mankind. Instead of feeding the sheep upon the teachings of Christ, they feed upon the sheep, they shear them at every opportunity. Our Economic-System is based

upon the abusing and exploiting of mankind. Our planet-world is one vast whirlpool of unmerciful-lust. It is only civilized-man covered in his hypocritical overcoat who has prostituted the Sacred Functions Of Womanhood. What would the Carpenter, Christ, think, if He should appear today?

"Babylon the great is fallen, is fallen, and is become the habitation of devils and the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird. For all nations have drunk of the wine of the wrath of her fornication, and the kings of the earth have committed fornication with her, and the merchants of the earth are waxed rich through the abundance of her delicacies." "They will not frame their doings to turn unto their God: for the spirit of whoredoms is in the midst of them, and they have not known the Lord." "They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man and are at their wits' end." This is the system under which we live. This is the Man-Rule Age, the age of War, Famine and Pestilence. This is the age of Prostitution, of Polygamy; the Syphilitic-age; the Rapine-age; the Snake-age; the Black-Magic age; the Black-Karma age; Satan's battlefield. Man-made laws have made this beautiful world-garden hell's nursery. "If we would know what man is, by character and conduct, we have but to look into the world and see what the world tells of his history," both sacred and profane. The Kaisers are not all in Germany.

Is it any wonder after:

"God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thots of his heart was only evil continually," "it repented the Lord that He had made man on the earth, and it grieved Him at His heart. And the Lord said, I will destroy man, whom I have created, from the face of the earth."

We, the degenerate-mortals of this dark-age—the "Iron-Age"—the darkest age the world ever knew—dark, because we are proud, weak and ignorant, renouncing Truth, far away from Spiritual-Wisdom, worshipping Mammon instead of God, are becoming a soulless planet. This rapidly increasing accumulation of Black

Karma must soon come to an end, or the Soul of this planet-world will, thru selfishness and weakness of will, become extinct.

Wisdom-Religion teaches that in the operation of the Karmic-laws of the ages, these dark days do follow when the world becomes entirely corrupt. The vibrations of conflicting forces are already here. The disturbing vibrations, breeding disease and corruption, are 'rotten-ripe' for purification. Our world-governments and social laws are what the man-rule age has made them.

"Yes, but I believe in enjoying life and getting the most out of it," is often said with politeness by self-deluded people, full of deep-rooted desires for worldly show and selfish possession.

What is "getting the most out of life?"

Living on the Great White-Way; nightly frequenting the Barbary-Coast; living the speed-life every instant—liquor, drugs, cigarettes; living an idle-fat-witted life at a fashionable hotel—the professional lobbyist, the 'lounge-lizard'—being paged by the bell-boy; mingling with the 'elite;' reveling in the flesh-pots of Egypt; hobnobbing with the passionate Duchesses and the hot-blooded Counts; enjoying the superfine luxuries of life—lace brocades, velvet furniture, gold finger-bowls, polished nails; boasting the exceptional skill of being able to wear the tiny, round window-pane—the monocle—in your left eye, 'tickled to death' that you can nod, smile to the ultra-fashionable set in the grand opera box, without dropping it? Mansions, clothes, jewels, motor-cars, big estates, a barracoon for servants, land, cattle, invitation to Government-functions, journeys and vast worldly-luggage? Is this "getting the most out of life?"

All honor to the man whose bigness, honesty, and financial-success will stand the full glare of the noon-day sun. Yet, there are finer-things than the piling up and hoarding of dollars.

Yes, there are honor and satisfaction, dignity and permanent-reward in honest, plodding work; but blessed is that man who has grown to know how to enjoy the primeval purity of Nature,—the hills, the streams, the grass, his garden with hoe and rake. "Earth is here so kind, that just tickle her with a hoe and she laughs with a harvest." Blessed is he who loves the song of the birds, and the beauty and perfume of the flowers, the bees and ants, all infancy, from the crawling worm to the babe-child. The companionship of sweetheart-wife in the Home, with book or song, yes, and the unfoldment of his children. Blessed is that man who realizes that all the child-culture in the world will never compensate for the lack of the father's personal touch upon his children's lives. And equally blessed are the children of such a Father.

True life consists in the cultivation of the beautiful in everything; the possession of pure-friendships; the noble-thinking, pure-living, kindly service to All-Life. These are the best gifts to man and reap for him everlasting Peace and Inward-Riches. He who possesses these is the wealthy-man, the man who doesn't count his wealth in dollars. His life is invested in doing good to the largest number of his less-fortunate brothers. Some one has said: The best way to make a failure of life, is to think of success in terms of Cash.

"He who expends gold properly is its Master; who lays it up, its Keeper; who loves it, a Fool; who adores it, an Idolator; the truly Wise-Man is he who Despises it."

Do not envy the money-mad man, but pity him in his jailed-soul, looking out thru his barriers of ciphers and dollars; and bless the man who has awakened unto his Higher-Self and is blessing humanity in service with the gracious gifts of his redeemed-powers.

MONEY'S ALL HE'S GOT.

"I would not care to talk with him,
Nor pass the idle jest;
Nor in my saddened moments lay
My head upon his chest.

I would not care to linger near
That drear, upholstered spot
He occupies in lonesome state;
For money's all he's got.

I would not care to take some bait,
And with him fishing go;
Nor loaf along a country road—
Because? Well, I don't know,
Unless it is because his soul
Is tied in a hard knot,
And all his ways are tiresome,
For money's all he's got.

I would not care to call him friend,
And with him cut in twain,
The only crust of bread I had,
For I must say again:
There's not a thing about the man
But what I'd rather not
Give anything except just room,
For money's all he's got. "

Some one has said after he'd made enough money to live on comfortably: "I value my leisure for the opportunities of Self-Culture as Priceless Possessions, far more than silver or gold and would not waste any of my time in making more money."

As rust defaces and eventually destroys iron, so Social-Selfishness and the race after big money, deaden the most precious qualities in human-nature—blackening the soul,—is eventually self-destruction. When Johnny tries to get more candy than his sister, he is called a selfish boy. When he grows up into manhood and manages to get more of worldly-things than the other fellow, he is called a successful man—"a man of affairs."

We are all selfish in a more or less degree. Behind every thot and act a selfish-motive may hide. We are all victims of selfishness in the cursed social-system. We are forced to keep up with the struggling-masses for bread and butter or else be left behind, only to be trampled upon and crushed by those stronger than ourselves. That this

state of affairs is wicked and abnormal, and not in accord with the Divine-plan, is self-evident. This madness of selfishness, as it is working in the world today, is crushing out all the pleasure and joy of living, the finer, sweeter manifestations of Life.

We observe the abnormality of cruelty far more frequently among mankind than among animals; the latter, supposed to be lower in the scale of evolution than man.

The primary-laws of animal creation—from the lowest to the highest—are much the same, differing only in evolution. We are taught Self-Preservation. This law of preservation of one's kind—the first-law of Nature—is the one in which Man Most Sins.

Humanity is One-Great-Brotherhood by virtue of the sameness of the material from which it is patterned physically, morally, and spiritually. Unless we ascend unto universal-brotherhood,—the Higher-Self,—we still remain the human-animal, which is lower than the beast-animal. If all are parts in kind of this universal-whole—human brothers—why greed and graft, fight and kill children of the same spirit?

The world still holds mistaken-ideas of force, physical superiority and power, minimizing those questions that pertain to the intellectual and spiritual parts of being. The chief lesson of Divine-Ethics which we must all one day suffer to learn is that of the Brotherhood Of Man. It is finding the Higher-Self thru the giving up of the lower-self,—living in the heart of humanity instead of self-love.

“ That man who lives for self alone,
Lives for the meanest mortal known.”

Joaquin Miller.

Real-power is not to force and take, but to grow unto the sacred bliss of service to the lesser. “ It is no honor for an Eagle to vanquish a Dove.” He who steals and grafts gains only for a moment, a brief period of time—possibly one school day—part of one life or one lifetime. He creates a Black-Karma that he brings back into his next September-school. He who attains unselfishness, gains *for all time and eternity, a voluntary harvest of goodness.*

The training in self-destruction thru misunderstanding the law of the preservation of one's kind, is what drives men to prey upon their own kind. We remember seeing out on the old farm, a ferocious sow devouring her own baby-pig. Everyone is horrified at the unnaturalness of the act. Is not hoggish-man, feeding upon the weakness of his brotherkind, worse than this four-legged grunter? Who is there that has not experienced "man's inhumanity to man"—the devouring of man by man. We stand horrified at the hog, yet there is no animal selfish-man so much resembles as Mr. Pig.

The law of "the survival of the fittest" is a brute-law governing the human-animal, not the Ethical-law of helping make our brother fit to survive. Self-preservation of the species, or Universal-Self, is the tap-root of altruism. Ethics is not sentiment, but the science of the sublimest law of humanity, loving thy neighbor as thyself, not because he has been good to thee, but because he is part of thee. Love is One and Universal. When we become conscious of the ever working law of Self-Government to our identity, to the Universal-Self, we shall individually delight and find Peace in the Courts Of Consciousness, realizing it is impossible to benefit self and injure others; that to be Just To Self is to balance in the law—the meaning of "Self-Preservation" or Universal-Self.

Selfishness drives man to starve the weak.

Selfishness thrives in the heart of the worldly-rich, and turns the suffering poor into the street. Selfishness is "a tax by which luxury, avarice and selfishness are screened, and the load thrown upon Productive-Capital."

Selfishness rides in the carriage of graft and greed; while the weak and helpless multitudes starve before its eyes and beg with out-stretched hands for work and a bite to eat. Just a chance to earn a little bit of the moth-eaten, rust-corrupted money hoarded and hidden in the bankers' vaults; just a little of the golden-grain rotting in his warehouse, where the rats revel in play. Selfishness feeds its brothers on the husks while they are crying in

vain for work and bread, and, despairing and desperate, lie down upon the high-roads, waiting there to die.

“Charge them that are rich in this world, that they be not high-minded, nor trust in uncertain riches; but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy; that they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate; laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on Eternal-Life.”

“Selfishness is limitation and it binds man in a little Prison called Personality.”

Selfishness is self-destruction.

Unselfishness is eternal construction.

Selfishness is the Male-Devil.

Fear and Ignorance is the Female-Devil.

“Who is the Devil, mother?”

Look in the looking-glass, Child Of Love. There we see all the devil there is. Only one person we have to fear in this world—the personal-ego or lower-self—the incarnate-devil. The Higher or Divine-Self is always right.

There is God and Demon in every one of us.

We are dual-creatures, having two natures, physical and Spiritual, with double mind, body and soul. These great dual-forces—the endless and powerful Pairs of Opposites—are going on constantly in all human beings. We meet them in every part of Nature.

We contain all there is in the Universe in miniature. In Man-Woman is Birth and death, Love and hate, Attraction and repulsion, Pleasure and pain, Sweet and bitter, Heaven and hell, Day and night, Heat and cold, Wisdom and ignorance, Harmony and discord, Yea and nay, White Caps and undertow, Growth and decay, Involution and evolution, Male and Female, Positive and negative. The inner of Male is Female, the inner of Female is Male. The Stars, Suns and Planets and all the hosts *that be*, man contains.

God's laws are a two-edged sword; they cut in both directions for good and evil. We are two-fold beings; we have the real concealed within the visible. We have two distinct and separate minds, the mortal-mind, the Immortal-mind. Within, slumbers two angels—one evil, the other good. The evil belongs to the Force of Might, the Demon-spirit—"Old Satan," who holds a middle-distance between man and God. He is a most pleasing flatterer and has much tact. He is always on his job; never sleeps and goes to night-school; ever seeking to draw You and Me away from Divine-Self.

Every Spiritual-force has its material-counterfeit. Old-Satan has a counterfeit for everything the Lord has made. Life is one job of separation, untangling, unwinding,—thru the process of eternal-evolution,—the evil thot of mortal-mind to the perfect thot of the God-mind,—man's final-goal.

Some day we will learn to look for old-Satan where he lives—within ourselves. Some day we will learn to fight him on his own battle-field—in our own bodies. Then we shall no longer be able to graft upon and kill our brothers; we shall be purged and redeemed. The world can grow better only by educating the individual; by respecting and fearing the law of Karma. "Life is a religion; its altar is humanity." Karma is the law of Universal-Justice. It makes no honorary members either in heaven or hell; both conditions are earned and filled with souls who work their way there and are reaping their Just-Rewards. If there was no demon-spirit in us we could not attract the demon-spirit in others to harm us. Is there any serious-minded person of intelligence who in this twentieth century disclaims the existence of the Unseen-Forces—the art of Black-Magic and White-Magic—the good and evil spirits? How little we know of the unseen-world surrounding us—of the good and evil-spirits working near, working out the Karmic-laws, thru our using them as instruments. Unseen-forces manifesting in and thru mankind are the universe, and deserve scientific study those of gravitation, photogra-

phy, electricity or chemical-affinity. Telepathy has been in use as long as man has inhabited the earth. It is the finest spiritual and intellectual-force of communication known to man or angels. These swift and sharp waves of mental-telegraphy transmit messages from brain to brain, from mind to mind. Telepathy can transfer our thots,—make them encompass the earth quicker than electricity. If we knew how to direct the vibrations of our minds, there would be no limit to their powers. Spirit in action is as much finer in vibration as mind is finer than matter.

Every female from the Monkey-Mother to Woman, unconsciously understands mental-telegraphy, a faculty long since stunted thru disuse. When we learn the ancients were disciplined in the transmission and reception of thot-waves—those wonderful, wireless combined-telephonic and photographic thot-image transmitters—should one not be eager to have positive proof of these workings of the human-mind?

Thot-force travels fast. It compasses trillions of miles in a second. To attain the best we must learn to work with and thru the unseen-forces, that thot—thru Will Power—is the force with which we build our lives. "Everything is first worked out in the unseen before it is manifested in the seen, in the ideal before it is realized in the real, in the spiritual before it shows forth in the material. The realm of the Unseen is the realm of Cause. The realm of the Seen is the realm of Effect."

The man who has no use for the unseen, who does not believe in the Christ-principle, or anything spiritual, who will not believe in that which he cannot conceive with the senses, to be fair-minded, should refuse to breathe, because he cannot materially see the air.

Herbert Kaufman says:

"It isn't safe to laugh at cranks nowadays. In the twentieth century you never can be certain when you will have to eat the laugh. What if the world doesn't believe in you? The world has been wrong since its crust cooled. Originality must make its own paths—that's its job. Go back to yourself and work again—back to your shop—

back to your pen—to your wheels—and strive on. Try again and anew. Warm your dreams into realities. If your heart shrinks, then all fails. Jones says that you're hair-brained. What of it? Smith swears you're crazy. Brown shrugs his shoulders, White sneers. But Jones and Smith and Brown and White are institutions. They've always discounted what they could not personally see—what they could not feel. Socrates knew them. Savonarola met them. Columbus, Watts, Fulton, Edison, Bell, the Wrights, the Curies met their rebuffs. Did you accept Marconi at his word? They have made the earth great. They've served a mighty purpose. The Lunatic of today is the Genius of tomorrow."

Genius is the overflow of the human-soul, which finds expression in the creative power—the sweetest fragrance of the human-spirit. Genius is accumulated experience gained thru long-continued cycles of incarnations. Genius is a soul who has found itself. When a true genius appears in the world all the nincompoops are united against him and the message it is his fate to sound. The worthiest—the pioneer-minds—are the most picked at and slandered; as we usually find the biggest, ripest cherries at the top of the tree where the birds have been picking. Thomas A. Kempis says: "Whosoever neither desires to please men, nor fears to displease them, shall enjoy much peace."

The unseen-powers are the strongest. The most powerful forces of Nature largely work silently, secretly, until ready for expression, when they give forth the cyclone, the earthquake. "Great minds are they who see that the spiritual—the unseen—is stronger than any material—seen force; that thots rule the world." Unseen forces are not different in the process than seen-forces, but in this age less understood. We are particularly warned in the Bible against the powers of evil—of our evil passions, resentful, jealous and selfish thots. These are the doorways—thru which the evil-spirits that inhabit the earth-bound zones in unseen-forms enter and take possession of us. The moment we entertain evil-thots, that moment we are under the influence of the Evil-One—he has become Our Guest. Should we not be as particular about our mental-guests as our invited personal ones? When we allow the perverse

auto-suggestions of mortal-mind thru evil-thots to dwell within us, growing stronger and stronger, becoming fixed upon the immortal-mind—which in time has such a fixed-power over the functions and conditions of the body—we are forced to do the demon-spirit's suggestions. We become 'obsessed' with evil-spirits—demoniac possession. These evil spirits continually whisper to us until they overpower us and cause us to commit some dreadful crime. What causes this? The unseen evil-spirits are using us as their instruments to do these dreadful things. Didn't Christ recognize the psychological-law of these unseen forces when he gave his thot to the devils and not the man, casting the devils out of man? "The devils besought him, saying: If Thou cast us out, suffer us to go away into the herd of swine. And He said unto them, Go. And when they were come out, they went into the herd of swine: and, behold, the whole herd of swine ran violently down a steep place into the sea, and perished in the waters." Does it not seem Universal-Karma is working,—uniting and creating these evil-forces,—with these evil spirits to destroy this planet-world, as we are told the great continent Atlantis was destroyed ages ago? Does it not make us tremble with fear when we reflect that the law of Karma is just? Every Babe born in this wicked-age is so born by the force of this universal-Karma—meaning that his previous good and evil-forces are born in him. O, woman! Sister-soul! Think of this. How we need each other. We little know how interdependent each is on the other. The deeds of one depend upon the deeds of others; these on endless others; until the mass is affected in the whole. Consequently every thot and act of every living being, en masse, is unconsciously controlled by universal-Karma—unavoidably running from life to life—incarnation after incarnation—self-made. Humanity is forced into this action by this universal-Karma. So long as men and women are ignorant of this Karmic-Law, so long will we have this darkness and suffering. Until we each, instead of seeking to overpower others, strive to conquer the demon-spirit in self, thus becoming the perfect-law unto self, working for the whole of humanity, we

can in no wise come to World-Peace. We can never find Peace until we Will to become a power for good. Until we learn and live the psychological-law of Positive and Negative Thot-Force, of auto-suggestion, we are at the mercy of all evil-spirits and cannot always protect ourselves. While the evil-spirits cannot always control our soul while awake, they hover near in our sleep sometimes obsessing the soul. How little we know of how much the child's prayer Mother taught us means:

" Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep. "

Don't laugh, for what are we all but Babies, growing children, learning Life's-lessons as a child learns its A. B. C.'s? We are just cutting our eye-teeth. My gums hurt me, don't yours?

Yes, there exists evil in time and space, so long as we are dual-creatures, so long as exist evil and good. Hold the mirror up to nature! Let it reflect and show us our vices and virtues, our hates and loves, our godhood and demonhood, the shadows as well as the lights. Let the duality in Man's nature be laid bare, the worst with the best in time and space: the polar-opposites of the same thing, good—evil, wisdom—ignorance, birth—death, involution—evolution. Let us know its many sidedness, that we ascend unto the Absoluteness.

It is our unfolded, clear thinker and writer, Edward Carpenter, who declares:

"Life is an art, and a very fine art. One of its first necessities is that you should not have more material in it—more chairs and tables, servants, houses, lands, bank shares, friends, acquaintances, and so forth—than you can really handle. It is no good pretending that you are obliged to have them. You must cut that nonsense short. . . . If one's life is to be expressed, one does not want lumber in it, it must not be full of things that mean nothing or that mean the wrong thing. "

Again, Ralph Waldo Trine teaches:

" Among the most thoroly self-deluded people in the

world are those who think that in the multiplication of things and possessions happiness or contentment lies. Life is so much more interesting than boards and bricks, than lands and business blocks, and even bank accounts; and the men who are thoroly interested in life are always of more account, and are always of greater value to the world, as well as to themselves, than the men who are interested only in these. That is why a very eminent corporation-lawyer, in a notable address some time ago, said: 'It is because I believe so strongly in the saving power of the intellectual-life upon the institutions of society, and upon the welfare of individuals, that I plead so earnestly for it. The fortunes of science, art, literature and government are indissolubly linked with it. The centers and shrines of the most potent influences are not the seats of commerce and capital. The village of Concord, where Emerson, Hawthorne, Alcott and Thoreau lived, was, in their day, and will long continue to be, a greater force in this nation than New York and Chicago added to each other. We may rest in the assured faith that, whoever may seem to rule, the Thinker is, and always will be the Master.'

It is little short of marvelous to think what a few men with these equipments, scattered throughout our various communities and cities and States, could do for civic, for community, for human advancement, where they do throw these energies as actively along these lines as they have thrown them into their various lines of business. No greater joy can come to any man than to use his means and his abilities while he still lives in connection with human-needs and the advancing of human welfare. . . No; the best is the life—the things of the mind and spirit. They will buy out all the world at last. Why? Because they are the things that are Real, the things that will last, the only things that eventually count."

Henry Ford is the world-pioneer—the ideal-man, of the new-evolution,—using his abilities and means in the commercial-world for human-needs. Henry Ford has ordered and Willed that his daily-life be an open-channel for the inflow of Infinite good or Universal-Self.

"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where *moth and rust* doth corrupt, and where thieves break thru and steal: But lay up for yourselves treasures in

heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break thru nor steal: For where your treasure is there will your heart be also."

"There would be no suffering in the world if the rich did their duty," says Nathan Strauss, our splendid philanthropist. There are men enough in America, big enough in heart and purse, were they under the inspiration of the spirit of a good-companion, a woman with the Holy-Spirit in the human-Will, to organize reform measures; to lift up the masses, those who are crying for bread, light and liberty; to redeem the enslaved and restore them to health and freedom. To such men and women it would be their blessed Life-work to lift up the enslaved souls; to quicken their evolution and give them a chance to develop their lost-individuality, to them who at present hardly know intellectually or morally, night from day, thus solving the social-problem that troubles the age. Human-life depends upon food, shelter and clothing. Only with these assured are freedom, culture and higher-human development possible.

Over two hundred years ago, Richard Rumbold, standing on the scaffold, said:

"I never could believe that Providence had sent a few men into the world ready booted and spurred to ride, and millions ready saddled and bridled to be ridden." If we had the bounty of Nature held in common, then everybody could unfold unto the Higher-Self. A law which protects the few and hinders the majority cannot be good, but produces a universal Black-Karma.

It is claimed Three Hours of Labor Each Day, if all justly were employed, would give the whole world abundance.

Our country is filled with the 'homes' of men and women purse-proud and intemperate, homes with velvet carpets, crystal windows, real-lace curtains, splendid pianos, Sevres-china, rare-books, fine oil paintings, tapestries, Persian-rugs—worldly-things collected for vain-glory's sake; but which, in most cases, the possessors neither understand nor appreciate. The old dark mammy aptly expressed it: "Lawdy, dey is tryin' to put on

ayrs, 'cause dey's got so much money, but dey neber been raised dat way. Lawdy, child, wat youse talkin' 'bout. "

In almost every instance, (altho there are noble and blessed exceptions) these intemperate riches are the result of a violation of the Higher-morality. Observe how often the powerful intellects and iron wills of men are on the side of crime. Dr. James A. Francis, a minister of national-reputation, declares: "One of the saddest sights in modern American-life is to see a body of elegantly groomed men, seated around a mahogany table, in a plate glass office, with the finest legal talent that money can buy, to keep them from putting their signatures to anything that would incur the displeasure of the courts, laying schemes to skim the cream off of the poor man's milk, and scrape the butter off of his bread, in order that their sons may buy automobiles for chorus girls, and go to hell at the rate of 90 miles an hour. "

If honesty were the graft policy, all shop-keepers, doctors, lawyers, ministers, politicians and diplomats would be honest; all would reason, in public,—in the courts of mankind—private questions from an honest standpoint, with intent for the elevation of the people,—masses as well as classes.

Dishonesty is universal. There are exceptions, noble and blessed, thousands of exceptions. But what are these few to the millions who are cursed with dishonesty? If the few are honest, the many are dishonest; so far are they soaked in organized-corruption that legalized-graft is not thot graft at all.

Extreme private-wealth is extreme Spiritual-danger. We have dethroned God and put Satan in His place. "Christ is recognized in Christendom: but on condition that He shall be bed-fellow with the devil. "

Man is the only animal who cheats himself. We think we're cheating the Karmic-Law, which is the order of the Universe, but we're only digging our bottomless pit, wherein we eventually fall and go to decay. "Fools think to outwit Me, and that, no son of man has ever done. "

Thru the vast accumulation of riches in the hands of

the few, held in selfish clutch for lustful and intemperate purposes, refusing to permit its outflow for the good of humanity, the people are perishing, degenerating from ignorance of the spiritual. One has said: "Man makes himself a poisonous abscess on Nature—an unnatural growth, a carbuncle, a wen, and Nature constantly struggles to purify herself."

We are told the Honey-Bee works only four hours a day. Few studies in nature are more fascinating than that of the life-history of the bee. We all know that the bee is a consecrated worker, even a trust owner will admit that—but he does all his work in about four hours.

An earnest bee-student gives us the interesting information that a honey-bee makes in one day about twenty trips to and from the hive, and that he visits in all probability twelve thousand different flowers. Watch the honey-bees with their intellectual-power, their inter-communion, as they travel back and forth, buzzing and enjoying themselves, accumulating the honey which will carry them and others in the hive thru the winter; and yet, they do all their systematic work in harmony and love—collecting enough honey for all the bees and Baby-Bees by working four hours a day. Their kingdom has no Child-Labor and sweat-shops—on four hour's work a day. No want or Poverty in the Bee-Kingdom. During the rest of the day the bee-workers lounge about, grooming their bodies, reflecting, and meditating on self-government and giving thanks upon what a blessed thing it is to be a hard working honey-bee. They never demand a vacation but work uncomplainingly and joyfully during the winter and summer alike. Why are the bees able to do all of this on four hours' work? Because All the Bees are Co-Workers in Love and Harmony, because they are all working to get All of the honey that labor brings back to the hive. They haven't got among the bee-kingdom a class of "grafters"—in "conscienceless profiteering"—polite individuals with "gentlemen's agreements"—gentlemen in

silk hats and with large, 'fat' automobiles, standing out at the edge of the hive and taking for themselves so much out of every load of honey that the bees bring Home. Bees have learned to co-operate; they have learned to work together; they have solved Life's-problem by helping one another. They Get For Themselves All That They Produce, therefore they are able to produce all they need by working four hours a day. They thus have twenty hours out of twenty-four to devote to whatever they choose.

"Man, the reasoning animal?"

The bee reasons so much better, quicker and higher, that we seem as so many blind-folded animals crawling around in ignorance not knowing what we are, where we are going, or what we are trying to do, compared with it. Just notice and study the bees, with their supposed slight intelligence, with no machinery but their honey-gathering-apparatus, and their marvelous mathematical capacity for fixing their cells, and their Instinct of Universal-Brotherhood.

The honey-bee flies by and over all the garbage cans and dead carcasses in the land; it finds the sweet flowers in garden and fields; it sips their honeyed-nectar—the soul of the flowers—and makes the food of the gods, man's universal restorative; and then makes a 'bee-line' for home. A buzzard will fly over all these sweet gardens and fields, with its penetrating eye seeking out the dead, decomposed bodies—vile carrion—in fields and timber-lands. Having satisfied his appetite, he takes wing, mounts upward and flies away, caring nothing for all that was sweet and pure.

Bees are able to do for themselves with four hours' work a day a great deal more than stupid humanity is able to do by working not only the grown men and women, but the children, thruout all the hours of daylight.

Where do we find a more beautiful Lesson of Economic-Justice than the Honey-Bee? What can be more poetical in the way of food than the condensed-nectar of *flowers*, which contains the aroma of the clover, the *fragrance* of the wild-rose and the apple-blossom? We are

told that honey, from time immemorial, has been a part of man's daily food. In Palestine, "the land flowing with milk and honey," wild bees are very numerous, especially in the wilderness of Judea, where John the Baptist lived on locusts and wild-honey. Honey was held in high favor by the Greeks and Romans, and according to Horace, there was nothing for the stomach like honey. Its spicy sweetness was highly esteemed by the disciples of Pythagoras; and it is related that an old man in the time of Augustus, when asked how he had attained the ripe-age of one hundred, replied: "It was by the use of oil without and honey within."

Some day the human-bee will be re-organized as well as the honey-bees are now organized. It is only a matter of time until evolution will Unite the World's Workers—when capital and labor shall be the harmonious Two-in-One. In the wise and mighty creed of Karl Marx: "Workman of all countries unite; you have nothing to lose but your chains; you have a world to gain." As in the mighty words of Lincoln's message to Congress of December 2, 1861: "Labor is prior to and independent of capital. Capital is only the fruit of labor, and could never have existed if labor had not first existed. Labor is superior to capital, and deserves much the higher consideration."

And this from his letter to a Committee of the Workmen's Association of New York, March 21, 1864:

"The strongest bond of human sympathy, outside of the family-relation, should be one uniting all working men, of all nations, tongues and kindreds." Surely this implies the uniting—the unionizing and federating of both wage-earning men and women. Unionizing? the fruits, or Karma, of the present economic-exploitation. "By their fruits ye shall know them." "Can the fig tree, my brethren, bear olive berries? either a vine, figs? so can no fountain both yield salt water and fresh." In time unionizing will evolve into Organized-Wisdom,—into the Great Ovum of Universal-Brotherhood,—Peace On Earth. When we, as one human-family, individually and collectively, understand and live the Karmic-law, we

shall have Perfect Harmony between Capital and Labor, —which, in the deductions of political-economy, or organized-wisdom, is Productive-Capital and Productive-Labor.

We will not—in this Glad-Day—lose our individuality, but we will work and blend, co-operate, breathe and inter-breathe, each for all and All for each, in One World-Wide Brotherhood; each in his own niche according to his stage of evolution. We will all be working-beings, busy with the looms, spinning, weaving the threads of Life's golden-fleece. It will not be labor, but artistic work. We shall not be servants, but masters, joyfully taking our individual part in the great universal-orchestra, loving our work, doing it only for Love's sweet sake. Each a good musician in the universal-orchestra, each in his separate part working for all—a perfect ensemble. As in the clear vision of Kipling:

“ And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;

And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame;

But each for the joy of the working, and each, in his separate star,

Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things as They Are! ”

For every man now slaving ten, twelve or fourteen hours a day painfully, we shall have men working the same number of hours intelligently and joyfully. The mass of human-bee workers will all be educated and harmonious. Mutual-service is the first secret in the unfoldment of humanity: without co-operation ambition fades, courage stagnates, reason trembles and the mind dissolves.

Civilized man, in the future, will be as far above his present state in contentment, happiness and true-brotherhood as the organized honey-bee in his hive in California is far above the isolated individual bee that can be found in Iceland.

A bee student has said: “ No living creature, not even man, has achieved, in the center of his sphere, what the bee has achieved in Her Own; and were some one from another world to descend and ask of the earth the most

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perfect creation of the logic of Life, we should needs have to offer the humble-comb of Honey. ”

We are not as much at home with our Creator as is the honey-bee. Unless we become organized on earth as the pure and industrious bee, working together in concert, we cannot attain unto heaven.

As Frederick Harrison claims: “ This earth will not be a home worthy of civilized-man until there has been a root-and-branch social revolution to reform the daily lot of the vast working majority of our fellow-citizens. ”

We bring nothing into this world except our past-experiences gathered in past-embodiments, called Character or the Imperishable-Ego. This Egoity, or the “ Divine-Individuality, ” is that which goes out with us beyond the grave and re-incarnates and clothes itself in one personality after another. “ As he came forth of his mother’s womb, naked shall he return to go as he came, and shall take nothing of his labour, which he may carry away in his hand. ”

“ For all we can hold in our dead, cold hands,
Is what we have given away. ”

Joaquin Miller.

“ We shall not be able to take one bone of our body with us. As a man who works in the Government-Mint may handle thousands of pounds of coined-moneys, and act like a millionaire; but when he goes out, he is searched, less he take a farthing with him; so the whole world belongs to the Governor of the Universe, and we can bring nothing in when we come, nor can we carry anything when we go. ”

“ I. ”

“ Me. ”

“ Mine. ”

“ ‘ I ’ make ‘ my ’ money and ‘ I’ll ’ do just as ‘ I ’ please with it, ” is often said by the materialist.

“ My. ”

“ Ours. ”

What?

Nothing.

“ Own. ”

How unwise, then, for one to think that any flesh or worldly possessions are "mine." How mortal-sighted, for example, for man to grab and fence off a corner of God's earth and say: "This is mine, ours." Nothing is "ours" that we cannot keep. Only that which becomes character, or the Imperishable-Ego, is permanently Ours. We are only open-channels thru which God's Infinite supply of riches and wisdom flow, sending them out again among His children. Worldly-possession that comes into our lives is only entrusted to us, by the Supreme, for the good of self-unfoldment, or Universal-Self. Possession of these world-powers involves the duty of consecrating these gifts to the Universal-Self. Sacred-Authority teaches: We are held responsible for that which we hold in our possession beyond and over the upkeep of the body. The mysterious Karmic-Law of Cause and Effect, the golden-thread running thru all life, is wonderfully Just in its workings. Unless we learn this mysterious law and harmoniously work thru and with it—becoming The Law—there is no rosy-path out of the wilderness of suffering and Ignorance. The fear of the Karmic-Law is the beginning of knowledge; but fools run from instruction and Wisdom.

So-called death is a great temporary-equalizer, who straightens out many things and sets right many wrongs. There are no pockets in our shrouds, yet, see how we struggle and fight for all of these worldly-things and monies here in this short earth-stay. "Riches flit away in the twinkling of an eye; they are the most inconstant of friends; flocks and herds perish, parents die, friends are not Immortal," taught Albert Pike. All worldly treasures we have to leave behind. It is certain, beyond all question, that we cannot take one atom of our physical body from this planet. We leave everything here with our discarded-body. Our physical-body is a part of this planet and the universe needs every atom belonging to it. Nothing can we take except such accumulated experience of thots, of Karma-deeds, such debts, such wisdoms, that we have sown and gathered here—that we have builded into our Character—those things which

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never die. When souls grow old enough consciously to sense this law, we will cease to accumulate, hoard and pile up great worldly-luggages, but will seek and strive to cultivate and accumulate that which never dies—Inward Wealth and Spiritual-Beauty.

We are constantly building character. Our present character is the result of our past Karma. What we are this moment is the effect of the sum-total of all our thots and deeds of our past life. Understanding this law, we can build our character as surely as a mason builds a brick-wall.

Character reveals itself in a thousand ways. We express our real character without knowing it. A wise old man advising one younger, said in substance: "If you want to study a man's character, study the little things about him; in big things, a man is careful and on his guard. He is trying to create an impression and you can't find out what he really is. But in little things, he is careless and reveals his true-self." Action shows a man's intentions—his secret-motive,—not the wit of his words.

Our life is toned and colored by our character. We gravitate to what we are, good or evil—the things we need and like, as the ant gravitates to stewed prunes, as the parrot chooses its own colors. "When we realize that all our feelings, thots and acts are the threads we weave into character—the garment of the soul," says George E. Littlefield, "and that every one fashions his or her own spiritual raiment from the materials they create in the loom of life, and Must wear this, and no other, coat or gown now and forever—when we realize this, will we not be more careful of what we think, what we desire, and what we do? Character-clothes cannot be purchased on Broadway—they are all home-spun and Self-Made. They are in style today and for all eternity. An angel in overalls may wear silken and purple-vestments beneath the outer appearance."

To some the world seems hopelessly corrupt, but, all destruction is eventually construction. The autumn-leaves

make May-flowers. Many minds are dis-spirited with the thot that the problems which face us today are so complex that it is hopeless to make any effort to solve them. The increase in private-wealth and the exploitation of human life, make a dark and complex picture when viewed from all sides. Yet out of Black Karma evolution unfolds ultimate good. Open-evil keeps good on the alert—wide-awake.

The World Is Getting Better.

The World Is Better. The things which fill us with horror today were once passed by without a thot;—an every day occurrence. We are told: "Our direct ancestors on this planet were all murderers by profession, and they were all cannibals when food was scarce. There was a time when a man naturally killed any man or any woman he met, that happened not to be of his tribe; and we are descended, all of us, from men of that time. Until the French Revolution came to bring enlightenment to this earth, torturing of witnesses was legal among all civilized communities. The man or woman accused of no crime was put to torture and horribly racked, burned and pinched, to force confession of a master's wickedness. When the French Revolutionists did away with the torture of innocent witnesses and of all witnesses, it was declared that Justice could not survive such a blow."

It is recorded: The immortal Judge (?) Jake Cade, in the year 1417, in England, condemning Lord Say to death as a patron of learning, gave vent to the following words:

"Thou has most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar school, and whereas our forefathers had no other books but the score and tally, thou hast caused printing to be used and, contrary to the King, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper mill. It will be proven to thy face that thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a noun and a verb and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear." *

In those days it was a crime, punishable by death, for

• Mackey's Encyclopedia.

a person to teach what is today taught in our public schools. The text-books used were Dice-Checkers, Chess, Dominoes and Playing Cards, so the teacher and pupil could claim "Amusement" in case of discovery while at their studies.

"No longer do we burn men alive because they do not believe in the God that we choose to believe in. We do not take a woman of talent, because she happens to be an actress and bury her at the cross-roads, refusing her sacred burial, as they used to do in Voltaire's day."

Evolution is slow but sane. We are a very long way from the ideal-life, "with our child-labor of nearly 2,000,000 in the mills and sweat-shops of our country; with our miserable wage-system, with our so-called 'respectable judges' who call unconstitutional the laws made to protect women and children," yet evolution has done a good deal in the two or three hundred thousand years that man has lived on this planet. And when we come again, here or there, we will find things still more improved.

Yes, the world is growing better. Among the hopeful signs of our day is the evidence that the advanced thinkers are awakening to the Brotherhood Of Man. The human-consciousness is beginning to realize as never before that all mankind have some common source of origin—One Father-Mother God, consequently all are brethren; not in any sentimental sense, but in a sane, logical and ethical-sense. Our minds and hearts are being stirred to their roots. Vulgar wealth has gotten to its summit.

" All our meanness is our greenness
We shall ripen by and by,
All our greenness is not meanness
Good for you and I."

We are dawning on the mental and spiritual. Our now-duty is to establish the equi-poise between personal egoism and Altruism. Yes, the world is growing better. The boil will open itself. Humanity won't need a doctor to have it lanced. The Karmic-law is man's never-failing, never-sleeping, never-forgetting doctor. All principles, wrong and destructive, murderous in themselves, have no

permanent endurance; they are self-destroying; they destroy and wear themselves out in time.

The many reformers will never overthrow "the hellish cruelty of civilization"—the present economic-system—Never! It will overthrow itself. Give it a little more time. "Give that calf more rope and it will hang itself."

"When the Battle Of Money shall have ended, the score will be on the right side of Humanity's ledger." A few forgotten billionaires will have struggled and passed out, not having found the goal, but passed on, disappointed.

To continually feast and drink of worldly-things, is to hunger and thirst again; to drink from a Spiritual-Fount, is to never thirst again. Evolution, Creator and Destroyer of all evil things, will take care of all temporary wicked powers. When corruption will have had its full run on the face of the earth; when it will have reached its summit, its lowest depths and widest reign; it will have exhausted its evil-forces and will have to vanish.

Action and re-action is the law of Nature. When evil has exhausted its forces, Good asserts itself by natural law, establishing once again perfect-order and harmony on the face of the earth, infusing humanity with the spirit of highest-good. It is hopeful to feel that the man-rule age is nearing its close, and Satan, called the Serpent, will be subdued. Woman is coming unto her freedom, and having many wrongs set right, is putting her heel upon all sin,—the bruising of the serpent's head,—which holds her spirit in bondage.

"The WORD which shall come to save the WORLD shall be uttered by a WOMAN."

"Hitherto the man hath been alone and hath had dominion over the earth."

"For the reign of Adam is at its last hour; and God shall crown All Things by the Creation of Eve."

"So that Man the Manifestor shall resign his office; and Woman the Interpreter shall give light to the world."

"But Woman shall be created, God shall give unto her

the Kingdom; and she shall be first in rule and Highest in dignity."

"Yea, the last shall be the first, and the elder shall serve the younger."

"So that woman shall no more lament for their womanhood: but men shall rather say, 'Oh, that we had been born women!'"

"There shall nothing new be told; but that which is ancient shall be interpreted."

"And her reign shall be greater than the reign of Man: for Adam shall be put down from his place; and she shall have dominion forever."

"And she who is alone shall bring forth more children to God than she who hath a husband."

"There shall no more be a reproach against women: but against men shall be the reproach."

"For the Woman is the crown of Man, and the final manifestation of Humanity."

"But the creation of Woman is not yet complete; but it shall be complete in the time which is at hand."

"Her body is the highest-step in the ladder of incarnation."

"For the Interpretation of hidden-things is at hand; and men shall eat of the precious fruits of God."

From Sacred-Books.

We have the romance or vulgar tongue of world-history. We have history in its "cover-all" and small clothes; but Real History is as yet unwritten. Woman's soul shall now re-write history. Woman's soul shall now undress Truth and show it naked as Truth Is.

Evolution will, again, lead us back to the Simple Life—cultivating the peaceful arts of agriculture—the Golden-Age of primeval purity and general happiness. When this age arrives, evil interests will have perished. In the age when Divine-Love will be born full grown, no Man, Woman, hereditary King, Queen, Kaiser, Czar or Emperor, Prince or Chief, down to the humblest officeholder, will have the desire, or the power, to connect him-

self, herself, with the bands of organized corruption and live as a thief, or a grafting politician, looting the people, but Harmony and Love will be restored to the human-family.

Our now colossal 'sky-scrapers,' staring us in the face, smothering God's pure air, filled with doctors, lawyers, merchants, thieves, and all sorts of non-producing, semi-parasites, will have vanished. No more slave-drivers; no more Baby-Slaves stunted in factories, women killed in sweat-shops; but every child shall be educated, fit to be a King or a Queen. No more jailers or turn-keys; the chain-gang will go free to claim their birth-right; no more fire-arms and bloody wars; our soldiers will have only brotherly-arms. One of the seers of old-time dreamed of a day when men would "beat their swords into plow-shares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

No more bribed juries, each soul will be its own juror. No more "death chambers," our Sheriffs, District Attorneys, Judges and Juries will be too far-visioned to sentence a brother to death. There will be no hand to pull the death-straps—God's law will be observed. "Thou Shalt Not Kill." To send a brother out of this earth-life, his only school of experience, is the same as sending your child, my child, out of school, forbidding him ever to come back again.

"The law of Karma is the law of impartial-justice—a universal-law; it applies itself alike to a Judge on the bench as to a criminal; it is no respecter of persons; it pays no reverence to Judicial Wigs and Gowns, even Royalty is not exempt from premature deaths produced by the action of the Karma of former-lives. He who condemns a fellow-being to death will necessarily suffer for it, either in this or some future life upon the earth." "I will not take human life; by no man shall man's blood be shed; all life is sacred and Vengeance Belongs To God." "He who knows The Law is judged by The Law, and he who knows not The Law is judged by the Motive In The Act."

In the new Golden-Age the worldly-rich man will have learned that success in wickedness is defeat in Truth and brings not peace of mind; that money is a lost-power and has no permanent-value. He will see that his stocks and bonds are useless, except to light the fire. Corruption will be weeded out. Moral and spiritual-manhood, not money, will be the measure of greatness. The four corners of the earth, which were filled with thieves and criminals, will be filled with honest, truthful men; "they will be Kings and Priests unto God and will reign on the earth;" they will be garbed, not in tinsel show to advertise their piety, but, clothed in spiritual-teachings and practices, the embodiment of the mind and will of our Creator, evolving higher in the spiritual-sense than any body of men that has ever existed on this planet-world.

In this new-coming Golden-Age our city sky-scrapers, our prisons, insane-asylums and hospitals, will be left standing alone and deserted, with not even the janitor to keep out the bats, mice, rats and cob-webs. There will be no creditors or debtors, no millionaires, no paupers; there shall be no man-made laws; prostitution cannot exist. The grinding tax-gatherers of unjust-powers, will have finished their last harvest. With this new-evolution—the unfolding of harmony—comes a sudden feeling of utter helplessness, of Spiritual-Poverty, so unexpected by the worldly-gods, but, withal Merciful and Just, that will lead to a new search for Soul-Wisdom. "Justice and Righteousness shall fill the earth as the water the sea."

With this new-evolution comes knowledge of only good, when All Nations will be One-Great Human-Family of freedom and peace, having one universal language of thot and deed, One-God, One-Church, no poor, no rich, but each enjoying earth's riches and blessings to the full. "In place of the polygamy and monogamy of today, there will come a poetogamy—a relation of the sexes based fundamentally upon poetic conceptions of life."

In this re-generation of humanity, we will breathe and inter-breathe in freedom and love, thru all to each, and thru each to all, the God of Heaven having set up a king-

dom of His own here on earth, when every one shall sit under his own vine and fig-tree.

"How much better is it to get wisdom than gold; yea, to get understanding is rather to be chosen than silver." What does it profit a woman if she drive her man to gain the whole world and he become a Spiritual-Suicide?

Woman Makes the Standard of Man. Every time a man robs a bank, commits a crime, goes to jail, gets in trouble, some woman, a woman, "the woman" is to blame for it.

Yes, woman, we women, you and I, are to blame for the wrong doings of man. It reverts to the wrong guidance of some woman: Mother, sister, wife or companion. "Which is more blamable, the man who steals, or the woman who inspires the man to steal?" It is far from a bold statement to say that the majority of men who turn their thots backward, date their wrongs to some woman; to an irresponsible childhood; to a mother who neglected their pre-natal and Karmic-training; who stood between them and their educational-punishment of childish misdeeds.

Women are the Spiritual-teachers of the human-family; and the best primitive principles a man possesses, he gets from his mother. The principal education,—the early training, the early moulding, shaping of man,—is received from his mother and from women-teachers in public schools. Man owes most of his qualities to the First Woman he ever knew.

All men are grown-up babies, and need a lot of 'mothering.' If a man is in trouble, hurt, or scratched in his business-life, he needs a sensible and intuitive-woman to run to, just as he flew to his mother when he was a toddling youngster, when he tumbled over and bumped his nose and wanted "mother, kiss the hurt place and make it well."

Man is a curious-animal, two-thirds of men don't know as much as tame-geese—most helpless things on earth—without a woman. Every large motherly-hearted woman soon learns that every man, no matter how big, has a large part of the baby-element in his make-up. The loving-wife

is the one who enjoys mothering her husband. This is his greatest comfort—after the business-worries of the day. Yes, many times he deserves to be slapped, but he must be loved and caressed, too. From seven months to seventy years, and then some more, the eternal masculine longs pitifully for a woman to encourage and re-assure him, tell him, once in a while, that he has a wonderful brain and isn't understood or half-appreciated by the world.

“ Men are only boys grown tall,
Hearts don't change much after all.”

There is nothing else to do with men, than to love and reason them into life and goodness. How many a knot of mystery and misunderstanding would be untied by one love-word spoken by a wise and motherly-woman. How many a sad heart would be made glad, if Love were there. Love, Divine-Love, the only thing the world is hungry for. Take Love out of the world and it would be a raging hell.

The highest compliment a man ever paid a woman is “Sweetheart, you have been both wife and mother to me.” Man is but baby-clay in the hands of creative-woman, to mold as she sees fit. “A woman can make a Lion out of a Lamb, or she can make a Lamb out of a Lion.” Man is the one who should be ‘kept.’ The Big-woman is the one that can take a man, send him out in the world, cause him to do her Divine-Will, without his ever knowing but that he is doing as he himself pleases—following his own judgment.

Why are Southern men so charming? Southern women cultivate them so, demand them so. Someone has said: “You never know a man until you have an introduction to his wife.” Another has said: “Let me talk twenty minutes to a man and I'll tell you what kind of a mother or wife he has.” Woman is to man, as a governor is to a steam engine. Without her loving influence right from the heart, life means little to the ambitious male, if he is really what those three little letters m-a-n spell.

The once reigning Kentucky Belle, the remarkable and interesting Mrs. John A. Logan, says:

"Women are far more responsible for the morals and immorals of communities and for the welfare of the nation than men can ever be. If either goes wrong the fault is really woman's. As children are brought up so goes the nation. That is woman's work and the women of to-day are shirking it. Where they should feel the vast responsibility of setting good examples to the youths of both sexes they are drifting into numberless 'small vices.' They are becoming 'Tipplers.' They are becoming gamblers. No woman has a right to drink cocktails or play cards for money; even men have not these rights. I have known of mothers who gave their little babies—liquor as a means of quieting them and keeping them from being bothersome. Her undoubted tendency toward liquor and tobacco are by no means all she may be indicted for. There is, for instance, her astonishing, her deplorable insane-extravagance. Women are responsible for half the business failures, probably they drag their men to ruin by their sinful waste, the mad rapacity of their demands for more, MORE, MORE! What matter if debt is a mill-stone tied to man's neck? The wife must have her silly-luxuries in spite of that—in spite of everything. Fashion! The modern woman is pursuing fashion to the very brink of ruin and beyond, and almost always she is dragging some devoted-man down to destruction with her. The woman in whose mind the latest fashion occupies first place is sure to find herself unwilling, even quite unable, to concentrate upon the really important matters of her life—unable to step up to a higher plane of brains and morals. Such women cannot be good wives, good mothers, good members of society. And they suffer for it in the end. There have been great leaders among women. Think of grand Queen Victoria! Year after year she held the women of Great Britain down to common sense, or something which at least approached it, in this very matter of expenditure on dress. She showed a marvelous measure of refinement, culture, virtue and good sense, and helped to make her nation great. We have had, and have now, women in this country, who, in their own way, are quite as great as Queen Victoria, but whose opportunities of course are less.

Fashion!

Fashionable Women!

What do they amount to really? Very, very little. The American woman of today does very little in return for all her husband does for her; and he does more than any other husband on earth. Many of these women don't make a real-Home for him. The men are busy all day, fighting for the money which their wives demand and when they get home in the evening, they do not find Home a place for rest and Peace. Instead of making Home a place of rest and quiet, they are waiting, nervously expectant, when their husbands come, to be taken out to dinner, to the theater, or opera, or somewhere, anywhere which is not Home. The Modern Woman Does Not Entertain Her Husband. It is dress, dinner, (hurried, if at home) at a hotel most likely, then some entertainment, theatrical; then a supper at a restaurant. Home is a place to go to when one is too sleepy to remain awake in public-places. Do these women who demand these things really help their husbands? No, They won't even talk business with them; they don't share their husband's burdens; they avoid them eagerly. There are few men who would not welcome burden-sharing with their wives. Such women are becoming nervous wrecks, as their lives are quite irrational, and they are losing in intelligence. What reading they indulge in is of trash, they have no useful-recreation of any sort. What mental-growth can any woman have who follows such a life? It is a dreadful thing for a woman to say, but none the less I must declare my firm belief that there are signs today that this generation is going to Black-Ruin thru Mad-Extravagance and that the Greater Part of Extravagance is Woman's. "

The Yellow-Gold—the unholy-lust of gold—has debauched and corrupted our manhood—our womanhood. Frederick Townsend Martin, the one-time keen and distinguished social leader of New York, tells in part:

" I was at a very brilliant social function in the London social world. I met at that reception a woman whose name I had heard as a household word in society for many years. She was esteemed a brilliant-woman; she was reckoned a leader in the most splendid society of the world. She was wealthy beyond all human-need. She

occupied a powerful place in a political world where everything human had its part. She was a companion of princes and the equal of peers. We were talking alone, immediately after our introduction, when she said, 'Oh, Mr. Martin, you are a Wall Street man. You could help me to get some of your American gold!' I was astounded and I showed it in my answer: 'Why, my dear lady, surely you have gold enough! If I am not mistaken, you rank among the wealthiest women of your nation. Why should you want gold? Moreover, you have social standing and are famous thruout England. Of what possible use could more gold be to you?' I can still see the haggard face, the quivering lips, the blazing eyes of this great society woman as she answered me. 'Oh, Mr. Martin, you do not know me—I am almost ashamed to confess the truth. I dream night and day of gold. I want to have a room at the top of my house filled with it—filled with gold sovereigns. I would like to go into that room night after night, when every one else is asleep and bury myself in the yellow gold coins up to my neck, and play with them, toss them about, to hear the jingling music of the thing I love the best!' Think of it! Picture a woman, wife of a man, mother of splendid children, born with the beautiful instincts innate in her sex, sinking to such a depth as that! Think of the awful shallow emptiness of a life and a training that bore such fruit as this!

Mr. Martin also, apropos of the extravagance of the idle rich, said at a dinner in New York:

"It is bad enough for the rich, who can afford it, to be extravagant; but what of the extravagance of the merely well-to-do, who can't? How many a poor, struggling broker or lawyer or promoter slaves himself into nervous prostration in order to gratify the extravagant taste of his wife! I heard of a case in point yesterday. The wife of an overworked promoter said at breakfast: 'Will you post this letter for me, dear? It's to the furrier, countermanding my order for that \$900 sable and ermine stole. You'll be sure to remember?' The tired eyes of the harassed, shabby promoter lit up with joy. He seized a skipping rope that lay with a heap of dolls and toys in a corner and going to his wife, he said: 'Here, tie my right hand to my left foot so I won't forget!'"

Under the man-rule age woman has been driven, and en masse, is a sentimental fool, void of justice, leading a purposeless life, dressing and flirting, with only one intent,—to capture a man to feed and support her, that she may enjoy the good things of life and make mischief, not realizing She is the Responsible Part Of Man.

Woman's influence upon man sends him either to heaven or to hell; she is his building or destroying Angel. Unregenerate woman stands between man and his God.

No man can go wrong whose wife is his companion, whose interest at heart she has. Out of the animalized-man Real-Woman can make that which is Higher than the Angels. The man who has been the object of a Real-Woman's love has grown bigger in kindness, nobler and grander in character, full of burning-desires for future generations; she having opened the windows of his soul that he may see the good in everything. The God-man is Everything and woman is Inside of the man—his protector. "Why, man, she is mine own, and I as rich in having such a jewel as twenty seas, if all their sands were pearls, the water nectar, the rocks pure gold."

The happiness, the morality, the purity and the very existence of Man depends upon Woman. That is her mission, her responsibility,—a glory bestowed upon her by the God who created her. We cannot drive or drag man up, force or legislate man into righteousness. The coming God-man must first be thot-formed, pre-natally bred and projected by Woman. A cat catches mice, as did its great, great grand-mother. "To reform a man we must begin with his grand-mother," said a great teacher.

Thru the freedom of Woman will first come a higher-grade of womanhood; second, thru the Free-Woman a higher-grade of manhood. Woman must first purify her ideals and re-generate her body; before she can unite with man in the Divine-State. Then she can only attract the God-man. Thus and only thus, can we ever expect to lead man back into the blissful—the Edenic-state. The Age of Real-Man—the re-generate man—is not yet, but

is dreaming somewhere in the fruitful-womb of Re-generate-Woman.

Divine-love grows and deepens with time; mated lovers are chemically-married and truly live. Man of the new-evolution will be a creator, not a destroyer. The greater his conscious-powers, the greater will be his modesty, the more willing will he be to serve humanity. Hence, the new-woman will honor that man most, the man who is the richest spiritually; the man who uses these riches—here and now—in the World's great School-Room for the unfoldment of the race. To be a mother of daughters, seems more sacred than of sons—Woman being the Divine-Projector. It is a very poor woman who does not improve the very best man. "A woman draws more with a hair of her head than a pair of oxen well harnessed."

" As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto man is woman,
While she bends him, yet she follows,
Useless each without the other."

At times the reflections of the husband seem wholly the result of his wife's influence,—yet when we look back we find she has a late and struggling-start with him, if his mother has done little for his soul's culture—for mothers are the ones who make men. "What is learned in the cradle, lasts to the grave."

"The mother's heart is the children's school-room."

If a man is born of a saintly-mother, then marries a spiritual-woman, he can never wholly depart from his own fire-side. "He that hath no rest at Home, is in the world's hell." Was there ever anyone who praised a woman more gracefully than Steele when he said of Lady Elizabeth Hastings, that "to know her was a liberal education." Some chemical in woman's Holy-laboratory is missing if man degenerates. "A nation never rises permanently above the level of its women." Yes, Woman Makes The Standard Of Man. The stream never rises above the fountain-head.

WOMAN'S CAUSE—MAN'S.

" The woman's cause is man's; they rise or sink
Together, dwarfed or God-like, bond or free;
If she be small, slight natured, miserable,
How shall man grow?"

Looking outside I scarce can believe 'tis Christmas-Day, when I see the regular California green hedges, and roses in bloom, while in the great blizzard-swept cities of the East they have a white-Christmas. It snows, and it sleets, and it blows and it hails, our feet ache, our fingers are numb, if we don't look out, our ears and our toes will freeze.

Christmas is not a matter of location, of snow or sunshine, or frost or flowers; but of the heart and spirit. In California is to be found the true Palestine Christmas, the real original Christmas weather, the weather the shepherds experienced. Palestine is a sub-tropical country. The orange groves distill their incense rare; the vine, the fig and the olive flourish too. This is the Christmas weather of the New Testament, is the same as that found in wonderful California the wonder-land of Blessed Sunshine—which adds richness to every acre of ground and beauty to every living thing. Here we find the plains of Bethlehem in the delightful San Gabriel Valley.

Read the Gospel story of Christmas: "And Mary brought forth her First-born son; and she wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for him in the inn." "And there were shepherds in the same country abiding in the fields, and keeping watch by night over their flock." Our California foot-hills have been tan for months. Watch them a little and see them turn to green-plush under the magic caresses of the loving rain. The fields, too, are turning green, as of a velvet soft. Violets are five cents a bunch on every street corner—real violets as purple and soft as the velvet of a queen. The wild-lilac spreads its mesh of clouded blue; lilies, carnations, heliotropes, and the Cali-

fornia yellow-poppies are laughing in the Golden Christmas-Sunshine.

Sunshine!

The thot-world is just beginning to realize how essential sunlight is to all life. We are now within the week of the shortest day of the year. The Sun rises, (by sun-time), about 7 o'clock and sets at about 5. In the long, long-ago, the ancients Worshipped the Sun, the First-Great-Giver-of-Light-and-Life. Sun-Worship is probably the first religion of primitive-man, the embodiment of his first ideas of God. The Romans made a sacred festival at this time long before the birth of Christ, because of the birth of the Sun. We are told that in the month of March they built big-fires to the Sun, beseeching it to shine upon the seeds they had planted and warm them into life. In the Autumn they held another festival, giving praise and thanks to the Sun for the rich harvests; and again, in the winter time, the week beginning December 22nd was set aside for the greatest festival of all, that of universal-rejoicing and good feeling, to celebrate the return of the Sun-God—the expression of the gratitude of the human heart for light, warmth and nourishment. Man, even then, recognized the Sun as his greatest health-friend.

Christmas-Day will continue more and more to be a Holy-Day, because it marks the position of the Sun in the heavens and the end of the solstice—the sun apparently standing still at this time. The short dark-days are ended on December 25th; the darkest day of the year is past, and that is why, from time that goes back of human-history, that this Glad-day, the most wonderful and important in the world's history, is given up to festivities. Let us keep in mind its origin, rejoice and give thanks as did our remote-ancestors.

The Sun is the center of all life, force or energy. It represents the positive and primal-fount of all existence. The sun is the energizing power of all things in manifestation. We live in a physical-world, whose light, heat, motion, nourishment, and all good things, even life itself depend upon the power of the external Sun. Therefore; *it is the highest-physical and natural-influence of which our*

brain can be conscious. The Sun is the outer manifestation, the symbol of spirit—God, the “Outer Eye of the Deity,” the parent of all light and Life.

We are all Suns—Sons.

We are all Heavens.

We are each a universe greater than the Sun. Within us lives a miniature Sun. There is a Sun for our spiritual-life that will do for us just what the blessed sunshine does for all-life every day.

“The sun manifests this world with its mountains and valleys, sea and land; but the sun does not thereby become many, nor is the sun defiled by the impurities it brings to sight. If we take the sun as the Ego, and consider a number of saucers full of water as human beings, then it will be seen that altho there is one sun in reality, yet each saucer seemingly has a sun of its own. While the reflected sun is taken for the sun, the motion of the water from the breezes will give a seeming motion to the sun. If the saucer is broken and the water runs out, then a man who has never known the sun except by attributing reality to a reflection, will think the sun is destroyed; but not so the man who recognizes the sun in the saucer as merely the reflection of the blessed sun in the heavens. As a child may imagine the sun to be extinguished when clouds prevent his seeing it, so when the knowledge within us is veiled by ignorance we imagine non-identity with the Deity.”

As one voices: “Let not the blessings we receive daily from God make us not to value or not praise Him, because they be common. I have been told, that if a man that was born blind could have his sight for but only one hour during his whole life, and should at the first opening of his eyes, fix his sight upon the sun when it was in full glory, either at the rising or the setting of it, he would be so transported and amazed, that he would not willingly turn his eyes to behold all the other various beauties this world could present to him. And this and many other blessings we enjoy daily. And, for most of them, most men forget to pay their praise, but let not us.”

When humanity shall have evolved unto the Golden-

Age, then the real Soul-Sun shall cause the Spiritual-growth of God in and thru humanity, which is symbolized in the natural world with the coming of the sun in the Springtime. The Soul-Sun will project the Spiritual-Springtime. Let us offer worship unto Thee, the Chief and First of external Gods—the Sun.

If we want to be healthy, happy and beautiful we must become Sun-Worshippers, open up our minds and bodies, their outer with the inner, to the over-flowing and radiating love of the sun. The brute-world has long known what man is just beginning to find out. The endless variety of beneficial and unseen-rays radiated by every beam that flows forth from the sun is marvelous, unthinkable. In its sparkling radiations all life becomes diligent and full of spirit; microbes die; decay transmutes; the iron in the blood flows chemically-pure and strong, as both the assimilative and eliminative powers of the red-cells are increased, keeping the resisting-powers that combat disease busy. The kidneys, the organs of perspiration become active and carry off waste matter, cleansing the skin. The very sunburn, gained on the beach, in summer-time means the burning up of refuse. All refuse is transmuted by the Solar-energy.

Professor Mast thinks that "the happy influence of sunlight upon man and other animals is the result of evolution which began with its marvelous effects upon the green plants. Sunlight makes the green leaves form starches and other compounds for the use of animals. . . . These effects of sunlight are the foundation stones of the sun's activities on every living thing." Professor Whitman has discovered that "even a faint shadow causes a leech to sway from side to side and become restless." Dr. Dolly, in a brilliant experiment, has proved that "a butterfly will live three times longer in sunlight than in shadow." Sunlight is the outer manifestation of Life. Sunlight is to man what it is to plant-life. Under sun-bathing every organ and tissue in the body will re-act, giving us New-Life. The liver will do its prompt work; the heart beat better; our food digest on time, quickening man-woman unto self-consciousness. All these golden dis-

coveries about the sun's giving life should quicken us to become sun-worshippers. We should have our regular sun-baths, nude, in the open air, or in a glass-casket. Sun-bathing produces elevation of the soul to its highest level, —developing the fire of Life in diseased bodies, fertilizing the sluggish-mind into active functioning, and unfolds a certain psychic-power generally dormant in man. In the new-evolution many of our homes, schools, and workshops will be designed with a view to admitting the greatest amount of sun rays. Many abodes will have their roofs and outer-walls built of glass, as hothouses, permitting at will every nook and corner to be sun-kissed with Divine-Energy. We are all unconscious Sun-Worshippers in this symbolic-age. Thank God for the Sun! What would the world do without the Sun? How did it come to exist? I am glad I was not born before the Sun, aren't you, Diantha?

The Tick of the Clock!

The sound of so many measures of time ticking the years away! Time out of which life is made! Christmas has come and gone, the night of New Year's Eve is here. Farewell to the Old Year! As we sat a few days ago thinking of the old year so soon to close, the new one to open, how many of us thot: If we could only turn back the clock, turn it back for an hour or two, stop it for a year or more? Yes, Sweet Child, you, perhaps will smile; for youth never understands; eager youth has limited consciousness. On New Year's Day, Youth dreams of the Future and Age of the Past. As youth stands awaiting on the threshold of a strange, mysterious door that silently opens for the New Year, all looks bright and sweet. Glorious are its skies, with their promise of hope, heaped up, running over with joys and graces. Youth! Youth!

Let youth dream on of roses without thorns; of sunshine without shade; of bright days without clouds; of hopes and ambitions fulfilled. Leave youth alone with its dreams and its hopes, time will take care of them; but

age looks back,—the hopes, the fires of ambition are dimmed; 'the future is all behind.' To age, the memories that cling to the old, sweet-days are much dearer and surer than the Glad New-Year can bring. If Age notes with a tinge of melancholy tenderness the flight of another year, youth has no such consciousness. Youth, in whom age re-lives, rejoicingly flings the calendar in the fire, happy that another year has gone. But youth holds no counsel with age. Who would have it otherwise? To each its fitting season. To Age, its memories and recollections. To Youth its buoyant hopes and expectations.

Yes, when the end joins the beginning, the cycle is complete. The old-year ends; the new-year begins at the self-same point; this is The Law in all the affairs of life,—the outgrowing of the old unto the new—the re-birth of Time; the unfoldment of man, which brings courage for fear, strength in the place of weakness, hopefulness instead of despair; fitting our whole nature for the twilight dawning which quickens and broadens our experience in the completion of the cycle.

"I wish you a Happy New-Year." But how to make and keep the New-Year really new is a problem for all. Year after year we try to ease our consciences by making new-resolutions, renewing our vows to all we hold most dear. We hang these resolutions on our walls; set them on our desks; we write them in our new diaries, we commit them to memory, enjoying a feeling of new-hope for a day or two. Then we forget them, until all the years grow to look provokingly alike. When the New-Year first comes to us we change its number; our dreams leap to new, untraveled heights, decking it out with new and rare delights, but before the Winter has mellowed into Spring, we are again living the life we always lived; and the year is not new but old. Apparently something more is necessary than taking down the old calendar and hanging up the new; something more than getting this new piece of furniture and having the automobile painted another color. Not by the changing of the seasons or the

alteration of the home; no, not by any of these momentary changes, but only by the re-creation of Self are these vows realized. The soul is never stationary. In the words of a Greek philosopher it is "a perpetual becoming." If we are really living, we are growing, from less to more, from lower to Higher, discovering all things new, new hopes, new-old ideas, keeping the New-Year new. A growing soul cannot grow old.

Hark!

Suddenly, faint and far away, wind-borne upon the mid-night air, comes the first chime of the great cathedral bells, solemnly recording the Old-Year's last hour. The pendulum of Time has swung back once more, and we are again passing another mile-stone in our pilgrimage over Life's rough and rugged road. As these solemn strokes beat out the measures of time unceasingly, one's thot quickens into the deep, the serious, the awe-inspiring. The old-year has gone. A year of sin, a year of good? of evil-aims, of mean-deeds? a year of shame, a year of praise? questions the soul in its secret-chambers and recesses.

There are few-things more solemn than the notes of a great, wide-mouthed, deep-toned bell at the mid-night hour—ringing out the last second of the last minute, of the last hour, of the last day, of the last week, of the last month of the dear old-year; another cycle to the age of the earth and unseen-forms. How solemn it all seems, while the vast human-crowd crawls along the streets of our great cities in a gleeful riot of noise and color! Automobiles almost at a standstill, the warning blowing of horns is responded to by a ringing laugh and a dash of confetti from the offenders. Excitement reaches its highest pitch at mid-night, and one wonders how the noise and jollity can be increased. One feels deafened at the increasing noise.

Noise!

Noise! Noise! We must all be going mad.

Hark! more horns, explosives, city-bells and factory-whistles.

“ Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousands Wars of old,
Ring in the thousands years of Peace! ”

The Old-Year has gone!

Revellers rejoice in street-dancing in all its picturesqueness, to the airs of their own singing. There is dancing to the sweet-strains of music everywhere,—in hotels, cafes, clubs, apartment-houses and drinking-places. By mid-night every cafe, grill-room and dining-room in the entire zone is crowded to overflowing; hundreds are turned away, because there is no room for them. Many of our brilliant cafes are thronged with women, many of them with glittering bodies but lost-souls—who gaze with faded world-weary eyes at red-bloated companions who fill with trembling hand the wine glass, who hurl forth cigarette smoke from bloated-nostrils. The gaily dressed throngs lounge, smoke, sip and finally drink and end up the week of drunken-revelry. The police become busy thru the sins and sorrows of the New-Year. The number of people that gorge and are ‘liquored’ thruout the country on New-Year’s Eve is beyond actual computation. The amount of money sinfully scattered is incredible, nearly a million dollars is spent for drink alone, every twenty-four hours, in New York City. The mere thot is staggering, enough squandered on this one night to free child-labor and educate every child in the country. “To think and feel makes life a tragedy.”

O, New Year, Teach us Faith!
For the Lessons Of Life are hard.



ANUARY, being the first-month of the year, the desolate, silent and bleak-month, when the snow lies deep and white on the earth is our finest indoor winter-month. We spend a few minutes of it in the sunshine, the rest of the time near the chimney-corner. For this reason we should not become too impatient with it, even if we are fishermen, or have a new automobile which we have to wrap in moth balls and goose grease, until the break of Spring.

Winter's touch of beauty is delicate in art; its melting beauty of the frost on ground and pane alike; its flying, fresh and clean-fallen snow; the sparkling sun on the white and ice-draped trees; all are nature's art. Each succeeding month is the sprout, blossom and fruit of this wonderful First-month of which the growth-process is actively going on within. It is the indoor-month for study and social life, for such meditation as brings soul-growth. Each winter season in its silence symbolizes the time which a soul spends between incarnations.

In ancient mythology January was the God Of Gates and Roadways, holding the Golden-Key in her right hand, the rod in her left, to symbolize her giving us another chance to unlock and find Self-Power. Whatever be our outward-surroundings, our material-sorrows in struggle for food and warmth thru the wintry-storms that beat around our senses,—whatever, in fine, be the gloom, the fear, the suffering of our visible-condition, still inwardly, we are in growth, in evolution—Life. The thot-seeds buried in our hearts,—our earth-souls,—burst forth into blossom and flower. We go onward, upward, learning Life's lessons, ripening into Immortal-beauty.

How well I remember my grandfather's fruit-orchard in January-Month. How often we looked out on the silent trees, the cold, bare skeletons, the speechless and leafless trees, little thinking of the wonderful processes of inward-growth which are silently going on within—the

silent in-breathing, preparatory to the out-breathing. We look again and find them all covered with a mantle of snow. A few days later, a mournful sound! we look to find a raging north storm, it comes to shatter the patient branches; the storm ceases; again the speechless trees. Another morning awakes with a dreary downpour of rain; by night the entire orchard is crystalized into pendant icicles. Altho with the outward-eye, we notice no change; yet, there is one continual unseen-growth, until the hidden-germ bursts into leaf, bloom-time and fruit. So it is with all life, from the lowest up to the highest—in man-woman on earth, all in different stages of Unseen-Evolution. The annular winters are cycles of involution, after their close evolution again begins. Does it not seem Nature is more wonderful in January than beautiful in full-bloom July? But, we know not the secret of the sweet differences of her seasons. "We are fruit trees," as one says, "in God's winter garden."

Baby, dear, this is the seventh-month, you've hovered near mother's heart. You are growing so big, dear, three inches more,—almost weigh three pounds! Wish you'd hurry up, seems so long to wait.

Thru the influences of the planets, one upon the other, causing the four elements Earth, Air, Fire, and Water to chemicalize and intermix, our bodies are formed. Many of our unthinking-'thinking' minds are slow to admit that the signs of the Zodiac have any influence upon our lives, even tho the story of the Bible is full of astrological-teaching. As to the growth of the embryo-baby from conception up to birth, we have but to study the results of planetary-influences upon the unborn-child as a result of planetary-change. Most every woman knows at the end of twenty-seven days from conception, certain signs appear, among them menstruation ceases. When fertilization has taken place, cords and tendons are united, and embryo-baby has begun, on its unseen steady growth, under the

planetary-influences; meaning that the Moon has made one revolution around the earth.

The Moon has now made seven journeys around the earth, dear; seven Moons have traveled around their magic circles; you're a seven month's baby now, Precious, while the Planet of Love, Venus, has made only one revolution, meaning baby is enveloped by the Planet of Beauty and Love. It is under these harmonious influences of the Love-Planet, Venus, that baby is perfected, many babies being born at the seventh-month,—seven the mystic number, seven the All-Number,—the month of perfection.

Some one has declared: Seven is God's Favorite Number and we are sacredly taught Seven runs all thru Nature.

Seven colors in the rainbow and all thru vegetation.

Seventh day thou shall do no work, thou nor thy servants.

Seventh day rest is needed for the very blood corpuscles.

Seventh year rest, God orders for the soil.

Seven different sounds has the letter A.

God made music and arranged it with seven notes; seven colors; man named the notes but God made them and the "stars sing together" thru all eternity.

Seventy times seven Jesus said forgive your brother if he offend you.

While a seven-months baby is a perfect-baby, Nature requires the full nine-months or nine revolutions of the Moon around the earth, to give baby full-strength and force—the Finished-Work.

Yes, likewise, this mysterious, unseen, silent evolutionary process is going on within mother's body; the hidden baby-germ buried, that I might create a Precious new-life within my own body, no doubt making a better, newer life of my own, transmitting my ancestral lineage from the birth of man to my own-child.

How blessed to have this new and mysterious-life within my own body. How an expectant-mother does unconsciously change from day to day,—different thots, hopes, desires, viewing and living life in its most sacred

phase. Nature has no fixed mood; but is constantly and persistently changing. All is transitory; altering and remodeling our restless and unhappy human minds and bodies; as in all other worlds, pushing onward and upward by the operation of this stupendous evolutionary force.

Diantha—I can see you now, dear, when you're grown into radiant-youth, in the sweet romance of courtship. Wonder who'll you marry?

Love in youth is pre-eminently the period of superficial passion and lack of reason. Passion is instinctive, it belongs to youth. It is the law of attraction, which unfolds Eden's flowers. It is the impulse and inflow that sings out in the sweet, glad-song of birds in the early mating season of Spring. Again it drives youth into marriage, when experience in life is very limited, and much ignorance prevails regarding self and the world; so it is not strange that mistakes are many and such unions are producers of misery and unhappiness. It seems Nature has divided courtship into two classes, distinct each from the other, as seed-time from harvest. The law of attraction, or natural-selection, is the first; love-making the second. The first stage of courtship is blind-attraction. The lovers cannot be together too much. They are canvassing each other's qualifications—weighing and balancing. One has said: "Three days of uninterrupted company in a vehicle will make you better acquainted with another than one hour's conversation together every day for three years." To preserve and postpone all love-making until after engagement, and to permit only short engagements, will prevent many "broken hearts," and keep away seducers under the guise of courtship.

Experience teaches us that few people come up to their face-claim value. How many do we meet in a lifetime, who really come up to what he or she pretended to be, thus forcing one to accept mankind at a liberal-discount.

There is an astounding heap of hypocrisy brewing in

the air, in love-matters, as well as in politics and religion. Everybody knows that courtship,—the love game,—both in the young and the old is polite-deception—a trap, and as a rule, a scheme of mutual hum-bugging, of which the consequent marriages are painful eye-openers to both parties. The acts and words of lovers are made up of show and flatteries. The girl's god is her "George." "Katherine, dearie," is the boy's goddess. They buzz and revolve around and around each other in a mad-attraction, until they devour in each other the magnetism that caused the attraction; then the drooping butterflies feebly separate or tolerate each other the rest of their life in a bondage that is a living-death,—“the romance of hell.” The reason why so many marriages are unhappy, says an old philosopher, is because most girls are occupied in making nets and not cages.

Under the man-rule age woman is artful and parasitical; full of alluring designs, that she entrap her Bob-Acres. “The things I do to catch you, the things I’ll do to keep you,” is a rule that does not last. In time the original grain of the wood is shown, as by a scratch on the furniture when the varnish is worn off.

Man will lie, thief, do any old-thing to win woman; trying to gain the most sacred-thing in Life in a game of bluff. After he gets her, he turns state's evidence and hangs himself.

“It is a gay-world when one looks on forgetful of the fact that persons are seldom what they seem!” Life is a game of card-playing, in which the best-looking cards are played first—‘leading from a bluff.’ We give the toes of our shoes a polish to bluff a front. As Mark Twain said: “Every one is a Moon, and has a dark side which he never shows to anybody.” Another says: “Rarely does a man show his soul, even to his friends, and human beings may pass long lives in one another's company without penetrating in each beyond the non-physical body or mind.”

What a hive of swarming lies we are! Man is inverted, all is turned upside down. Evil masquerades as good. Good is called sinful. “Like a green bay tree,”

the ungodly prosper and flourish, while the honest and just are looked upon with suspicion. The human-family is a queer thing—a 'crooked stick,' 'cheap-stuff'—and leads one to strange philosophizing. "The way of peace, we know not, our tongues are full of deceit, the poison of asps is under our lips." Christ said, "Woe unto you scribes and pharisees, hypocrites! for ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones, and of all uncleanness."

It is by continued suffering we learn Life's hardest lesson—that of discrimination, the better part of Wisdom. To be able to judge the beggar at the back door; to differentiate him from the beggar at the front door; to know the Real from the false; to discriminate between surface-morality and interior-morality is the big-wisdom. In our hypocritical civilization we seem to be moral-men, moral-women, for the re-actions, called out by the emotions, frictions and shams of society, upon the surface of our nature, form a very pleasing and graceful dress of virtue.

How well I remember the old fish-pond back of my grandfather's barn. After the break of spring, I have watched the sunshine there; the water-plants, with floating roundish leaves that sprung up thick and fast, covering the entire surface water. There were the white and pink-lilies, growing in the lily-pond, lovely upon the sparkling waters; and yet, right under those sweet-blossoms so delightful to the senses, right under those sweetly-fragrant pond-lilies, coiled around the roots in the dark under-waters, were dreadful water-snakes. Their chief delight was to respond to their impulse to bite and poison some ignorant-fellow. It is so with the human-family,—with every un-regenerated man and woman. What if the lilies are sweet and fragrant over-the-surface of the water? What if smiles and graces are fetching over-the-surface of our characters? How repulsive, if the Serpents of self-love, greed and lust lie crouched underneath, in the un-regenerate human heart;—if the love-of-good is

dead within. So it is with courtship. Unless we have something deeper in us than that which we get from manners, customs and society, the blossom-of-marriage will wither beneath our feet and life be one long succession of melancholy-days.

Daughter, Diantha—Child Of Destiny,—hold not to the ignorant-belief that physical marriage is Love and eternal bliss, the prime object of woman. No, dear, there is no such thing as Real-Love between man and woman, in this "Iron-Age." It is only self-interest, a bartering, an exchanging, for a transitory condition of rank, social influence or ambition. "Do you 'love' me?" means, "Do you think as I do?" If you do, we are in 'love' with our self-convenience. But presently one of us outgrows the other, we are naturally divorced and no man-made laws can hold us together. Whenever we seek a return in love, there is no Real-Love; it is a mere matter of trading. Wherever the trade-spirit exists, corruption is the result. Love knows no begging or bartering. This transitory-condition is either physical-attraction, mutual-convenience or passive-subjection,—the latter, principally, on the woman's part. A dog loves his master, a mother sometimes loves her child. Jesus Loved the human-race, other Love, there is none in this age.

The legal marriage-tie is required for both parties, protecting the church and state. Love-Divine lasts thru all Eternity and needs no bonds. Physical-attraction, or sex-passion, miscalled love, is the force which exists in all the animal creation, from the lowest to the highest, ordained for the propagation of the species. In so-called human love, there is more of self-gratification, of lustful desire, void of Love, than with Love. There is no difference between masturbation and sexualizing under the present-day conditions, in ninety-nine out of one hundred cases, only in degree. There is no Spiritual-Consciousness possible where there is no Love; no lust possible where there is Pure-Love. This sex-monster is guilty of all the crime, all the heartaches and miseries in the world. It is one of life's evolutionary lessons, carrying us onward, into trouble, out of trouble, into Peace.

Woman thinks she loves man, but she does not; she only loves man as a means to an end—to get a baby. As one says: “Woman’s love for a man is but the cry of her unborn-babe for physical expression.” Does not the female spider devour her lover as soon as the nuptial-rites are consummated.

No sooner is the embryo-baby placed within the sacred and mystical Holy-Room of woman than its thread-like door is hermetically-sealed, closed to all further comers, concealing from all eyes the Divine-Workshop of the Supreme, than woman’s soul withdraws its attention from man, beginning to concentrate and devote its magnetism—her love—upon the Womb’s-treasure—Her Unborn Babe. So long as woman loves man only for offspring and this is about all the kind of love the world knows to-day,—so long this vain-effort and struggle to control man will continue.

“Love asks no promise and makes none.”

“Natural love cries ever, ‘Love thou me.’” But Love-Divine, benignantly echoes: “My life is loving thee.”

“Natural love lives only to be blessed,
But Love-Divine must give, to be at rest.”

“Selfish lovers bind themselves with vows;
Pure lovers are free forever and always.”

“Love marriages are unknown; they are dreamed of.
For pure love is like God, without limit and without
divisibility—enclosing all.”

On account of the disorder of the world, counterparts are hurled asunder in this age; they seldom, if ever, meet in this life. If the world were in order, each one would find and marry only his lacking-half—his carnate-mate. Our only hope is to live the good-life, keep pure and white the Bridal-Chamber of the mind, knowing that evolution will eventually lead us unto our own, unto the mystical-chamber of the Bridal-Heavens.

The only true love is Love at First Sight—the Divinest and Deepest of human-intuitions, rare; once in a life-time it happens. Nature does the choosing by appointment of adaptability, sometimes called Natural-Selection.

When woman re-discovers Self, man will not be permitted to choose; but will be chosen by his mate—which is one of Woman's Fine-Arts. One roams the wide, wide world, dead to love; two meet in public, at dinner, or on a steamship; instantly, on sight, they mutually become perfectly and unconsciously-charmed, electrified, the Divine-meeting. It seems as if they were but renewing the kindred-soulship of a previous existence. The sight of each other makes the heart leap and bound like the wild deer of the forest.

" Oh, that the Desert were my Dwelling Place,
With one fair Spirit for my Minister,
That I might All Forget the Human-Race,
And, hating no one, Love but Only Her.

Here with a Loaf of Bread beneath the Bough,
A Flask of Wine, a Book of Verse—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
And Wilderness is Paradise enow."

Each electrifies and magnifies every cell, every atom of the other. Each feels a sudden stinging or pricking sensation, like the touching of an electrical battery, enveloping the whole body from head to foot. The great ancient philosopher, Socrates, thus gives his love experience: " Leaning my shoulder on her shoulder, and my head to hers, as we were reading in a little book together, I felt, it is a fact, a sudden sting in my shoulder like the bite of a fly, which I still felt five or six days afterwards, and a continued itching crept into my heart. "

FATE.

" Two souls shall be born the whole world apart,
Taking no thought, giving no heed each to the other's being,
Yet unknown seas to unknown lands shall cross, escaping peril,
defying death.
And all unconsciously shape every mood, turn, every step to this
one end.
And one day out of darkness these two souls shall meet and
read Life's meaning in each other's eyes.

Yet these two may walk life's ways so closely side by side
That should they turn from right to left they needs must stand
apart.

With groping hands that never clasp, with lips calling unto ears
that never hear—

Shall wander all their weary days alone and die unsatisfied.

THIS IS FATE."

Give me a straight Friendship between man and woman.
"Friendship?"

Yes, too sacred a word to speak out loud. "Rare as is true-love; true friendship is still rarer." Surrounded by a sort of mysterious secrecy, it can only be spoken of in the rare, blissful moments of perfect confidence; understood in mutual-silence. There is such an exceedingly narrow difference between True-Friendship and Pure-Love that they touch and only touch thru the inner. Their blending is exquisite. Out of true friendship, all pure love comes. The ancients claimed that friendship was better than love; calmer and more constant; free from the heats and chills of that impetuous passion; its pure bosom is ruffled by none of love's jealousies and irritabilities. That sweet-friendship between a man and woman, that sexual-element—the vital-air—it is sexual only in the sense that two human-souls by natural attraction of their sexually contrasted mental and spiritual-gifts, belong to one another, enjoined to fellowship which gives completeness to both. So-called love sags, goes to decay, while friendship endures unto beautiful growth, ever co-mingling with our choicest thots. It crystallizes into a Oneness with a third interest in which both are equally concerned, away from self-love, and personal-attachment. Real-friendship brings not trouble: 'loves' always do. The mutually self-centered pair is fleshly and full of danger. The eternal-law of friendship is increased in proportion to the uses it gives to impersonal-love, creating an interior-tie that crystallizes with time. "In all, holiest and most unselfish love, friendship is the purest element of the affection. No love in any relation of life can be at its best if the element

of friendship is lacking. And no love can transcend, in its possibilities of noble and ennobling exaltation, a Love that is Pure-Friendship. ”

After God, there is nothing so sacred as a Friend.





FEBRUARY, The Impatient-Month, the "Blue Season," while earth is still held captive by winter's woes. How her heart holds back the thots of spring, her sweet violet-bud and rose lie sleeping with the strength to grow; but will soon burst into fragrance and bless the snow. 'Tis winter that makes her so.

In February we grow tired, blue and cramped, impatiently waiting for the Sun to shine, starving for fresh air. It is the coming of the resurrection of the soul of sweet Spring; the resurrection of the soul from darkness; the resurrection of The Christ, the warmth of Thy Breath, the voice of Thy song for which we hunger. So tired of my old fur-coat and stuffy-hat; being housed up in steam-heated pigeon-holes until my blood refuses to run.

... "and in the Fire of Spring
Your Winter Garment of Repentance fling."

From out the darkest hole, away back in the corner of the cellar, sprouts with a pale, but useless growth, the hopeful-potato, the persistent-onion, groping and fighting their way thru the darkness, crying out too, for the warm earth in which to root, for the sunshine and the rain. These lower-evolutions stretch, too, their weak but growing shoots—as if conscious—to the wee-speck of Sunlight that beams thru the dim and dusty cellar-window, joining, with one and all, in the struggle for the re-birth of Spring.

I am impatient tonight—for something,—
It must be for you, my babe;
And a sense of new-loneliness creeps o'er me
As you too, impatient seem.

I am impatient tonight—O, for something,
As the roar of my soul sweeps along,
Like the rush of a mad whirling river
Breaks away from its dam's control.

I am impatient tonight—yes, for something,
I know now, it's for my own babe;
As the moments grow longer and slower,—
Impatient—so impatient for you, my babe.

Yes, Diantha, dear, there must be a lot of suffering of baby's soul while in the cramped and growing position in so small a space as mother's womb. The Wise-Ones teach, after the sixth month until birth, baby's soul has most wonderful experiences. The veil covering the soul's past-lives is gently lifted, and the store house of the memories of its past-births are reviewed in the conscious-mind; the memory-scenes of thousands of its previous existences are all reviewed, and the reason of the pains, the joys, during all its past embodiments are realized. This consciousness exists for three months, until baby is born again into the physical-world, when, at the very touch of the earthly-atmosphere all these external-recollections pass away. It is more from this realization; more from the pain and shock of again coming into earth-life, of the spirit becoming imprisoned in flesh-form, that baby cries out in prayers to God, as it comes into the world; and yet, the first cry of mother's new-born babe is the sweetest sound; 'tis the music of Divine-spheres; to her it is the voice of God singing. "If baby would only just cry! It seems to me I would give half my life to hear my baby cry just a wee bit." It seems a kind of sweet-toned melody of sympathetic after-pains, the promising reward of Motherhood.

Diantha—at night you sweetly clothe mother's dreams; you are here in mother's arms. I see you and hear you cooing; you creep into my senses with a kiss of sleep.

As the natural happenings of my girlhood-days pass before me in all the colorings of a panoramic-vision, most of all did I dream I was to find my own mate and bring forth my Diantha—and now, to know it is coming to

pass! How wonderfully beautiful and transfigured the world is to Daddy and Mother by the coming of Diantha—our pet—our new-found world! The very thot of baby crowds out every other consideration. The wonderful miracle of purposely and divinely creating something, giving to the world—A Woman!—the last and most mysteriously beautiful creation of God.

I see you, dear, in your white baby-bed, you, the wonder of all the ages, the marvelous miniature-world that we have loved, dreamed and prayed into life, lying there so helpless, a bundle of love-possibilities. What dreams there be in those eyes of brown as you lie there blinking and blinking. I wonder what you're thinking, Precious, wonder what you know? Playing with those pink-toes, those wee chub-feet, that shall carry you, where, God only knows. Yes, mother knows when you are grown to womanhood, that the power and force and truth of my child's words will make this old world stagger from center to circumference. Speak to mother! Tell mother the thots you think, what are those dreams in my baby's love-eyes?

This day I choose you for my Valentine
From all the many lovely girls I know;
I could not help but choose You, dear,
Because—I really love You, so.

Father, Mother and Babe, the Trinity—"three in one,"—the most beautiful thot-form in the world! There are millions of raptures in this dear-old world, countless and spell-bound—moments are there many, but after all there is nothing that really counts except being truly mated—happily-married. "The violet bed is not sweeter than the delicious fragrance that marriage sends forth." This delicious-fragrance, the amalgamation of two souls, the Divine-Marriage so habited to man-woman, whose days are filled with cares, with joys, whose hearts beat higher and warmer unto the evening of life! Out of this matchood of sweet mutual-love, an angel-embryo begotten in love, a Holy-child, is born as a gift to humanity; to help carry on the world's work after the parents pass on. "Nothing makes the soul so pure, so holy, as the endeavor to create something perfect: for God is Perfect

tion and whoever strives for perfection strives for something that is god-like."

"Yes, Mother, it is a great joy for one to be able to look back to babyhood, to feel as to one's pre-natal forming, that we were an ideal love-vibration of the Holy-fire, a desire-child in Love; that we were ushered into this world thru the ordering of the angels and the sweet consent of purity, that the morning stars of the wedded-heavens made music at our coming."

The greatest-thing in the world is love—Divine-Love.

The sweetest-thing in the world is a Dream-suckling, conceived and brought forth in Love by Divinely-appointed soul-mates. Ancient wisdom teaches Love is a protective-force. To be born of a re-generate father and mother, who tenderly love each other, is to be protected thru Life by love-angels; and when the parents pass on, their souls keep watch over their love-child, thru all the vicissitudes of its earth-life here. Further, that the parents' re-generate love grows greater in the child, and evil less. When I dream of the wisdom of the ancients, I feel that my soul was once somewhere among them; either as a sewing-maid, or lower down on the ladder of evolution, perhaps swinging in some jungle trees, eating a cocoanut, listening to the silent voices of Wisdom and hoping for the first-faint sound of speech. Isn't it inspiring sometimes to meet, among the multitude, those old souls here in earth-bodies, who, in the past, were bred, born, cultured and purified in those mystical-schools of ancient-wisdom; who possess physical-beauty and spiritual charm; those who see beyond the flesh-vision, and recognize those souls who passed critical-tests in the days of old?

Baby, dear, you're 2 inches taller this month; weigh almost four pounds,—getting to be an awfully big-dollie. If you were born now, dear, you might live a long time,

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but please don't come yet; grow some more, so you can come to stay, dear; so baby will have full-growth and strength.

My poor swollen-feet and legs; these varicose veins, how frightful they look, hanging out in throbbing, bloody sacks! Poor woman suffers as the beasts do not, because human beings do not walk on all fours, but stand erect. Thus, evolving into a human-being from the animal is the chief factor in causing these numerous sufferings. True the beast suffers; but only for short periods. The upright-posture of woman has changed the shape of the pelvis, making child-birth more difficult and painful. Why should child-birth be a period of great-danger, throwing the whole family-relation into an intense anxiety, about the bride-mother, causing such uneasy questions as "Will daughter pull thru? Oh, if she should die and leave Tom with the little-baby!" "Has she made her will yet?" "O, I wish it was over! Why shouldn't child-birth be as natural and enjoyable as the vibration of conception?"

The helplessness of maternity!

Is woman born accursed?

Why does God impose all these untold child-bearing agonies and dangers upon Woman—His "last and most perfect work," while fulfilling her Divine-mission here on earth? "In sorrow shalt thou bring forth children." Is woman to be tortured thruout all the ages, with the risks which wreck her health and endanger her life, in bringing forth her own-kind? How unjust, unlike all God's other dealings with man? Why should not child-bearing and rearing be woman's greatest comfort—an earthly-bliss, instead of a living-death? Why should she not pass into dream-state, her senses vibrating with song, while her heavenly mother-vision comes, then, awake and find baby at her side? My precious-lamb, cosy, warm and delicately perfumed with the breath of heaven, lying in my folded-arms to greet my still slumberous-senses! Why can't it be? Let coming woman Will It To Be. The Biblical-teaching, that woman shall bring forth chil-

dren in sorrow, is a pre-natal-influence which Stamps an Endless Fear and Terror upon the Embryonic-World, embittering woman for life, and is a libel against God and His holy-laws. Are we not taught that—"Adam and Eve were the first who led the cycle of suffering-humanity into the sin of creation;" that the old fable of Adam and Eve has brought down the criminal auto-suggestion—the heritage of self-hypnotism—of the cursed-pangs of child-birth, that woman has to go thru? There must have happened somewhere in the remote past, some Black-Karma, or dreadful war in heaven, to cause Woman to lapse from her angelic and Divine-state. Woman gives up her companionship with her mate; willing to lose her life, she gives up that which is her most precious inheritance and inmost-nature—the essence of her life,—hoping to evolve something greater, a bigger Soul-Child, that she may realize the Supreme-Possibilities of the Trinity of Father-Mother-Child—revealing the Holier-Wisdom.

There is no greater curse upon woman today, no greater humiliation, physical-agonies and risks than those attending the long and tedious travail thru which motherhood must pass, and after which, few women, if any, are ever again the same. "Woe unto those that are with child in those days," exclaimed the Christ. When will woman come from under this curse, and grow to be the Goddess she was planned to be—the Conscious-Creator, creating only that which she pre-natally, spiritually and physically Wills To Be?

In Woman, who has borne a child, her orifice is enlarged; the membrane becomes soft and drooping, enlarging the sphincter. Often the abdominal-walls no longer afford an efficient support, displacing the womb anteriorly, the ligaments generally stretching as a piece of old rubber, never to go back in First-Place again. "What a crime against womanhood! Woman should grow more beautiful with each child." But how can she when the transmitter of life brings death to the transmitter of life-force?

All construction is destruction. The mother is the sacrificial physical-factor for the continuation of the race, as a candle lights others, consuming itself. It is impossible

to generate and re-generate at the same time. Generation, or the enormous task of bringing babies into the world, demands the transmitting and blending of the vital forces of the father-mother principle in order to reproduce self, and continue the race. Man was never commanded to generate and multiply in the lust of the flesh—"sowing to the flesh"—bringing into life sin and suffering, the Karma of which is the transgression of the holy-functions of Motherhood—the death of the body. But man was commanded by the spirit to obey the Divine-Law, thereby reaping Life Everlasting. This is what classes fallen-man as not transcending the beast. Woman-re-generate will elevate the sex-force above the Fall,—generation—into re-generation, MENSTRUUM UNIVERSALE,—conserving her elixir, and transmuting her vital-forces into purely psychic and spiritual-power,—the work of Regenerating Humanity. The elixir, the "mystic-egg," of woman-re-generate is God in essence; only thru woman can man's seed be purified. The wise-woman learneth The Law, building and conserving her body, becoming the "Mystic Egg,"—but the foolish teareth it down. To go thru the experiences of marriage and Motherhood, not showing any signs of physical-degeneracy; but preserving the full-growth and appearance of virginity, is a great and beautiful experience few women reach.

Today is play-doll's day. I've been up in the nursery all day by myself, playing with Diantha's baby-clothes; playing with my last big dollie's clothes, seeing which is the biggest dollie. You are just the same size, dear, only your little clothes seem so much sweeter, something so mysterious about them! When I hold them, they coo and talk so sweetly to me, I can hardly hold my breath. Mother had dollie's clothes all laundered so sweet with all new little blue 'ribbie-bows' in; so she'll be all ready waiting for to play with our live-dollie when she comes! Seems like you've got all kinds of quaint little clothes and

baby-toys, dear. Grandmother even knitted you a baby-blue hammock, little foot-warmers and wristlets too. Our old darkey 'uncle' has whittled and hand-made you a sleigh out of hickory-bark. Your nursery is one-big toy-shop, dear. One can hardly turn around in it now. Daddy has begun to take inventory; he's going to have them all insured. Here he comes now winding upstairs with his arms full of more toys and express-packages.

O, I forgot to kiss sweetheart-daddy, when he came upstairs tonight, so immersed with you, now, dear. Wonder if daddy and I will be sweethearts after baby comes? Chums we can no longer be. Daddy will be investing his money in baby-foods, toys and all sorts of love-thots for you, dear, instead of violets and roses and all those sweet things I so dearly love. Wonder if I'll care then? Wonder if I'll be one of those women all nurse and mother, no longer companion-wife?

Of all events on earth the greatest is the creation and birth of a Baby. Cycles and ages may come and go, with their great battles fought, won and lost. Thru evolution nations and religions rise and fall; but of all these events the eternal-cycle of new-babies is the first and last interest. How little one knows of real-life, its greatest joys, its keenest sorrows, its deep devotion, when one has never experienced or witnessed the coming of a new-born babe into this world-struggle of pain and joy thru the gateway of motherhood.

At last the new-babe has arrived. There it helplessly lies. Its blue-black face is a sight to behold, gradually turning into baby-pink. With its first, gasping-breath, the color of its skin changes. There it lies worming—its tiny fists opening and closing, reaching out for nourishment already. Slip your big, clumsy finger into that chubby little hand. "The little Wonder! What a grip she's got?" Something catches and pulls at your heart-strings. You sort of half-sob, half-smile at this little human-mite, in

all its helplessness. Its shapeless head, with its little, old-funny, monkey-face; twisting itself into its First-question mark—the New-searcher after Truth! Its toes open and close; its feet turn inward; its legs are bowed. There it lies like a closed up little worm, all belly and head. Looking at it, nobody but a mother could have hope, patience, and pride. Mother's baby is nobody until she works and struggles and fights and makes it somebody. Its different score years are marked by a few months of gurgling, foolishness and vanity; the last few by often being too late to be of much use to self or the world. Life! how mysterious! Being in a condition of expectancy, the mother's imagination goes to work endlessly combining imaginary phantasms—utterly beyond her control. Is it not really a form of self-hypnosis?

All mother, no wife,
Makes 'hubby' a poor life.

Many say, being a good mother, excuses one from being a companion-wife. Will this be true after our baby—our new-found toy, comes? Poor daddy, I've always made such a fuss over him! He's always been my One sweet-baby, he seems to feel the change already! I see now where I'll have to learn how to baby a big and a little-baby, both at the same time, transforming the house into a new-kind of kindergarten. As our friend Billy says, who is a new father: "I'm not even a dirty-deuce in a clean-deck of cards since baby came. My home bill-of-fare is 'Sh! You'll wake baby. Please don't play the Victrola tonight, might wake baby.' 'Suppose you smoke out on the porch, and then you can read in the dining room, the light might wake baby.' 'Wish you'd fix the door bell so it can't ring, baby seems to jump every time it rings.' 'I forgot, last night when you shook the furnace he kind'er moved a little bit, I thot he was going to cry.' "

I wonder if all babies act this way?

I was talking to the dearest old grandparents today; they had twelve children and all-kinds of grandchildren. I was telling them how we were going to do with our new-baby; how we were going to educate and tutor her.

Don't you know, daddy, they both agreed that our-baby would educate us. The dear little old grandmother said: "Ah! My good little bride-mother, your baby will educate you and your husband as you were never educated before, unless you are two numbskulls. It will be the tutor and you the tutored." Again this teaches one that babies are not new at all. Many of them are old souls in young bodies, oldest of all human-creatures, coming to earth again to educate us parents who need soul-discipline. True insight says: "The child is father of the man."

What a sad picture is that of a woman who is more mother than wife,—the cold, unfeeling woman, who has lost the sweetness and warmth of courtship, who no longer calls out the lover and companion in her husband. The woman who loses her good looks, her self poise, and eventually her husband, in her mad efforts to be the All-mother. Babies do not need such mistaken attention, to be constantly entertained,—detestably spoiled,—but should be guarded in love, and left in silence to let their brains grow and individually-unfold; while mother is constantly preserving and preparing herself for their childhood, when comes their endless and vital questions.

Turning indifferently away from sweetheart-husband to motherhood,—becoming the monomaniac-mother, the drudge-housekeeper,—is but to starve husband and send him 'symphony-hunting,' singing his song in his lonely search: "My wife is a home-body, all wrapped up in the children, all mother. She is a good woman, but she doesn't understand Me." If motherhood or a home so enslaves and incarcerates a woman as to prevent her intellectual unfoldment; making strangers of herself and husband, compelling her to neglect the keeping of him, marriage remains no longer a Sacred-Function. Certainly it is a crime to neglect our children; but to neglect husband is fatal. The secret of happy-marriages is to be real-chums.

It seems man has constantly to be entertained with a *different* toy each season—he must have a new-rattle. The *natural-man* is impelled by the uncontrollable-desire to see

himself reproduced. Naturally he chooses his first-mate to be the mother of his children; this accomplished, and nothing being constant but change, he soon tires of these toys,—wife and children—and seeks that which he does not find in the woman who is all mother, no wife. The big-man who is to be kept, requires, in his wife the chum, friend and home-maker, as well as mother. If Woman fails in any one of these qualifications she can never be the All-Companion to the ever-hungry man.

This World Is One-Big, Huge, Burdensome Toy-Shop. We are only grown-up-children idly playing with our momentary pet-toys; building a pig-pen today, a doll-house tomorrow, a Titanic-ship next morrow. So fast we outgrow our toy-books; and faster the toys of our youth. Only a short time in life do we crave molasses candy and green apples. What we most loved in Springtime, Summertime, has long ago become nothing more than the sound of tin-cans; yes, perhaps, too, our toys of today will be tin-cans of tomorrow.

The sweet-girl dreams of a sweetheart-husband—that her life will always glide along like one sweet-song. She wins the husband and finds that for today her cup of joy is full. After the honey-moon, as the months glide by, life grows monotonous; there comes a hunger in her heart, a loneliness for something. Her dream is not the dream she dreamed. 'Tis true she dreamed, but what she dreamed is not true! She wonders if a Baby wouldn't be the thing to make life complete. Along comes baby. For a time she is happy with her new-toy. Baby grows up; away from her it goes; again she is unhappy—filled with a loneliness that nothing seems to satisfy.

"Loneliness," repeated the hermit.

"Yes, perhaps, sometimes, but, then the gayest of us are, after all, lonely. Man is a lonesome-animal. He deludes himself with false theories that he is of a social nature; for he knows in his heart of hearts that he is always and ever absolutely alone, essentially lonely. When he is

a young man he is lonesome with his father and mother, whom, perhaps, he loves most dearly. He thinks he will marry a wife to relieve his loneliness, and he looks forward to the happiness when he will be thus no longer. He marries her, but he is still lonely, much as he loves her; and then he transfers his hopes to the children that will cluster about his knee, saying, 'Then I shall not be lonely.' But the children come, and still he is lonely, tho they make merriment enough in his house, no doubt. And so he goes thru his life, always feeling the sharp pang of loneliness, and always looking forward to some new relationship that will drive the spectre away. But the spectre is always there. And that spectre is with me no more on a winter's night, sitting there in my hovel, than it would be did I sit with wife and children around some crackling hearth."

The acquiring of world-riches and power is the desire of the ordinary-man, calling with pride the attention of his friends to his ambitious possessions—money, honor, fame, wife and children, man-servants, maid-servants, stocks and bonds, automobiles and estates, a pack of hounds, a string of horses, chasing thru the woods after a fox's tail, for what purpose he knows not! This would be comic were it not tragic. Having satisfied these desires his burdens heavier grow. Power becomes pain and 'love' brings only tears. The Emptiness Of All Things! We look back at our bygone-toys of love and attachment, and feel how transitory they were, and how they brought not a contented-mind, but unrest with each new-one. We are slaves to mere toys. This world is one big toy-shop from the cradle to the grave. We grow weary and heart-worn with worldly-show: The glitter and complexity of it all! One's obstacles and troubles multiply as his enjoyments increase. Wasn't it Thoreau who refused to have a clock in his house? It took too much time to wind it. In our unrest we journey on, longing for what we know not—birds of passage, on the wing, seeking to find the deeper-realities; reaching out toward the mental and Spiritual sides of Life; blindly struggling on thru many earth-

lives; until we eventually stray Within—in whose Silence we gain our heart's desire—Peace—Inward-Wealth.

After one gets a glimpse into Supernatural-Soul—the Great-Ultimate—one is not content with the ordinary toys of life; worldly-luggages and physical-obstacles—these sand-bags which only hold our parachute down. All these things are but purposeless and full of anxiety for we eventually find our toy-dolls are all stuffed with sawdust.

Solomon, the Biblical-philosopher, declared:

“I made me great works; I builded me a house; I planted me vineyards;

I made me gardens and orchards, and I planted trees in them of all kinds of fruit;

I made me pools of water, to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees;

I gat me servants and maidens, and had servants born in my house; also I had great possessions of great and small cattle above all that were in Jerusalem before me;

I gathered me also silver and gold, and the peculiar treasure of kings and of the provinces; I gat me men singers and women singers, and the delights of the sons of men, as musical instruments, and that of all sorts.

So I was great, and increased more than all that were before me in Jerusalem. And whatsoever mine eyes desired I kept not from them; I withheld not my heart from any joy; for my heart rejoiced in all my labor; and this was my portion of all my labor. And behold all was vanity and vexation of Spirit.

And I turned myself to behold wisdom and madness and folly, then I saw that wisdom excelleth folly, as far as light excelleth darkness.

Then said I in my heart, As it happeneth to the fool, so it happened even to me; and why was I then more wise? Then I said in my heart, that this also is vanity.

Therefore I hated life; because the work that is wrought under the sun is grievous unto me: for all is vanity and vexation of spirit.

Yea, I hated all my labour which I had taken under the sun; because I should leave it unto the man that shall

be after me. And who knoweth whether he shall be a wise man or a fool?

For God giveth to a man that is good in his sight, wisdom, and knowledge, and joy: but to the sinner he giveth travail, to gather, and to heap up, that he may give to him that is good before God. This also is vanity and vexation of spirit.

I have looked on and seen all the works that are done under the sun; then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labor that I had laboured to do, and, behold, All was Vanity and Vexation of Spirit, and there was no profit under the sun. Vanity Of Vanities!"

Another wise man voices:

"In the face of the Spectator of the Great Ultimate Mysterious Man, children are no necessity, but an anxiety, estates are a burden, 'business' is the oft-told purposeless tale to the wearying-ear. He who can be the Spectator of the Ages has no particulars in ordinary-life. The world is a toy-shop—its small mechanism is an artificial show, of which (given the knowledge of the wheels) he can predicate as to the movements safely—completely."

The age of materialism is passing. The deeply-learned minds are beginning to see that all the discord in life comes from a false understanding of man and his relations to God. The Wise-Ones hold all earthly ties lightly, they are stripping for eternity. Man grows by desires. The moment he possesses the object of his desire it falls like ripe fruit—crumbles to pieces, no longer satisfies. It is by these broken-toys, or sense-pleasures, that evolution forces him onward, to the realization of the Real-Self—to the finality of Everything.

Life is a Lodge-room of endless Initiations.

Life is a real two-edged Sword.

Life is an Allopath, it cures us of one hope and gives us another. Yet, we must not grow self-centered; tho it is a very human-habit to judge and look at the world thru our own little self-colored spectacles. The soul of each growing man, woman and child is different from every

other soul, the world appearing different—thru outward eyes—to each individual, not the same exactly to any two persons, ever. We think we see with our outward eyes and understand. We do not. We see only thru our colored-glasses of prejudices, unfairness, personal-limitations and self-interest, judging thru our lower-selves. But we are never true to Truth, until we grow big enough to understand Truth in the abstract, gathering only honey from Nature's human flower-garden.

" Truth is that which Is. "

Truth is nameless.

" Truth Is One, men call it by various names. " We find Truth only thru growth.

There is only one word in life's dictionary—Grow.

Grow as the flowers grow, constant, yet absolute, in sweet obedience to The Law of gradual unfoldment, which is slow and sure, but perfect.

" For every type of Mind
There is a separate world,
There is a separate sky,
There is a separate faith,—
One God creates them all. "

" No two men in creation think alike;
No two men in creation love alike;
No two men in creation are alike.
No worlds or suns or heavens but are distinct,
And wear a separate beauty. Not a star
But differs from the star that nearest seems
And most congenial to its own pure state,
And this unlikeness grows with all their Growth. "

It may be all for the best that things should go wrong with us today.

Wrong!

What right have we to use that word at all? Are we prepared to say the poet was absolutely wrong when he said, " Whatever is—is Best. " Whatever is, is the Divine-will, working thru us, the law of Absolute Justice. Everything is for the best, as it's best, when it's best. Let us say this, Diantha, until our bones rattle.

Only the very young, and the unwise, believe that happiness is the object of Life—the unfound heaven. It is only by finding happiness that we learn how transitory it is; never, at all, is it happiness we catch. Happiness is not the purpose of Life. Pleasure and happiness are short-lived. Pleasures, bright bubbles, are only a child's play-things.

It is off the right road to suppose that pleasure is the object of Life. The cause of all the misfortunes we have in the world, today, is that people foolishly think pleasure to be the Reality in Life. After a series of evolutionary-lessons in pleasure and pain we 'discover' that it is not happiness, but knowledge, that is the object of Life; not worldly-powers or kingdoms, but freedom in Self-Mastery—the Wisdom of the Higher-Self. All the Wise-Ones of the world discovered this secret. The senses are never satisfied. The only hope is Mystical-Consciousness. Until we live above the senses, we shall be earth-bound by the luggage of worldly-desires.

The world is false-hearted—a shadow of a shade. Having finished with its deceptive fancies, one feels the necessity of something beyond, to find the Truth and be done with the False. The way out of this world is thru work to God—the Only Goal.

Heaven and Hell are not Over-Yonder, or Down There, a geographical-location, with gold-paved streets, a literal fire and brimstone, where one is eternally damned, and enters only thru the gate of death; but both are Here and Now, Within Self—a mental-condition, our own choice.

" I sent my Soul through the Invisible,
Some letter of the After-life to spell;
And bye and bye my Soul return'd to me,
And answer'd, ' I Myself am Heav'n and Hell.' "

The old-orthodox idea was that the " Kingdom of Heaven " was a place " over there, " with nothing to do, but to dream and loaf—a continuation of fried-chicken and feather-beds. We sing of going to Heaven—over there—when we ' die, ' as if it were a far-away place; some distant-port to which we fly when this earth-stay is

over. Heaven is not a place, but a mental-condition. Nothing is so near to us as Heaven or God. Heaven is nearer to us than we are to ourselves. Heaven is within, we are without. Heaven is at home, we are not at Home. Heaven or Self is a circle, a path, like Eternity, a serpent swallowing its own tail. Self is a miniature-universe, peopled with all the powers of Heaven and Hell, angels and devils. Our eternal-future is Within Self. We are continually peopling and re-peopling the world with our thot-forms, both demons and angels sent out into unseen-space, calling them into physical-life, by our desire-thots and will-power. Heaven is realized in proportion to our living in harmony with Our Creator. "The kingdom of heaven is within you"—attainable now, said Christ. Evolution is unfolding to us that God is Spirit; that God is Infinite, and All Good; that our business in Life is to radiate Divine-Love to every living thing—the fulfilling of the law.

ALL IN ALL.

" I dreamed of love—I was a girl just budding into teens;
 All life was flooded deep with golden tints,
 Joy echoed sweetly over all life's scenes;
 Love came—and then my dream was changed,
 And I was not quite satisfied;
 I longed for Fame and strove for Wealth,
 While envying heroes who had died.
 Fame came, and with it Wealth,
 And then I buried love beneath fame's gilded wall.
 Soon age crept on me—earth's deceptive fancy fled,
 And I awoke to find Divine-Love was All in All. "



“ The March wind doth blow
 And we shall have snow,
 And what will the Robin do then, poor thing?
 He'll sit in the barn,
 To keep himself warm,
 And hide his head under his wing, poor thing!”



ARCH! the month of storm and bluster.

We hear the weird-whistle of the wind out doors, as we enjoy the warmth of an open-fire indoors.

The Romans dedicated the month of March to the Deity Mars—the god of battles. The intemperate-month, the month to start something, when the dead of winter is passed and Springtime, the slayer of winter, bursts forth.

“ And Time throws off his cloak again
 Of ermined frost, and wind and rain.”

March, the first Spring-month, the Mother of Months, is full of heavenly-wonders, full of hopes, promises and visible beauties to the naked eye. Nature's transformation scene! The wondrous awakening of Spring! The unrest, change and pulsation of all Nature, the snow-capped mountain-peaks, the vast bodies of snow and ice under the blaze of the noon-day Sun; the mad onrush of Nature's burning, boiling elements, all are indexes of the eternal change of birth and re-birth of the physical by the elements of Fire, Earth, Air and Water.

About the 20th of March, the Sun enters the Zodiacal-Sign of Aries, marking the beginning of Spring, the one time in the year that clocks keeping “star” time and those keeping “Sun” time agree. The point in the heavens marking the position of the center of the Sun, the beginning of Spring, is the point from which the heavenly bodies are measured. It is called the “First Of Aries.” Aries beginning at the equinoctial, on the 21st of March, extends to the 19th of April. On the 21st of March, the

Sun shines exactly on the equator. This is the time when the whole material earth is assured of its annual re-birth into full-life. It is the time the ceremony of the vigil of the death of Christ is observed by the disciples.

This is Easter-Time, when the Spring-Sun is returning from the far-away land of "the Southern Cross." Easter-Time, when colored-eggs are exchanged as sacred-symbols, in almost every country. Eggs. Easter is the emblem of generative-power. Easter-Time, the ecstasy of the year, which was, is, and ever will be the emblem of birth and re-birth, human and celestial—all symbolic of Christ, bursting the bonds of death as He rose from the grave.

Spring!

Glorious Spring!

Spring is over the world. There is a great thaw and throb, a great bending. The world again pulsates with re-turning life, everywhere life awakes; everywhere life dresses in the emerald green of Spring, greeting us brave and new. The old world is glad again; the air is filled with fragrant hints and love-twitters of eternal-youth—the re-joicing to the All-Life. Green, emerald, providence's wise color, symbolizing incorruptibility! Immortality! Spring, the Conqueror Of Sin and Death! No longer does earth try to hide from winter's biting-frost. I am sure she knows that warmer, kinder Suns are near. What a wonderful word is Spring! What fancies it gives! What a gracious charm it has! A charm which is all its own. The very thot is full of thrills; the whole world is crammed full of sprout-love.

"A bursting into greenness,
A wakening as from sleep,
A twitter and a warble,
That make the pulses leap."

Listen!

Everywhere there is a low, sweet-hum. It is the voice of all things growing. Hear the seeds buried in the earth, lying under ground, humming their soft hymns of life, getting ready to re-burst, spring up, re-bud and re-blossom into Johnny-jump-ups, blue-eyes and daisies. The world

is pregnant, pregnant with Love's mighty and unconquerable-joy! The sprouts, leaves and buds, the shoots of the grasses, come peeping, creeping, creeping everywhere. Down the mountain side rush the tiny, rippling brooks, flowing happily into the sea; the sunshine plays hide-and-seek thru the forest trees; the air is fresh with the breath of the waking violets—"the love song of a saint." Along the rushing streams the optimistic willow gives shadow to the chipmunk. The gentle constancy of these ancient trees;—all day, all thru the year, they bend and sway, sigh and smile to every wind and zephyr. What a wonderful lesson of Immortality we learn in observing the mighty movements of the high-spirited trees and plants of the forest.

The first-glad robin again chirps, feeding her young; the blue-jays, chickadees and blackbirds sing their glorious song. In the hedge-rows is heard the sweet-thrill of the wood-thrush—"It is spring!" The mocking-bird, singer of the night's solitude, joins in with his clear sweetness, soaring upward into the blue with the wildest burst of ecstasy. 'Tis the time when love-birds woo and mate, when they return to their old-time haunts, preparing to set up house-keeping again. 'Tis the time of bringing forth baby-lambs and herbs. 'Tis the time when the life-forces re-breathe thru the plants and trees, into the kingdom of flowers, and again Nature re-births from her night of rest. It is the new for the old, when Life Challenges Death. Tho dead, yet shall we live! It Is Resurrection!

Everywhere is a murmuring and stirring, a budding and sprouting of green-things, of bare-headed children and barking dogs, of singing birds and humming bees, all join in the concert—rejoicing the Springtime. The further out one goes into the country, the sweeter the smell of earth and growing-things. Spring plowing has begun. The farmer, the gardener, are busy planting and sowing; everyone feels some impulse within,—hereditary, perhaps, from the days of Adam, the first gardener, filling one with the spirit to plant seeds in the earth and watch them grow. Who can eat anything sweeter in the world than what is acquired by his own labor? Spring fills us with

the dream when evolution will lead man back to primeval simplicity, purity of manners and rural employments, to the land, where the bull-frog is rejoicing among his own, to where the nodding cow-slips are being nibbled by the ranging cows. The daisy, the daffodils join in the Spring-song too, while the maple-trees flow sugar-sap fast into the tubs below. The pussy-willow in her Quaker-dress seems to promise that Spring has come to stay. All Nature goes singing on her way, re-bursting her heart-strings wide to toss her treasures in the lap of the world. She is living poetry; she's atuned to the vibrations and celestial melodies of a new-birth begun. Her song is sweet, making old hearts grow young again with promises of Spring.

Who said March is full of blusters and blows

With nothing to do but scold and stew?

Why, look at her wealth she's showering on you.

She's the very road-way that leads to the rose.

There is a feeling thruout the world that something is going to happen. We feel it in our bones, the sap of new life again flows. It is life, love, hope! It is Springtime, the re-birth of life! One feels a fullness of purpose, a sort of re-newed effort of all that is best in mind and heart. Every thot takes deeper root, deeper meaning. Spring brings a re-dedication of life, a re-newed faith and spirit. Work becomes full of hope, and expression in joy of the better-Self. Spring, the intellectual, the Giver of energy and youth! Spring is life's seed-time, the season in which youth should be prepared to realize and understand what life means. "An unseeded youth, a needy age." There is only one study more fascinating than watching the opening of the Spring-rose, and that is the unfolding of the mind-powers of Babyhood into childhood and full maturity. "The hope of the year is the Springtime; the hope of the race is the child," voices Robert Louis Stevenson.

Marvelous are the contents of Mother-Earth. "Worlds upon worlds have come out of it. Spring is the Mother

of Months. Dead as the ground seems, it is a Womb Of Mystery. It is the consolidation of rare essences. All the forms of enchantment put forth from the soil thru the Months of Spring, Summer and Autumn, are but the riches of the soil displayed. The races of wild flowers, the glories of our gardens and conservatories, the juices of fruit, the down of the peach, the plumage of birds, the flesh and blood of animals, the brain of man, and the lips and eyes of woman, are derived from the ground. Matter is visible, but none the less full of invisible wonders. It is full of spirit. Divorce not what God hath joined. God not only said—'Let the earth bring forth grass and herb and fruit tree,' but He said, likewise, 'Let the earth bring forth living creatures, cattle, and creeping thing and beast of the earth after his kind; and it was so.' And the motherly ground continues from age to age to feed all that she brings forth. There must, then, be a beautiful likeness between these three kingdoms—the mineral, the vegetable and the animal.

It is not a dream of the imagination, but a stern and yet musical fact, that all the kingdoms of Nature flow manwards, and re-appear in his blood. His whole body is formed from blood. The most solid things have a fluid base. What is said of the world, is true of the human body. 'He hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.' The blood is water, earth, air, ether, fire, electricity; the constituents of these, resolved into one warm fluid. By a process of Divine Al-chemy, the whole of Nature is dissolved into One-Rich Menstruum, that from its unity a Diviner Temple may be reared. God 'formed man of the dust of the ground.' The blood from which mankind is generated and made, is strictly the universe in solution. The world was 'not made of things which do appear,' but of invisible ethers, which are only higher forms of 'seas and floods.' By an altogether enchanting process of transformation, is the architecture of the human-body evolved. Bone and flesh, brain and lungs, heart and skin, arise, without hands, out of a living stream. For the windows of the soul, the eyes, the fringes of the lids, the enamel of the teeth, the ruby of

the lips, for the coloring of the cheeks, for the alabaster of the neck, for the telegraphic-system of nerves and for the horn of the nails, The Architect has but this One Magical current from which to draw. On and on, without a pause, Nature goes thru her processes, dancing and singing at her work, singing and dancing, until she dances and sings into her Man-child heart, where she lingers, to hear her own music, to measure her own dance. "

Yes, Springtime is the resurrection-time, the conquerer of death, that dead hopes may re-birth; that the life-blood may run with new courage and strength; re-newing every cell to over-flowing, the purification of self. Springtime is the very incarnation of youth and hope. "Christ is risen." Praise God, who re-uses all things to make new-fresh things, and turns them into new-life again thru the Re-birth Of Spring.

All are abed and sleeping. Slumber has lulled every heart but my own. The midnight of silence spreads its mysterious net of dreams around me, dreams entangled like wild-wood. The silence might have brought me gloom, had I thot of none other than myself. The old, faithful hall-clock ticks on constantly and friendly as if it knew the secret of expectancy. Out of the stillness of the chilly night, comes a restless, whispering wind, rattling the window-panes. A chill Moon and glittering stars coldly gaze down on the scene, the moon playing hide-and-seek with the moving-clouds. These mid-night thots; these expectancies, are filling me with moments of fitful and visionary-dreams. Thots of the past, the now and the here-after; thots that are echoes of sweet childhood; thots that are bitter as nut-gall. Thots wherein something awfully grand, so deeply mysterious, so much fuller, higher, sublimer than Woman can understand, revealing some new-joy to my soul, a mystic-index to Love's wondrous force and power within me.

I wonder what your dream may be tonight, my precious babe. I wonder if you feel my touch. I look out, up, at the twinkling stars, and fancy I can see your angel-face. I wish I could tear away this hidden-veil and hold you close upon my breast. None but an expectant-mother can understand, no description can convey, the distressing circumstances of sleepless nights, anxious days,—of soul-tearing waitings. All my life I have been dreaming and thinking, planning, hoping and waiting. All these years I have been getting ready to do something worth while. I have been waiting for this to end, and that to happen, waiting for the Fall, and waiting for the Springtime. Waiting for The Springtime that shall bring to me, to us, our celestial rose-bud—Diantha. Love-babies are rose-buds dropped down to earth from the heart of inmost-heaven.

Another twilight, another dying of the day Twilight with its gentle, sweet stillness, but O, the loneliness of this great, big, empty-house, called Home; these big, dark lonesome halls, drawing-rooms, living-rooms, all kind of fool's rooms! The very piano cries out for its own. The candles are unlighted. There is no daughter to play in the gloaming, to sing to us as the golden-day dies, as the flaming sun sinks to rest, as the lights grow dim and low.

Everywhere from the sub-cellar to the attic a ghost seems walking about. It gives me the shivers to walk alone thru the old creaking-house. As for the garden, there is no life there; that is loneliest of all. The shrubs and plants seem heavy and dull; the very sun-light looks cheerless and unsympathetic; not a breath of joy nor charm anywhere. Poor, lonely old-house! These elegant habitations, rooms filled with paintings, art and sculptures! "The greatest art is sculpture in human-flesh." It seems so wicked to have and to possess these things alone. What a mighty re-sounding emptiness, mockery! The echo of loneliness! The sham of it all! A child-less sound, empty of a Daughter and filled with selfishness,

while thousands of babes go hungry. A home without a child! And a Woman in it! It is a man-woman living the wrong way. The very soul has gone out of it. What a terrible night-mare.

No baby in our lonesome house,
Is it too nice and clean?
No scattered toys upon the floors,
No scratches to be seen.

No baby in our lonesome house;
No baby's socks to darn,
Or heaps of baby's clothes to mend—
O, this old lonesome barn!

The charm of wedded-life now fills our days,—the delightful expectancy of the blended souls of Two-in-One, the birth of Diantha! How happy we are that our First-Born is a girl. Every first-child should be a girl. In a home where only boys are growing up, the whole household looks, acts and becomes like a bunch of wax-figures. Woman's December-life is a neglected picture without the touch of a loving daughter, a daughter to 'do' mother's curls and see that her rice-powder is evenly 'puffed;' her bonnet properly poised—a Diantha to make a fuss over her. The very home-presence of a daughter, her very shadow sheds a halo in and round home. Her voice in song praises the delights of the Lord—the Deity whose gifts they are. A Home without a daughter is like a graveyard after sunset.

My dear-little Foetus, my Aries-Babe, my little Ewe-Lamb Of God. You're getting to be a real big-dolly, weighing about 7 pounds. You're about 20 inches tall now, dear,—Think of it! I can hardly wait to see you, my precious Lamb, my Child-Lamb Of Springtime,—the time little baby-lambs come. Mother's "First-baby takes the place of her last dolly." How can woman renounce motherhood, the thot, the pure-fire that thrills every fiber

of my soul, the tenderness that comes of such a soft, sweet, fat, chub-creature made out of Pure-Love. A marvelous miniature-world, my Spring-Lamb!

Our Diantha is coming as the sweet blossoms in Spring-time come to fill our hearts, our lives and Home, with sunshine, joy and love. We see and hear in and all around us hints of the Great-Creator making His wondrous-dreams come true. Even the catnip Grandmother planted last Fall promises to be ready for Diantha's baby-tea. Does it not seem all Nature is attuned, re-joicing at your coming! The thot of your coming, daughter, touches chords within and vibrates my whole being. Diantha, thou art our hope, our First-born and love, our might, the beginning of our strength and life, the amalgamation and union of your father's-mother's love. Baby's coming is transforming me into a Real-Woman. You are teaching mother how to think, dear, how to grapple with Life's problems. I already can see so many wonderful things your grandmother used to try to have me—her Fire-Child understand. O, I am so happy, happy! Hurry up, dear! Divine Bewilderment.

Because of You, I am glad of my life,
Its endless joy I have found;
Because of You, I have found my God;
He hears, He speaks thru My Child.

My! Diantha, you're kicking, kicking away with tremendous energy and zealousness; kicking down the walls of the city; kicking, as if you thot it was of immense importance to get over this journey as quickly as possible, or as if this was the only thing in the world that is worth doing. As time draws near, dear, your movements become more and more noticeable, giving mother a series of sharp blows and kicks, oftentimes observable to the naked eye, causing distinct projections of the abdominal walls. You just kicked a plate of apples off mother's lap! Well, dear, you might as well begin to learn now, to kick your way thru life. Perhaps you're tired, dear, of your nine-months

journey in so close a space as mother's womb. There must be much suffering and cramped consciousness of the soul while growing in so small a nook.

Twenty-eight days a Moon, or month, ten Moons, or 280 days for baby's embryonic-journey. Nine calendar months, or 40 weeks will have come and gone. Our nine-months' journey together, where you have hovered so near mother's heart, is almost ended, dear. The last moments of the long, but happy, happy-months, are passing on to join the end that is the re-birth, the beginning of a new earth-soul. "Life is Constant Birth,"—Springtime, Lovetime, Lifetime!

Mothers think they love baby's body, but they love baby's soul, which is part of mother's soul; of the God-soul she loves. It is the externalization of her soul, the projection of her soul into baby's soul that she loves instead of herself. It is her very inmost-self—the spirit from which she came,—for what is a daughter but a mother's second-self? Seeing her own childhood over again, with its dreams and joys, its passing sorrows, living it all over again in her second-self.

" It is a wonderful thing, a Mother,
other folks can love you,
but only your Mother understands.
She works for you,
looks after you,
loves you,
forgives you anything you may do,
understands you, and then the
Only things sad she ever does to you
is to die and leave you."

" Leave you! "

Leave my baby?

How do I know I'll make the right-mother for my baby, my flesh-child, but, how dare I assume that ' I ' will make a just mother? Possibly Fate pre-ordained that I must be taken away from you, dear, not permitted to raise and train my child, that you may have the good fortune of a Real-mother under the name of "step-mother. "

" There is only one person in the world that can not be replaced—a Mother, " is a sentiment constantly heard.

The general notion, however, that no woman but the physical-mother of a child can be as good to it as she is, is a delusion. It is a sad, but a living-fact, that it is almost impossible for the average physical-mother to discipline her own child. The heavenly-minded or universal-loving woman is a safer teacher, in the disciplining of good habits, a better moulder and mother of the child than the average physical-mother.

Every normal-woman is a natural-mother, all the time. To be a physical-mother only; to never have a motherly thot for the outside, the slum-child; is to be a selfish mother—the lowest expression of mother-love. Universal-motherhood is the consciousness of the unity of all children; it is like sunshine, universal in its application, giving mother-warmth and life to all children, the highest manifestation of Love.

“Step-mother?” Step, a prefix used before mother, father and so on, to proclaim and give knowledge to the world that the person thus spoken of is not blood-kin.

Do blood relations make kindred souls—a Home?

Do the records of our daily courts prove so?

Yes, there are bad “step-mothers,” and there are also Bad physical-mothers. Is it true:

“A mother is a Mother all the days of her life,
A Father is a father 'till he gets a new wife.”

Very true, the selfish-man who marries a second-wife merely for a nurse-maid and non-salaried housekeeper, often gets paid back in his own coin. Selfishness seldom engenders sweetness and love. In this case a woman would better take two orphan children and express herself in and thru their lives, looking at all times to Divine Consciousness for guidance; yea, it would be safer for her to marry a drinking-man and love him back to health and temperance than to take her chances with a selfish man's children. Then, too, it is no small problem to reform the ordinary-man out of his selfishness, after his physical-mother has neglected him. And how much more difficult the moulding of his children? How great the in-sight required to manage such Holy-interests! What great cups full of universal-love are required to quench the thirst, of

children crying for Mother-love. What mighty walks with self-mastership the "step-mother" must take to keep the spirit always attuned and under the influence of the stern, but Higher-law, away from selfish and petty-thots! How much more than human-wisdom is required to solve such problems! Only Mother-Wisdom—the Universal Mother-Love—can harmonize such families.

The new-evolution will unfold no such thing as the popularly conceived, prejudiced "step-mother," but, will unfold the Divine-Mother in every woman, regardless of physical-motherhood. This will be the highest and noblest attainment, the highest calling of Unfolded-Woman on earth.

I'm so glad you are to be a Spring-baby, dear. Spring babies are more desirable; because my baby must nurse thru the "second summer" to safely carry you thru the "dog days." Then mother will wean you in early-Fall, dear, preventing any "summer complaint" or bowel-trouble, while you're teething, which might take you away from us, dear. The one important thing in weaning, is to wean baby when the Moon-sign is in or below the loins. The vital-organs of the body are above the loins. Baby colts, calves and human-babies weaned while the Moon is in the heart or bowels, neigh, bawl and nearly cry themselves to death, heart-broken and never satisfied.

There is a season for everything.

The Law teaches that God ordained the Moon "For Signs and Seasons." "God made the Moon to serve in her season for a declaration of times, and a Sign of the World." He hath made everything beautiful in its season. Then, too, my baby is to be a breast-nourished baby. My breasts are already streams of mother-love, waiting to nourish my Lamb. The full-flow of milk is the visible-expression of Mother-Love, the vital-fluid that nourishes the helpless, giving life to baby. Mother Nature does the same for the feeble, the sick and aged, when nothing else feeds and nourishes, wherein the land nothing else shall be lacking to him that needs.

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Milk is the only natural food for baby when nursed direct from its mother's breast. Wise providence intended that each young suckling should draw its nourishment from its own mother, and none other. Sterilized, boiled or condensed milk are starvation food for baby, causing constipation, rickets and endless diseases. Breast-milk from the healthy mother is pure, sterile, and a complete and perfect-food. Cow's milk, too often, is bacteria-laden and disease-producing. It is claimed more babies die of impure milk in certain months than of infantile paralysis in years.

What a barren existence is that woman's, whose breasts never tremble, pulsate and thrill for the deathless love of a babe, craving the feel of baby-fingers' grasping touch; longing for the joyful milk-pains as her nursing babe tugs at the gate-way of her soul, making streams of mother-love flow into her babe, as love inflows thru man on earth from God in the Eternal-Heavens. O, the majesty, the stupendous grandeur of Motherhood.

What marvelous Al-Chemical Founts are woman's breasts. It is their function to transform the red-hot, fiery, martial-blood into life-giving and life-supporting streams of the white-waters of Life.

The breasts of woman are her expressors of love; the producers of the angelic feeling enjoyed while nursing her babe,—pouring streams and streams of Mother-Love into her Lamb. There is an old saying that that which is taken in with baby's milk, only goes out thru the soul. "What is sucked in with the mother's milk, runs out in the shroud." Altho the milk a babe draws from its mother's breast may taste sweet to it, yet if the child is unwanted, there is little Love or real-food in it. The negative-thots of anger, hate, jealousy, and selfishness, all poison to the utmost molecule. It is a proven chemical fact that anger poisons the little laboratories, called cells in the human-body, causing them to distill that which is most deadly. Baby nurses this poison from mother's breast and we wonder why it has sour stomach, the colic, convulsions and other disturbances. "Bad feeding makes

the feathers hard and coarse." It is claimed that five minutes in a fit of anger will cause the human-body to exude enough poison to kill a dog. "Whom the Gods wish to destroy, they first make mad."

Wouldn't it be dreadful if I could not nurse my baby! It is said that the third generation of a non-suckling mother will be a child, if of the female-sex, that cannot give birth to a child. The mammillary glands also become atrophied thru disuse. Who can understand the mysterious attributes of mother's milk, these mysterious chemicals in Nature's laboratory—woman's body—which keeps her baby immune from the disease which mother, herself, suffers. This mystery would puzzle the most profound chemist to explain.

Woman!

Woman, that magic-word, that five-lettered unit, with its great and mystical unseen-power!

Woman, The Wonder-Word of the Ages!

The poetical Hindu legend runs:

"When man found himself in his full stature, standing alone, powerful, yet powerless; alone in the Garden of Eden, builded by God, he beheld all things beautiful in the delightful garden, yet he had no companion, no one to sip with him of the sweetness of life. No sound of a voice save that which is echoed from limitless space. He wandered to and fro in his loneliness, in search of—(?).

'Oh, Lord!' he cried, 'my life is void, barren. I pray thee for a something to amuse me, to cling to me, to understand me,' (An Eve to lay the blame on), 'a mate to accompany me on the long journey thru the ages.'

The Lord God, in His goodness, granted his petition, gathering all the wondrous beauties, the inner-most Truths from Divine-Nature, the invisible-elements, the fiery fluids, transformed them, by the Infinite-magic of His own spirit. Thus, He united into one beautiful masterpiece all the fiery-essence of that which was already made. Out of this Infinite-substance an exquisite spirit-

mate ascended, shining forth with all the force of Immortal-Love, over-shadowing Man. Thus—thru the quintessence of transcendental illumination projected the soul of the WOMB-MAN!—WOMAN. As the Lord God gave her to him He said: 'She is the Womb Of Thyself! Ye cannot exist nor bring forth thyself without HER!' Man recognizing Woman as the Soul of his Spirit, the pair, together, commenced their evolutionary-journey side by side down thru the ages. "

God took:

" The roundness of the Moon
 The undulation of the serpent
 The entwinement of the climbing-plant
 The trembling of the grass
 The velvet of the flower and the lightness of the leaf
 The slenderness of the rose-vine
 The glance of the fawn
 The gayety of the Sun's rays and the tears of the mist
 The inconstancy of the wind
 The timidity of the hare and the vanity of the peacock
 The hardness of the diamond and the sweet flavor of honey
 The cruelty of the tiger
 The warmth of the fire and the chill of the snow
 The chatter of the jay and the cooing of the turtle dove, "

to project man's exquisite mate—WOMAN.

Man cannot re-produce anything, he is only an external-defense. If all men were destroyed; if God should sweep the earth of the present race of people, preserving the Few Saintly-Women; thru woman God could, thru the immaculate conception,—the Holy-seed,—re-people the earth, ever projecting the Saviors of the World. Not alone is man dependent upon woman for life, but for his purification; only can it come thru her al-chemical-laboratory—the Mother-organism.

"The Womb Of The World, Space!"

Mouth is the womb. Out of the womb-mouth is born The Word. Word creates. Woman Is The Creative Word. "In the beginning was the word and the word was with God, and the word was God. And the word became Flesh, and dwelt among us."

Mother in derivation means mouth, womb.

The First-Mother Was Space—The Great-Mother of Worlds and Gods, the cosmic-mother that brought forth the Universe. Mother or Mary conceived of the Holy Spirit—Mother-Father, God. The idea of the Trinity in pure and Holy religion of Primitive-Time was Space, the Great-Mother, WOMB-MAN.

Of all the endless wonders of this planet-world, the formation of the beginning of life is the most solemnly wonderful. Hear God's voice proclaiming from the four corners of the earth. "Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge." Do not the majestic mountains, the green and fertile valleys, the song birds, all flowers, all material things and all flesh proclaim the Great-Mother. Greatest of all His Wondrous works, is the Creative-Power—Woman! The Mother of Life and Love. Woman is the last and highest expression,—the sweetest, tenderest side of man's Divine-Nature, his angelic interpreter,—the essence of God's work, the Creative-Deity transcending all Nature and Man; if not, She would not have been chosen the Creative-Force—The Child-Bearer. In the voice of Burns, we may say:

"Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O!"

Woman is the Womb of the Divine-Principle, the space thru which mind operates, which is eternally projecting forms, out of itself, Gods and Goddesses, to be the mental, astral and physical-worlds, the way of All Evolution that comes into existence—the Supra-Humanity,—“a paradise in embryo.” Woman Is The Mystery of The Circle Of Generation—Re-generation. Is there a biological limitation which says to the Womb-Man “Thus far shalt thou go and no farther?” A glimpse into the far-back ages proves that the world in Fatherhood was never evolved

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as high as the world in Motherhood. Motherhood was evolved long before Fatherhood. Does not the savage-mother keep her babe from its savage-father, lest he eat it up?

Woman Is A Moon Being. The romantic-mystery, the matrix of the secret-mysteries of Life. A "Garden inclosed, a spring shut up and a fountain sealed." As the Moon controls the tides of the sea—so woman mysteriously controls man. Man reads his scriptures in woman's soul. Woman, the revealer of the secrets of Life, "the beauty of Heaven, the glory of the stars, an ornament giving light in the highest places of the Lord."

Woman is understood only by her Creator, possibly by the arch-angels. Her sensibilities are finer, acuter, being of finer mould and stuff. In fine, she is infinitely more susceptible, not merely to the same things, which affect and control man, but experiences endless sensations, to which man remains forever a stranger. Man can never understand woman's unfathomed mysteries until,—
** ** **** *****. Even Solomon admitted woman was fathomless—"the way of a man with a maid." Wasn't woman found while man was asleep? "He who understands man, understands all things." Woman being the higher-octave of man, therefore, understands man. "The power of a Brahman is in his knowledge of woman."

There is an old fable telling about a man who, favored by the Gods, was granted his request,—transformed and made into Woman. He honored the gods, and thus was he rewarded and vouchsafed the knowledge of the whole circumstance of Being. On being restored to his original-frame and condition, and being questioned by his eager friends, he told of his experience,—of all his joys and bliss while in woman-form. He asserted the faculty to enjoy of woman transcended that of man nine-fold! By the recounting of his blissful experiences he drove his male friends to frenzy, and many did destroy themselves, rather than live out the normal-span of their dreary and comparatively joyless life as males.

Agrippa says:

"In the first-place woman is regarded as better than man, having received the better name. Man was called Adam, meaning Earth; woman, Eve, meaning Life. As much as life excels earth, woman excels man. In the order of creation, first is the incorruptible soul, then corruptible matter, beginning with minerals, herbs, trees, shrubs; then zoophites, brutes, reptiles, fishes, birds, quadrupeds; lastly two human beings. First of these the male, then the female. Then the creator rested, his work being finished. Nothing greater, nothing more beautiful than woman was conceived by the Lord.

Man was created outside the gates of paradise; woman was the first paradisiacal creation. Nature respects woman's natural charms by not compelling her to suffer the humiliation of bald-headedness. Woman's purity is vouched for in the old adage that 'when a woman washes she is clean; 'tho she wash in several waters she does not soil them, whereas if man do wash in ten waters, he soils and clouds them all. It was Adam who was forbidden to eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge. Woman was, therefore, created free."

St. Bernard says:

"Eve was chosen as a field for temptation by the devil because she was the most perfect. She erred in ignorance but Adam sinned knowingly. So when the Lord appeared on earth again at the dawn of the Christian era he humbled himself as man and overcame as a descendant of woman. He would not be born of man, but woman Alone was the chosen vessel and medium. She alone was considered fit to be a parent of the Divinity.

They were women who first met the Lord after His death; He honored them by making His appearance first to them.

No persecution or heresy in the church ever began with woman.

They were men who betrayed, sold, bought, accused, condemned, mocked and crucified the Lord. Women were at the foot of the cross and they were at the sepulchre.

The Virgin Mary is the chief prop of the church.

Adam, fresh from the creative hands, fell an easy captive to woman's charms.

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Samson's strength failed him in the presence of a woman.

Solomon was wise, but a woman deceived him.

Job was patient until a woman disturbed his patience.

It was Peter, the favorite, who was, by woman, made to deny his Lord.

Even the wickedness of woman is in the eyes of the Lord many times preferable to the virtues of men.

Rachel was praised for deceiving her father, and Rebecca because she obtained fraudulently Jacob's benediction.

We die in the seed of Adam and live in the seed of Eve.

The first bigamists, drunkards and tyrants were men. The history of the world is red with the blood of men, and our prisons are filled with men.

Abraham was told to hearken to the voice of Sarah, his wife.

The scientific and learned doctor is often discomfited and put to flight by the 'so-called' ignorant midwife.

The wise astrologers of old, as 'shepherds,' saw by the configurations of the heavens that a Savior was to visit the earth but He, the Savior, was conceived of woman, and during His ministry woman was first to be forgiven of her sins. "

Again, declares Dr. M. A. Pottenger in "Three Master Masons: "

"Woman, as we know her, is the embodied principle of perfection. She it is who must conceive of the larger principle, that at first is only fractional or imperfect; the conception is mental, and not physical. Man is the embodiment of an in-complete-principle and because of his imperfections, he is capable of being worked upon and worked over, or made perfect.

Read backward the history of humanity, and you will see that all progress is due to discoveries made by woman in the mental or spiritual realm. According to the Biblical-account there was no wisdom in the world until Woman discovered it. The Biblical-story of Moses is a most beautiful symbol, and tells perfectly the story of the discovery of Divine-Law by woman.

By Nature, woman is a more perfect ruler than man, her power to rule lies in her conception. Back of every

man, however gifted he may be, there stands a Mother who first conceived the principle, and then for Nine-Months fed that principle with her own prayers, hopes and desires."

Man is Selfishness,—destructivism,—takes Life.
 Woman is Love,—Constructivism,—gives Life.
 Selfishness sells and trades.
 Love creates, gives and expects nothing.
 God made man for material-things.
 God made woman for ethereal and mother-things.

" He is ocean, she is shore,
 He is lamp, she is light. "

The moment man discovers Truth, he is indifferent and loses interest,—swine are the same. While the present-day woman cares very little for Truth, she seeks it as a means to an end—to make the world better.

" For man is cold, but woman warm,
 And man is Mind, but woman Will.
 And woman subtle to instill
 Both life in life and form in form. "

Woman is seemingly peculiar, wonderfully and gloriously adapted for these psychic, these hidden and discriminating powers of the finer-forces of Life and man.

Man reasons, thinks. Woman does neither; she already knows.

Reason? The lower and limiting-word, the so-called logical deductions. Reason seems wild and unnatural as compared with the finer-power of woman's intuition.

" I think. "

" I reasoned it over and over. "

" I judge. " That is about all there is to reason, it is limited. Reason is almost always wrong when it comes to Spiritual-things. " Reason without intuition is intellect without inspiration or Ideal, " often producing an intellectual egoist. How stupid that man has to go on ciphering, digging and reasoning, groping in the dark, to get a few facts, then to have them tumbled down like a child's play-blocks, thru woman's intuition.

The reasoning faculty does not belong to woman's

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sphere. In her secret-interiors, she Divines, she intuitively knows. God reasons not. The intuitive-vision or spiritual-insight of a woman—the Judiciary department—is infinitely greater than the practical-reason of man. "The intuition of the pure-type woman is keener than any two men's judgment, the highest spiritual-power given all creation," declares a wise old teacher. The spiritual-insight of a highly-evolved woman—one who is free from the poisonous vibrations of fear and ignorance—becomes, as it were, a prophetess to him—her mate. If any adventure is likely to prove unwise, she foresees it by a spiritual-insight and sounds her note of alarm. Or, when she receives the spirit-impress that a given course is best, best it is. So the man who has a highly-evolved woman in his mate is hovered by a guardian-angel. Intuition cannot be explained, it must be spiritually experienced Within Self. Intuition is the farthest-reaching quality of the human-mind—it is knowing instantly. When active, it is the finest kind of Clear-Seeing, irrespective of past, present or future.

The past clearly proves during the period of Witches and Wizards, that there were twelve witches to one wizard. Witch means "to know," "to divine," a woman of superior knowledge—a Seeress. It is said the witches were at first called "wise women," until the church began to follow Moses' law, which put every "witch" or enchantress to death. "We believe that five women will humanize at least a hundred men," says President Albert S. Hill, of Lebanon University. An ancient scripture declares: "All the wisdom of the ages, and all that has ever been written in books, is to be found concealed in the heart of a woman."

" They talk about a woman's sphere
As though it had a limit!
There's not a place in earth or heaven;
There's not a task to mankind given;
There's not a blessing or a woe;
There's not a whisper yes or no;
There's not a life or birth;
That has a feather's weight of worth
Without A Woman In It. "

How often one hears: "Woman never did anything in the world, she never invented anything, she never built any steam-ships, bridges, railroads and erected cities. The world is full of great deeds of heroes, costly monuments erected to men of genius, but Where Are Any Great Women?"

Woman?

She has, thru her intuitional and spiritual-nature,—her secret psychic-powers—first mentally conceived, and thru man visualized, embodied, and invented All the mighty things given to the world, unfolding man's inner, or "the woman-part," of man,—his inspirational or inventive genius. Browning declared: "Man conceives of woman the ideas, images and creations he discovers and develops for the benefit of the world."

Man impregnates woman's womb.

Woman impregnates the mental-ovaries of man's brain. No man ever accomplished anything worth while; "there never was a great man, "unless thru Divine-inspiration"—thru the Womb-Of-Man—Woman!

Man receives thru the Supreme-caress, from re-generate woman, if she be his counterpart, an essence that, in its al-chemical re-action, builds, re-builds and re-juvenates the cell tissues of his mind and body. The building material is feminine exclusively.

Wendell Phillips well said: "You cannot read history unless you read it upside down, without admitting that woman, cramped, fettered, excluded, degraded as she has been, has yet sometimes with one ray of her intuitive genius, done more to settle Great Questions than all the cumbrous intellect of the other sex has achieved."

Woman is the She-side of God, the womb-part of the Man-God. "All power is from the She-side of God," says the old mystic sage. She is the All-Space, the cosmic-womb of all inventions, arts, sciences, literature, and the Spiritual-Powers of all the ages. It is the spiritual aura, the spiritually unfolded "woman-part," the Virgin-Nature in Man, the Divine-Mother Part of the Christ-Man Jesus, which makes Him the Savior of the Race. Man's greatness is but the "woman-part" of him, is but the re-

flection of the Womb-Man, as the light of the Moon is but the reflection of the Sun.

In the order of Divine-sounds, WOMB-MAN,—WOMAN,—when uttered, touches the very spring that thrills, radiates and permeates the very keen and hungry-yearning for The Something in man, that Something which distinguishes him as a Divine-Being. It vibrates the celestial,—“The Absoluteness.”

The Word—Woman,—the “Supreme-Word”—is the most solemn-sound of all the ages; its thot-vibration, its ceremonial-purification is so sacred, that it was in Truth the “Sacred-Word at Low-Breath” of occult, Primitive-Masonry. Let man meditate and at low-breath repeat over and over—

WOMB.

WOMB—WOM'B-MAN.

Om, OM, OM.

The vibration of this Sacred-Word will awaken high and pure vibrations within man, carrying him into the spiritual-heights, evolving the God-man in him, until it will be impossible for him ever again to abuse himself, by cheating himself of the Womb-Of-Man. “The songs of women are sweet in the ears of the Lord; men should not, if they wish to be heard, sing praises of God without woman.” “Man is not without woman, nor woman without man in the Lord.” Equilibrium is the Supreme Law of the Universe. Man having separated himself from woman, has thus caused all the cruelty, crime and wars on the planet. The law requires both Jachin and Boaz to Sustain the Temple of Equilibrium.

While Man, Woman are distinct, yet, they are inter-dependent, eternal co-workers on life's evolutionary-path, fulfilling The Law Together. Even the sturdy oak is not self-sufficient and above external co-operation, for it draws from the earth, the air, sun and water, its needful nourishment.

" The fountains mingle with the river,
 And the rivers with the ocean,
 The winds of Heaven mix forever
 With a sweet emotion;
 Nothing in this world is single;
 All things by a law Divine
 In one another's being mingle. "

Woman prefers to think of the woman-rule age rather as the Angel of Love and wisdom, than as a ruling-force; of the age when woman unfolds unto her Spiritual Beauty; of the joy of love and peace, when " hearts are of each other sure, " when mind to mind in body, soul and spirit blend.

How Wonderfully-Infinite Is Woman! The unsolved-riddle of the ages! The Mysterious Creation, God's profoundest secret—The Bearer of The Mysterious Womb. Out of Thee proceeds All that exists. Immense! Incomprehensible! Infinite! The miraculous concealed processes continually going on away back within,—The Within,—in the inner-most depths of a " secret-place, " in The Womb Of Wombs—The Holy Of Holies, " The Sacred-Temple Of Mystery "—Woman's Body. It is the hive of habitation stored, filled with life and activity, with vices, with virtues, whole troops of waiting affections, embryonic-angels, on bended-knee, in all the cathedral-silence and sanctuaries of the Inmost-Holy! It is the Perfected-Laboratory of All Nature Incarnated, the Sweet Furnace of Al-chemy—the Nursery Of God and Man! Woman's Soul—the First Artificer, the Builder or Master-Mason, wherein woman takes the raw materials, without the sound of saw, hammer or any metal tool or hirelings. There she patterns, cuts, shapes, makes from the rough Ashler and alone builds and completes out of the metals and crystals of the earth, a Temple—Baby's Body,—what it took God, Man and the Soul of the Universe, single and united, only to begin! The adder's nest, the

dove's nest, hive within hive, ovum within ovum, womb within womb, comb within comb!

THE HONEY-COMB,

swarming with a million-trillion honey-souls, throbbing with Life, natural and celestial, each cell a world, each world a cell, filled with busy-occupants, a perfect fairy-land, forever re-peopling eternity with elemental-fairies. Filled with little men and little women, one with another, each awaiting their hour of re-birth, all within Her Ovaries—The Wonder-Worker of the Universe. Equal to all the births that have ever been or ever will be within The Divine-Workshop Of Eternity Itself!

The last-week of the last-month of Diantha's embryonic-journey is nearing its close. So endeth the most wonderful beginning of the Supreme Event of Woman's Life—the marvelous reception of a Love-Child. A reception in preparation for the last nine-months in which all Diantha's great, Great Grand-Parents have had and are a part. A love-babe so near and a part of my heart all these nine-months, in a few hours to be cuddled and folded in mother's arms!

I feel so much happier, lighter and smaller today, dear. It seems you are silently creeping, sinking down into the pelvic-cavity. Do you understand, dear?—the approach of "the lightning before the storm." How woman suffers things so impossible to put into words. Child Of My Desire, try—but you never can know the hidden-struggles of Motherhood, the agony and helplessness of maternity! "To describe the sensations of a starving man, you must have starved."

Diantha, you are about to come again into physical-life, putting on again the garments of the flesh-body, to go

forth, to begin a new school-day of physical-experience, taking up your earth-evolution at the lesson where you left it. I wonder, dear, how long you've been off this wicked-earth, dwelling with the Great Spirit-Souls, crystalizing your Karmic-deeds of previous earth-lives into character-building, now, again, ready for active earth-service, passively dreaming here in mother's womb, awaiting your bursting forth!

A year from now our baby will be the most interesting Being in the world, just about the time babies begin to show "intelligence," unfolding that mysterious something called "personality." Grandmother says babies don't notice much the first year; they just sleep, nurse and cry; sometimes they laugh a little bit, just living a colorless life, dreaming along in a seemingly unconscious vegetable-growth. By and by, baby begins to differ from all other babies, in an endlessly surprising and delightful manner. She begins to notice the outside-world; to notice moving objects; to observe causes and effects; to measure space and distance, by reaching out for bright-things; acquiring peculiar habits, appetites, and little personal vanities, and engaging in all sorts of surprising investigations, in dazzling rapidity. But, oh, what a joy to just hold and nurse my First-Born, to teach her and watch her grow. I can, this very moment, hear your wonderful, vibrant cry, Precious, the very instant you are born, proclaiming your independent-life, your freedom! Baby's cry is baby's soul asking for more light, more knowledge, more Wisdom. Baby, having been in darkness the nine-months of gestation and born blind-folded into this world of ignorance, again begins her evolutionary-work in a new earth-school of experience and growth. The soul no sooner realizes this world is the world of illusion, its separateness from God, than it begins its evolutionary-struggle to return to God.

The unborn babe does not inbreathe or outbreathe; if it did, baby would drown before physical-birth. It is said the soul functions at the solar-plexus, or navel, and at

birth, baby's diaphragm expands, producing an absolute vacuum—a place void of air—at the solar-plexus. Baby's First-cry is its First-breath of Life, poetically expressed in Genesis,—“God breathed into his nostrils the Breath Of Life and man became a Living Soul.” The “air” rushes in thru baby's nostrils and mouth as it is ushered forth unto the bosom of Nature, when its collapsed lungs first open to inhale, is “the breath of heaven.” I hear now the sweetest, the most wonderful sound I ever heard—My Baby's First-cry. 'Tis the music of the spheres—the Voice Of God singing. Then, too, I see my baby's first-smile! There are all kinds of smiles in the world, cranky-smiles, sour-smiles, tired-smiles, and counterfeit-smiles; but the only real-smile is Baby's First-smile. Her little round face is covered with ripples; her forehead breaks into wrinkles; she smiles all over, her mouth showing her pink toothless gums, her laughing tongue, her twisting fists and arms, her legs,—all are laughing Life. “There is Nothing New Under The Sun,”—except My New Baby!

O, ye Gods!

How you're struggling, Diantha, to be! These sharp grinding, cutting, colicky-pains. A great-big mite of love trying to exist alone, struggling and demanding to get thru, twisting and twisting with your little ‘monkey-legs’ and fighting, thrusting-fists. How strangely-sweet to feel the complete possession you have taken over our lives, centralizing our hopes and aims, to which all the future points! Your Daddy is this very moment out in the back-yard with his head stuck in a barrel crying—“Papa,” “Daddy,” “Father,” just like your grand-father did, just to see how it sounds.

Somebody's coming, to our house,
 coming,
Somebody's coming to stay;
Daddy's so happy, he bubbles with glee,
And all day long he sings, sings he—
Our babe is a Woman, a Woman to be,—
Our Diantha, who's coming to stay.

How marvelous! how strange, how it thrills and electrifies my whole being, it pulsates and throbs into leaps, bounds and vibrations of joy. Joy! unspeakable joy! O, hurry up dear! I can hardly wait any longer. To know I am fully to realize the most wonderful and mysterious experience of full-bloomed Womanhood—my babe, my woman-child. To hold unto my bosom and suckle, blood of my blood, bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, core of my heart, womb of my womb, incarnated life of Life. My flesh-child! My All, my crystalized Lamb-Thot—Diantha, mine, MINE, MINE! For this Woman-Child I have long prayed and the Lord-God hath granted my petition. As Spring is to Winter, so is my womb-child to me. I can think of nothing else, never have I felt so before. It seems I've been dreaming until now, or I have just slept over into a new world. I wonder, how I come to have such a wonderful Love-Baby? "Mother, God just thot of You and then I grew."

"For Thou didst cover me in my mother's womb.

I will give thanks unto Thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made;

Wonderful are Thy works."

I cannot talk for the last few days, the sound of my speech hurts me, it seems a mockery of things Sacred. I have been communing with the most Holy-Center, the inmost-nature earth does project—an expectant Mother, the mother of my unborn babe, Diantha.

My whole body is shivering, like the trembling of the

earth before an awful earthquake. My Precious Babe-Lamb. What will happen to you? You are twisting and twisting, your little heart is fast thumping like a drum! Are you scared too, dear? Joy! Agonizing shocks of mystical-joy!

My God

What will I do!

My God!

These stretching, tearing, bearing-down pains!

Teach me, Child Of Love! Calm my raging soul,
teach me how to meet the shock!

" Lord-God, beside Thee nothing is!

O, stream Thyself into my soul, and flood it with Thy Grace,
Illumination and Peace!

Lord-God, take me from myself, and fill me but with Thee."

" Hospital-Baby! "

Wonder if I'll have to go to a hotel-hospital and be operated upon?

It is considered very unfashionable, these days, for babies to be born at home. Baby is delivered and begins its earthly-career in some fashionable-hospital, amidst a reception committee of commercial experts, chosen according to father's income; amidst a bevy of nurses, pink slippers and blue robes, lingers of all sorts, flowers, colognes and fashionable-callers. With loads and loads of surgical-instruments shining like the blade of a ready razor, waiting to pry and prize, to cut Woman all to pieces. Our hospitals are flowing with rivers of blood; our doctors are obsessed with the desire-thot of cutting and slashing.

No!

No " Hospital-Baby! "

But, just amid the quiet and silence of the protective and Great Unseen-Doctor, somewhere, in the sacred-recesses of the Majestic-Forest, in Nature's boudoir—the green-room, full of her heavenly-whispers, soft perfumes

and celestial-music shall my Diantha be born. Far from the haunts of the mad-multitude, near the heart of the Divine-Mother, with Nature and alone with God, Woman's Only Mid-Wife. In the presence of, and with The Infinite, in the bosom of Her Eternity. In the tall, swaying and shielding-grasses, with Mother-Nature's swaddling, soothing herbage and Her ever-healing balms; where the wild-flowers bloom in soft perfume, and the heavenly-winds blow and blend forever in sweet emotion; where the skies are blue, and ceaseless running brooks are pure! Where the Golden healing-Sun shines on all-life and beauty free! Where the sweet song-birds sanctify, know and help, singing into life my Golden-Dream Babe! Where all Nature's soft embraces and melodious vibrations keep awake the gladness of Hope and Life! With all these heavenly-vibrations to quicken my inner-most being into its highest strength, over-shadowing me by the Infinite Spirit of the All-Life, losing self-consciousness and forgetting all earthly-ties, sending forth my Radiant Diantha, our Morning Star—the Ascendant bursting into Being, coming forth as a luminous skyrocket, as a Queen of the purple, descending from the Maternal Throne-Room, coming to Bless Humanity, shall My Diantha be born.

You're coming!
You're coming!
My Golden-Dream Babe!
My Precious-Lamb! I feel the very ripples of My
Angel Coming.
I feel you moving!
I feel you jumping!
I feel you dancing and singing!
I hear you Re-Joicing!

" Oh, Thou Existent Cause of All,
Eternal source of light,
Thou uncreated God of Love,
Infinite Thy Power and might.

Known Only By Thy Boundless Love,
We worship at Thy Shrine,
Thy spirit fills the Universe,
No life exists but Thine.

Born Of Thy Love Supreme, Divine,
Immortal Souls are we.
Evolved, Perfected By Thy might,
We Shall Attain To Thee."

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